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# COMMENTARY

Power and the Presidency — BERNARD W. WISHY
What Future for Judaism in Russia? — LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ
New Moderation in Security — MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM
The Case of Ring Lardner — JOHN BERRYMAN
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Immigration and Acculturation — WILLIAM PETERSEN

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Nathan Glazer
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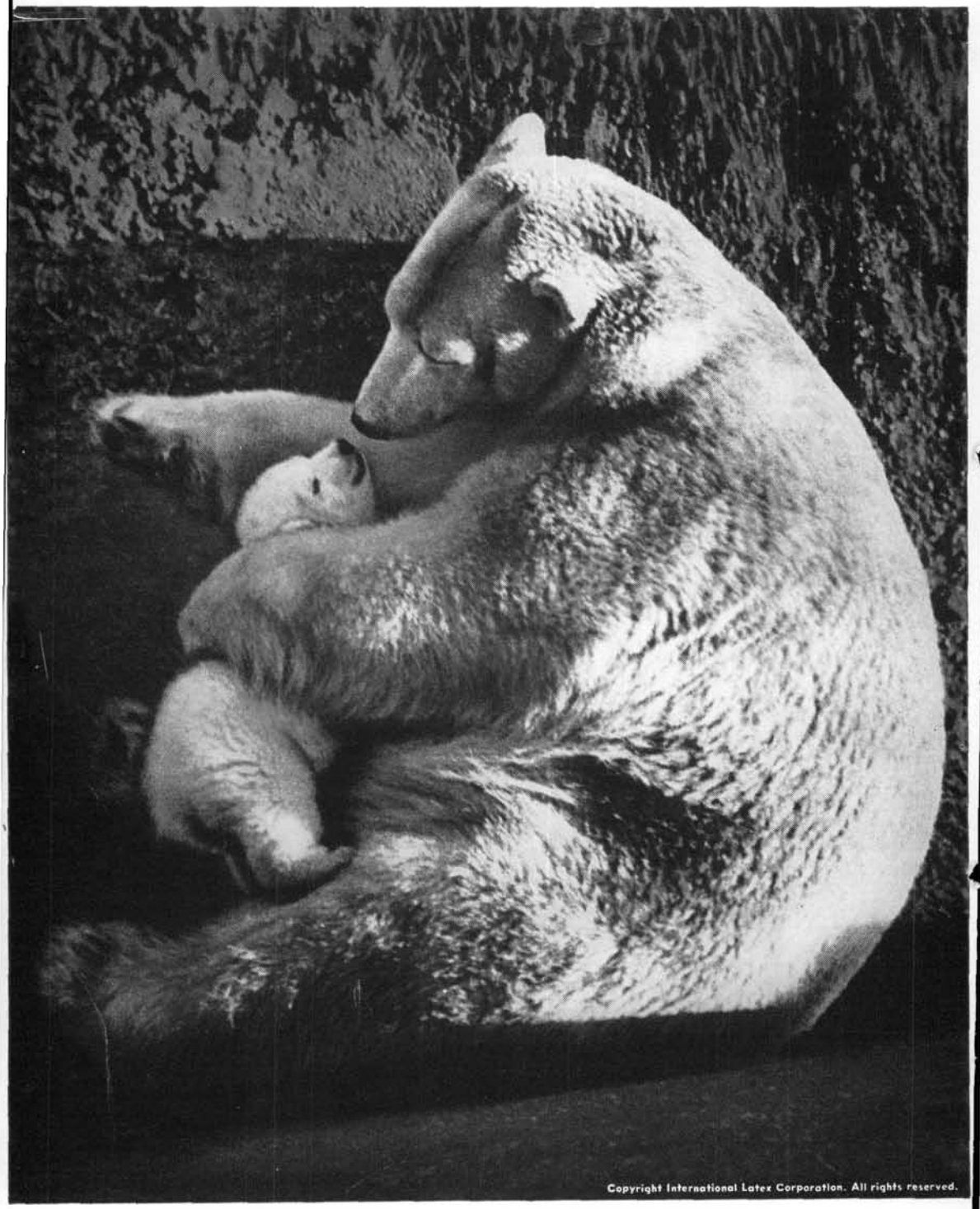


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# COMMENTARY

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

# COMMENTARY

**Satellite Europe** *Hugh Seton-Watson*

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**Science, Ideology, and Dialogue** *Norman Birnbaum*

A report on last summer's World Congress of Sociology in Amsterdam, at which Communist and Western scholars argued about the nature of society. In our "Study of Man" department.

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# COMMENTARY

## POWER AND THE PRESIDENCY

### *Required: Pragmatic Idealism*

**BERNARD W. WISHY**

THE powers and prerogatives that President Eisenhower now invokes as a matter of course would, if foreseen back in 1930, have shocked the Franklin Roosevelt and the Harry Truman no less than the Herbert Hoover of those days. There has been a general increase in the demands made on government in our country, but those now made on the President's office have established it as the chief focus of power within government as well as the chief focus of national political life outside it. Yet traditional American attitudes to political power and to the state still put enormous difficulties in the way of the man who tries to make the Presidency what Clinton Rossiter has described as "a clear beacon of national purpose."

Our prejudices against the power of "big government" have been so strong that they prevented one President, Herbert Hoover, who happened to share them, from accepting the full responsibilities and enlarging the inherent powers of his office in a time of bitter crisis. To be constantly in action, innovating, directing, planning, investigating (as the state must in a modern society) may even strike the head of the state himself—it still does most Americans—as fundamentally unnatural. America's success is credited to the efforts of the "free individual" rather than to those of the state; the conventional judgment of historians and political scientists that an American state has hardly existed seems to confirm this belief. Our history is seen as a providential escape from politics. In contrast, Europe, a complex and tightly organized civilization with a long continuous history, has for centuries found the supreme role of the state an inescapable necessity, and European politicians view the state as the most natural fact of political life.

Forty years ago Herbert Croly and Walter Lippmann expressed fear lest our tradition of a weak state, as exemplified by the number of weak Presidents since Lincoln, should seriously diminish our ability to fulfill "the promise of American life." Although "strong" Presidents like Wilson and the two Roosevelts moved far along in the direction Croly

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THIS century has witnessed a phenomenal growth in the authority and responsibilities of the office of Chief Executive; the necessities of the time appear to require a strong President. But traditional American sentiment still remains hostile to strong executive power. It is to this problem of the clash between contemporary necessity and traditional sentiment that BERNARD W. WISHY addresses himself, a problem that no election is likely to settle. Mr. Wishy, born in Brooklyn in 1925, was graduated from Columbia and subsequently studied at Yale and Oxford. He has previously contributed book reviews to these pages. Mr. Wishy is a member of the history department of Columbia University.



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and Lippmann desired, they were limited (but also guided) by the American fear of Leviathan. It still disturbs the sense we have of America's destiny even to anticipate the possibility of our society's being dominated by a supreme agent of power and law who would make all the important decisions affecting our collective life. And though we may call increasingly upon the state, as indeed we have lately been doing, for help and guidance, our political image of ourselves remains remarkably Jeffersonian. Public authority is still suspect, its use an aberration or a necessary evil; "free society" is still the key phrase—and not the Hamiltonian words: government, administration, law, regulation, direction, and program.

It has been easy for recent historians influenced by the "realism" of Holmes, Dewey, Beard, and Veblen to reduce the claim that individual initiative, not the state, has made American greatness. Modern scholars have seriously undermined traditional assertions about the crucial role of "free enterprise" by pointing to the extraordinary degree of state regulation and activity that obtained in the United States in what we assume to be the palmy years of laissez-faire, and by demonstrating that if state intervention did at times cease in one area or at one level of government, it emerged soon enough somewhere else. Indeed, Americans have lived without "free enterprise" longer than with it. Like religious freedom, it did not come over on the *Mayflower;* up to the American Revolution, Colonial and local governments followed mercantilist practices, controlling wherever possible such aspects of the economy as wages, prices, and conditions of labor, and setting production quotas.

THE forces that by and large worked against attempts to create a centralized American state were born in the Colonial period, when local and special interests were understandably hostile to the elaborated and centralized executive power that pre-Revolutionary regulatory policies required. But we often confuse Colonial hostility to distant, centralized power, or to executive power, with anti-statism as such. Many of the radicals of the Revolutionary period who were venerated subsequently for their healthy suspicion of the state were essentially believers in legislative supremacy, or at least champions of local rule; they were far from being all-out opponents of governmental power per se, for they supported many illiberal acts on the part of popular legislatures and local authorities during the "critical period" preceding the adoption of the Constitution—just as their populist descendants have done down to this day.

Though many of the conservative Founding Fathers themselves believed that the "excesses of democracy" and other difficulties met with under the Articles of Confederation were due in part to "a want of sufficient executive power," the long struggle against the British Crown and its agents had given rise to a deep and popular distrust of large-scale executive power. By the end of the 18th century, Americans began to believe also that their new independence meant not only freedom from foreign domination, but a promise of freedom from the Old World "curse" of statecraft itself. America was to be a country essentially without politics—without those deep conflicts of interest and conviction which had called states into being in the first place, and which implied a constant and bitter struggle for power within a society. Even so realistic a student of politics and history as Madison thought that the new Federal system and balance of powers under the Constitution would diffuse "interests" and mitigate or eliminate entirely the "evils of faction"—strong political parties were not foreseen. The Constitutional Fathers' hatred and fear of party government, as Franklin and John Adams saw it work in the British Parliament, had also bred a hope that, in our case, men of principle would be able to govern by virtue of popular deference to talent and experience rather than by dependence on party organization.

During the Jacksonian period (1828-1840) forces making for a weakened national state and "free enterprise," but also for intense

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party rivalry, came fully into their own. Andrew Jackson liquidated the vestiges of the essentially mercantilist policies that Alexander Hamilton and his successors had tried to impose on the country. In his veto of a new charter for the Second Bank of the United States (1832) Jackson declared that state intervention to establish a near monopoly like a national bank was incompatible with the ideals of a free, equal-rights society.

At the same time, however, that the national government called for equal opportunities and limited its own role in the national economy, government intervention on the part of the individual states was increased in order to help finance the many new industrial and commercial enterprises (particularly in transportation); and often it was Jacksonians themselves who led the fight for such state assistance. And that national power itself, while retreating in one sector, might logically have to be advanced in another was shown when the Jacksonian Chief Justice Taney, in the Charles River Bridge case (1837), justified Federal intervention to break a transportation monopoly in order to uphold the same equal rights that Jackson had invoked against Federal intervention in banking. While a strong and active national state thus seemed to be required to protect equal rights, in fact the state did not assume that role in the market place, and our national ethos since the "Age of Jackson" has been permitted to remain complacently anti-state.

THE Founding Fathers' fear of "faction" and demagogues seemed only too well realized when party government and egalitarianism advanced hand in hand under Jackson and Van Buren. A class of purely opportunistic politicians sprang up, and also a popular excitement over office-seeking that Tocqueville mistakenly called a passion for politics. A new kind of disaffection with politics became evident among men of aristocratic temperament like John Quincy Adams as well as among essentially conservative "reformers" and uprooted intellectuals like the American utopians (all of whom were also revolted by the consequences of social upheaval under emergent industrialism). This contributed one more element to the American distrust of politics and state—the actual motive in this case being the resentfulness of people who were losing power and prestige.

After the Civil War, as corruption in public life continued to increase, and at an even more rapid pace, and business began to acquire greater prestige than politics, the old arcadian hope for a land free of the curse of politics came to life again. While well-born men like Henry Adams renounced politics altogether, calls were heard from other quarters for "reform" and "good clean government"; a return was envisaged to a golden age and to the reign of truth and simplicity—again, to no politics at all.

The prestige of the state, of politics, and of the office of President sank meanwhile to a new low. Even so, the use of governmental power steadily increased, but it was a mindless, and almost surreptitious, use of that power, and the need for a strong Chief Executive became more imperative than ever.

American Hegelians, German-trained political scientists like John W. Burgess, and imperial-minded young Tory politicians drawn from an old elite—like Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and John Hay—now began to find new charms in "the state." Like Plato's republic, their vision of an ideal state was bred of a time when drastic remedies seemed necessary. Young Roosevelt shrilly advanced the idea of the state as a moral regenerator, and envisioned the transformation of what had become a corrupt and soft America into a Sparta fit for heroes.

The traditional American piety, with its Lockian conviction that legislatures spoke for the people and were the most reliable instruments of government, had been shaken by the post-Civil War corruption of politics. In view of all the local and special interests represented in Congress, however legitimately in many cases, the hope that that body would learn to speak swiftly, soberly,

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and effectively as the voice of the nation was seriously weakened. Woodrow Wilson suggested an alternative in 1885 in his book *Congressional Government*. Accepting Congressional supremacy as an incontrovertible but dismaying fact, Wilson, influenced by European and English ideas, suggested that an American variant of cabinet government would be able to give Congress direction and bring it under the control of intellect and honesty. It was only after 1900 that he began to see more potentialities in the office of the President itself, coming to conceive of the Chief Executive as the true leader of the nation, using all the powers at his disposal to push definite programs through a Congress that by its very nature could neither represent all the people nor itself govern.

But, as Wilson himself was to discover, when Presidents do have the will to act and speak for the nation as they see fit, they have to contend not only with wise if sometimes baffling Constitutional checks, but also with the anti-state traditions whose history we have just sketched. These have involved distrust of power and suspicion of strong executives; a popular inclination to follow simple political absolutes and adopt ideals that derogated politics and the state; and a sheer disgust with politics as such and a lack of faith in political action that did not exempt the Presidency.

In the 20th century the office of the President has been confronted with enormous changes, in America and in the world, which have made many of our earlier liberal institutions and beliefs obsolete, and which demand resolute state action. Yet the President must still defer to our reluctance to admit that state power is necessary, and he must construe each revolutionary step that he takes—like the subsidizing of agriculture—in such traditional terms as "the strengthening of free enterprise." Everywhere he has more or less to disguise the hand of the state lest he be charged with encouraging "creeping socialism." He has to use the power of Leviathan without creating or associating himself with the idea of Leviathan. We ask for and need state intervention, but continue to resent the idea of it as something that compromises our principles. In short, we expect the President to protect us from the harmful consequences of our own ideals.

Indeed, the President must often do precisely those things to "protect and defend the Constitution" which the myth of the President as servant of the creed of the "free individual" denies him the right to do. Lincoln was already confronted with this dilemma—he who had to soberly consult the needs of the day rather than the more moral demands of the Abolitionists, or of citizens genuinely anxious about suspension of *habeas corpus*, or of Northerners alternately saying "Let the South go" or "Crush the rebels without mercy." For it is only when the President forsakes ideology and absolutes, no matter how morally justified, for more limited objectives that he is on the way to becoming Leviathan's master. And this the American public has always sensed.

The best President must have a sense of institutions, and be at ease with questions of power, if he is to marshal adequate national power for truly national purposes. None of our recent Chief Executives exemplified these capacities better than Theodore Roosevelt, who is important in our history less as the progressive, trust-busting defender of the people than as the founder of "the modern Presidency." It was T.R. who consciously started to accumulate the powers and prestige the office now possesses. Despite his sometimes boyish delight in power, he instinctively recognized America's need for a strengthened state in the world of the 20th century. By judiciously using patronage, by publicizing important issues, and by "appeals to the people," he was able to expand the place of the Presidency in American society, and to succeed fairly often in using his office to articulate "the will of the nation" against a Congress usually reluctant to support legislation he favored. He used his powers as commander-in-chief of the armed forces and chief diplomat even more openly, and conducted foreign affairs in such a way that since his day the foreign

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policy of the United States has, to all intents and purposes, been overwhelmingly the foreign policy of the President of the United States.

Woodrow Wilson, like Roosevelt a statesman predominantly Tory in inclination, followed him in using patronage and the "appeal to the people" to bring pressure on Congress. Wilson also introduced close liaison between Congressional leaders and the White House, resuming personal appearances before Congress and helping to push his administration's programs through both houses. It was T.R.'s and Wilson's achievements as molders of the Presidency rather than as progressive reformers that set the stage for F.D.R., who not only increased the scope and prestige of the office but used it to bring about changes in American life that went far beyond anything Wilson or the first Roosevelt had ever proposed—or the second Roosevelt himself understood.

It was not until the New Deal and Fair Deal generation that the full potentialities of the modern Presidency were tested and that it could become what it by now seems irreversibly to be—the dominant branch of the national government. The Presidency now requires more than ever the Tory virtues of empirical wisdom, a sense of fact, familiarity with how the system works, and the practical ability to run it. But these very virtues have tended to discourage daring or imaginative policies such as a "brains trust" might favor, and the modern Presidency would appear to confirm the charges, leveled by conservative critics of America from Tocqueville to Raymond Aron, that our politics of compromise and expediency are dangerously resistant to and lacking in intellectual discipline and principle.

And indeed, more intellectual rigor, or some attempt at establishing seriously considered principles, might have remedied the inadequacies of the expertise that Roosevelt and Truman brought to bear on the depression, on negotiations with Soviet Russia, the postwar problems of Asia, and the problem of coping with Communist infiltration at home. Surely, as Richard Rovere's recent study of "the Eisenhower years" shows, it is a *disdain* of mind and ideas rather than a failure of ideas as such, that we find in so much of the present administration's conduct of affairs: in the Dulles foreign policy, in the White House's role in the McCarthy-Army spectacle, in the Dixon-Yates and polio vaccine incidents, and in the field of conservation. In each case, too little was thought out in advance, and too little was thought out in action.

To call for more "mind," however, is not to invoke Woodrow Wilson as an ideal. Of the three Presidents who made "the modern Presidency," only Wilson was an intellectual. Reading Wilson's speeches and writings, however, one is repeatedly struck by the strong tendencies to absolutism in his *Politik*, and by an arrogant intellectualism of the kind that can be more dangerous in politics than no mind at all. Certainly, a man with less brains or courage would not have taken the Presidency so seriously, but a man with more tolerance for the opinions of others would not have opposed, as Wilson did, Theodore Roosevelt's plan to bring disinterested experts and commissions responsible to the President into government service.

Ever since the New Deal, when expertise "at the top" became a political necessity, we have waited for "mind" to become a natural rather than an incidental part of executive power. Failing this, we might expect to see in the President at least the development of a kind of pragmatic, if untutored, wisdom about power. For in our society power and responsibility seem to educate rather than corrupt Presidents—as witness the great example of Lincoln in the last century. The character that the Presidency has acquired makes demands on the Chief Executive which he has to fulfill regardless of his own personal feelings about the extent to which he wants to exercise his powers. Paradoxically, the more impersonal and larger the office has become, the more it requires qualifications of a personal, innate, concrete sort. Success or failure in the Presidency has

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little to do now with party affiliation or even previous public experience. What counts most is intuition, instinct, temperament. At the same time, to be too sensitive to finely drawn moral distinctions, to be too finely tuned, may be as much a weakness in a President as were such opposite qualities as Franklin Roosevelt's lack of deep moral seriousness or Harry Truman's and Warren Harding's obtuse loyalty to friends who never should have been allowed to become associates.

In 1952 the liberal intelligentsia saw Stevenson as a mirror image of themselves. As such they perhaps loved him better in defeat than they would have in victory. One finds oneself asking if such a man would have been temperamentally capable of making the decision to manufacture the H-bomb, or the decision Lincoln made in the terrible year 1864 to agree to lose two or three Union soldiers to every Confederate killed. In a military crisis Eisenhower might be expected to fill the job of President better than a humanely educated gentleman like Stevenson. It might be well also to remember that it was his moral sensitivity, high-mindedness, and intellect that made Woodrow Wilson adopt "no compromise" in the League of Nations fight and thereby condemn himself to defeat; it was his belief that nothing short of unqualified ratification of the Versailles Treaty by this country could clear him *personally* of the responsibility for bringing the United States back into "power politics" and spilling American blood. The very qualities that people have praised in Stevenson could turn out to be limitations and impediments in the White House.

Any uneasiness about power that Stevenson may possess seems to come largely from a personal moral fastidiousness similar to Wilson's. On the other hand, all the popularly held reservations about politics and the state in American life seem to have come together to complicate Eisenhower's attitude toward power—and indeed to produce his personality as President. In general, he seems to have little identity apart from the ideals to which he is committed; he hardly exists as a person except in his various roles as President. Of these, he obviously prefers that of "head of state." Like George Washington, he is intent on being dignified, disinterested, and a dispenser of justice. Somehow, he still seems to think that politics is unworthy of Americans. We can understand how this distaste for party politics was confirmed when in the 30's, a West Pointer trained in disinterestedness, he went up to Capitol Hill to lobby for the army and was deafened by the clamor of party strife; and then when, as Presidential candidate, he had to compromise—unnecessarily—with Jenner and McCarthy. But beyond the oft acclaimed but nonetheless limited "simple integrity" and "truthfulness" of the American soldier that moves Eisenhower to reject politics, one senses something of a cultural lag.

It is taking President Eisenhower a long time to dissociate himself from the Abilene, Kansas, of his youth, the West Point civics book, Herbert Hoover's beliefs, and a nostalgic view of American life—all of which are today not so much wrong as largely beside the point in running the Presidency. Eisenhower's State of the Union messages may reveal his general acceptance of that "third American revolution" which was the New Deal, but he is probably moved to do so by conscious calculation rather than by deep-seated instinct. He does not know or enjoy the statecraft of which Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt were masters. Intellectually, as he himself has said, he is a very simple man but, unlike Roosevelt's and Truman's case, this weakness is intensified rather than balanced by his political instincts. In his heart Eisenhower is still too much the servant of the moral abstractions of our old American creed, too much the anti-political and un-political American who likes neither the state nor politics, to play comfortably or for long both the lion and the fox. The retreats and compromises of political life, the evasions and double talk, the little deals for everyone and the big deals for a few must be done for him—if

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done at all—by an obliging Vice-President or a less conspicuous chief of White House staff. As his press conferences show, he often does not seem to know or want to hear about what must be done if his party or "team" is really to govern. He does not see, for example, what difference it makes if he endorses the desegregation decision: the Supreme Court has spoken and that makes the law. He reddens when unsavory matters are brought to his attention, things that the politicians F.D.R. and Truman would have already known about and laughed off—perhaps too easily—as part of the game.

Eisenhower's refusal to be political; his desire to keep his hands clean and uphold the simple American virtues; his hope that the force of ideals, of character, and of truth will change the world or save it—all this has only rekindled the nostalgia on the part of many people in our country today for an older, easier America. Recently, the President was the subject of an admiring biography by Merlo Pusey, who in a previously written life of Charles Evans Hughes had showed much sympathy with the old progressivism that Hughes embodied. Here, perhaps, lies a clue to the more immediate sources of the President's sense of politics: namely, the fact that he came of age, politically, during the years of the progressive movements.

PROGRESSIVISM was, in many respects, the last great respectable American movement to incorporate all the traditional American beliefs about the state and power that we have reviewed here. For many of the more idealistic progressives, politics was, to use a word Eisenhower favors, a "crusade" to make American life, and the whole world, moral and decent by such "clean" political means as the open primary and open diplomacy.

The progressives, committed to the institutions and beliefs of the 19th-century small entrepreneur, could be found in both parties before the First World War. President Eisenhower is not so much bound to the institutions they upheld as to their sense of the world, particularly to their naive sense of what was politically possible. Like the progressives, he seems to believe that politics should be personal moral choice and private virtues writ large; if these cannot be exactly said to be his ideas, they are certainly his instincts.

This belief in the ultimate responsiveness of the world to human will and virtuous intentions is one of the oldest and firmest features of American life. An important aspect of the predominating mood of American culture, it has subsisted in uneasy alliance with the operative, pragmatic character of our institutions, whose equilibrium of balancing interest groups is rarely upset enough to permit the absolute demands of American "virtue" to assert themselves. A people's view of itself is usually at war with its "interests," but American interests on the whole have been sufficiently balanced and satisfied to assuage the larger aspirations inherent in our Promethean image of ourselves as crusaders of public morality.

Since the time of the progressives, our idea of ourselves and the actual demands of our interests have drifted further apart than ever. "Free enterprise" and the "yeoman farmer" do not describe how we act, but only what we still believe we aspire to. The President has the incredibly difficult job of satisfying both our proclaimed ideals and our interests. American politics has thus increasingly involved hacking at granite and evading active commitment to the moral causes and crusades to which Americans are so susceptible. As the focus of an infinite number of conflicting claims and interests, the President faces the need to act and to lead. He *must* play politics and cannot afford the luxury of political or moral purity. The word "deal" that has been associated with three administrations in the last fifty years really describes what Presidential politics has become, whether we designate its moral outlines as "Square," "New," or "Fair." In the longer view, since the time of Washington our best Presidents have managed to straddle forces which on the one side would have debased the state, and on

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the other would have demanded that it serve only ideal causes.

Mr. Eisenhower has not faced crises on the scale of the Great Depression or Secession. It may be that he has been saving his strength for when it is needed, judging, correctly, that Americans are too preoccupied with their interests to be really in a mood for crusades. It is to be hoped that, should a crisis come along, the demands of the office and of the times will do for him—if he is re-elected—what they did for Thomas Jefferson, getting the better of whatever fixed ideas and personal fastidiousness he is prone to.

Whether the nation chooses Stevenson or Eisenhower, there is too much at stake in the world for us to be patient with decency that is uneasy about power, or with power that bumbles along unguided by ideas.

## THE DANCE

### PAUL L. ZWEIG

When all the animals have fled into your eyes,
To dance and sing the first flesh of the bone;
When all the great bears and the humming birds
Have shed the shadow of their silent wood,
To be begotten on your sense and sight;
  Then you too shall dance among the animals,
  For were you not begotten on the mind of God?

When the ocean's diamonds fade in darkness,
And the lost winds howl home above the beaches;
When all the animals have fled into your eyes,
To keep their company with you, who love their motions
As they hum and shuffle in the new-born wind;
  Then you too shall dance among the animals,
  For were you not begotten on the mind of God?

And then when all the world comes dancing in
Your eyes, the sound of humming birds, and the shambling
Of the great shaggy bears will pass, and the winds howl out
Over the beaches, and there will be a hollow in the eyes
Where the animals and all were born and died;
  And then you too shall dance among the animals,
  For were you not begotten on the mind of God?

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Paul L. Zweig was born in Brooklyn, in 1935. He took his bachelor of arts degree at Columbia, and is presently attending the University of Paris. This is his first published poem.

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# WHAT FUTURE FOR JUDAISM IN RUSSIA?

## *The Dark Record of the Past*

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

THE several rabbinical delegations from America that visited Russia this past summer to see for themselves how matters stood with the Jewish religious community there have returned and made their reports. These have been uniformly gloomy. The scattering of people seen worshipping in the few synagogues or otherwise observing Jewish religious practices was almost without exception elderly; young Soviet Jews showed little knowledge of and less interest in their religion—small wonder, where the state discourages religious activity in general and specifically forbids Jewish religious education. As some of the visitors put it, Russia's "freedom of religion" permits the Jews little more than to attend services and give their dead a traditional burial.

Though unanimous in their diagnosis, the American rabbis—some of them delegates of the New York Board of Rabbis, others of the Orthodox Rabbinical Council of America—returned with conflicting opinions about the future of Judaism in the USSR. There were those who doubted that Judaism in any organized form could survive in the anti-religious climate of the Soviet state. On the other side, some prophesied in the accents of the Song of Songs:

*For, lo, the winter is past,*
*The rain is over and gone;*
*The flowers appear on the earth;*
*And the time of singing is come. . . .*

In the opinion of these latter, the present "thaw" in the Soviet world, with its promises of some small benefits to Yiddish culture in Russia, must surely extend to Jewish religious life. About the Russian Jews' own fears for themselves as Jews, two rabbis of the Orthodox group declared: "We have no reason to believe these fears are justifiable at present." After all, argued two other rabbis of the same group, "The Bulganin-Khrushchev administration is comparatively new on the job and is apparently sensitive to world opinion. It is an administration that has pledged itself to undo the great wrongs of Stalin."

Is the moribund state of Judaism in Russia something, however, for which Stalin, and Stalin alone, is responsible? Did Soviet anti-Jewish policies and practices start—as these two Orthodox rabbis claim—with the "brutalities which Stalin and Beria inflicted on the Jews after World War II"? Or didn't they rather have their beginning in the very first days of the Bolshevik regime? Discussing the scant knowledge of their religion which young Soviet Jews reveal, some of the Orthodox rabbis made a comment startling in the ignorance it betrayed of recent Soviet history: they professed to believe that in Russia "twenty years ago . . . it would have been possible to urge Jewish parents to teach their children how to read Hebrew, how to use the prayer book, and how to observe Jewish rituals."

But *twenty years ago,* almost to the day, the Great Purge began. When it had run its course, Jewish communal life in Russia, and Jewish religious life with it, was virtually

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WHAT kind of future can the Jewish religion look forward to in Soviet Russia? Challenging recent optimism on this score, LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ uses some little known sources to recount the long campaign of persecution waged against Judaism by the Bolsheviks, with a view to what may be expected in the years to come. Mrs. Dawidowicz, who studied at Hunter College and Columbia University, writes on political and Jewish affairs and has previously contributed articles and reviews to these pages. She is on the staff of the Library of Jewish Information of the American Jewish Committee.



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destroyed. Jewish schools, research institutions, newspapers, and publishing houses were closed. And it was presumably then that what religious life Jews had been able to maintain underground was rooted out. Russian Jewry has not recovered from these blows. It is true that, for purposes of international propaganda, the NKVD established the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee during World War II; but this organization was liquidated in 1948, together with its personnel and its publication, *Einikeit,* when they were deemed to have outlived their usefulness.*

Because Jewish religious life since the October Revolution has been "un-history," Soviet newspapers, laws, and decrees record only its suppression and extinction. Occasionally, a visitor or journalist has brought some scrap of news out of Russia about the struggle of the Orthodox Jews to maintain the practices of their faith—but nothing more. Such being the situation, it is not so surprising that the most complete account we have so far of what Jewish religious life in the Soviet Union has been like should come from a would-be novelist: none other than a Lubavitcher Hasid writing under the pseudonym of M. Sambatyon, who escaped from Russia after World War II.

Though Sambatyon's 4,600-page book, *A Sixth of the World,*† is written in an extravagant Yiddish prose and needlessly complicated by fictional effects, it constitutes a remarkably accurate record of the life of the Hasidim in the Ukraine from the close of the civil war in 1921 to the end of World War II. And much of what it says is confirmed by scattered contemporaneous documents from underground sources inside Russia that now rest in the archives of American Jewish organizations, as well as by the reports of individual Jews who have escaped to the West since the revolution. The following account of the Soviet campaign against the Jewish religious community makes use of information contained in Sambatyon's book.

*For details see Solomon M. Schwarz, *The Jews in the Soviet Union* (Syracuse University Press, 1951), and my review, "Two of Stalin's Victims," in COMMENTARY for December, 1951.

†*A zekster veltteyl,* 2 vols. (Paris, 1949-1953).

WHEN World War I broke out, more than half the Jews of Czarist Russia lived in market towns and rural communities within the Pale. These were the *shtetl* Jews—peddlers, shopkeepers, petty tradesmen, artisans, and small entrepreneurs. Far from the urban centers of revolutionary activity and secular learning, the *shtetl* was the stronghold of Orthodox Judaism with its Hasidic variant. The Bolsheviks, as part of their campaign to extirpate the petty bourgeoisie, marked the *shtetl* for annihilation, and proceeded to abolish all its specifically Jewish religious and communal institutions —synagogues, schools, social service agencies, hospitals, etc., etc.—and to confiscate their property. Religious education was prohibited. Jews who wanted a place in which to hold religious services had to submit to the authorities a petition signed by fifty people pledging themselves to maintain the building at their own cost.

In the years immediately following the revolution, the anti-religious campaign conducted both by the government and the Communist party ran at full speed. Synagogues were converted into labor clubs; religious leaders were persecuted for "tax evasion"; pious Jews were subjected to indignities and humiliation.

In 1926 the Bolsheviks, initiating what is by now the familiar pattern of a period of tension followed by one of relaxation, granted the Jews and other religious groups a brief respite from the more violent measures of the anti-religious campaign. Jews began to hope again. A confidential report of July 3, 1926, sent from inside Russia to Jewish organizations in the United States, observed: "We can say that all the churches and synagogues can now function without the fear of being closed one fine day." The report went on to note that religious education was still strictly forbidden, and that to deal with this problem an underground meeting of some forty rabbis had

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been called at which a committee of three rabbis (including the late Lubavitcher rabbi, Joseph I. Schneersohn) and two laymen was formed to direct the illegal network of Orthodox schools or "circles," yeshivas, and rabbinical seminaries functioning throughout Russia.

According to the same report, the underground schools then possessed an enrollment of 15,000 children. Money was urgently needed to maintain this secret school system, for, as the report stated, "the teacher is paid thirty rubles a month but we need the same amount for watchmen, and if the teacher is caught, we need about thirty rubles to support his family while he is in prison."

The optimism of 1926 was proven false within twelve months. The Bolsheviks signaled the resumption of their anti-religious campaign on July 14, 1927, when the GPU arrested Rabbi Schneersohn in Leningrad, charging him with counter-revolutionary activity, with extorting funds from Jews to maintain religious institutions, and spreading anti-Soviet propaganda abroad.* He was confined in Leningrad's Spalerno prison and there sentenced to death. As news of his arrest spread, Jews in Moscow and Leningrad hurriedly called secret meetings to discuss ways of saving the rabbi. Jewish delegations besieged the GPU with requests to have the death sentence changed. Katerina Pyeshkova, Maxim Gorky's wife and then head of the Russian Red Cross, interceded in his behalf.

Brief and rather vague reports about the case were published in the American Jewish press at the time, but the full story has never been given wide publicity. The Bolsheviks commuted the rabbi's death sentence to five years' imprisonment on the Solovetski Islands in the White Sea, but later reduced it to three years' banishment to Kostrama. As a result of negotiations conducted by German Jews through the Weimar Republic's foreign ministry, the rabbi's sentence was still further reduced to enforced residence in the village of Malachovka near Moscow. Finally, negotiations by German and Latvian Jews, reportedly reaching as high as Georghi V. Chicherin, the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and Maxim Litvinov, then his assistant commissar, won the Lubavitcher an exit permit some three months later. Rabbi Schneersohn subsequently used his influence abroad to raise funds for the further clandestine religious activity of underground Judaism in Russia, and for the relief of her Orthodox Jews, who were now in more desperate trouble than ever.

*The detailed story of Schneersohn's arrest and subsequent release is contained in a 79-page Yiddish booklet, *Di yesorim fun lubavitcher rebbn in sovet-rusland* (The Sufferings of the Lubavitcher Rabbi in Soviet Russia), Riga, 1930.

AT THE same time that they stepped up the anti-religious campaign, the Bolsheviks, now busy liquidating Lenin's New Economic Policy and all vestiges of private enterprise with it, moved to complete the disintegration of *shtetl* life by declassing its petty middlemen and self-employed workers and resettling them by force in the cities where they became "proletarians," and where Orthodox Jews were thrown into a strange new kind of life that challenged the very foundations of their Judaism.

Some of them became workers in small government *artels* (so-called cooperatives); there, according to the report of one rabbi from White Russia, they were forced to pass resolutions volunteering to work on the Sabbath and rest on Wednesday, and also to work on the High Holy Days. "Those not consenting," he wrote, "are discharged from the artels. Thus our brethren have worked on the High Holy Days and many who have not as yet erased their Jewish identity have cried bitterly, but couldn't help it." Another rabbi reported: "Daily the oppressive decrees are renewed; it has reached the point where the pious Jew cannot find work to support himself and his family. . . . In the artels the Sabbath and Holy Days must be violated publicly."

According to his official biographer, Rabbi Schneersohn had before his arrest "organized a special committee to help Jewish artisans and workers who desired to observe the Sab-

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bath."* Sambatyon, in his book, enlarges on the subject, describing how, under the direction of this committee, observant Jews formed cooperatives that differed from the others outwardly only in that the workers passed resolutions to observe the Sabbath as the day of rest, but where Hasidim surreptitiously maintained kosher kitchens and used the period allocated to Communist indoctrination for prayer and religious study. After a year or two, the Communists put a stop to this kind of activity by bringing non-Jewish workers into these artels, and they, once in the majority, passed resolutions favoring work on Saturday.

The capture of the Sabbath-observing artels by the Communists made it even more difficult for religious Jews to earn a living. Sambatyon records a unique solution of the problem for elderly Jews: the career of night watchman. He writes: "The future historian, treating the life of the religious Jews in the Soviet Union during the thirties, will have to devote an entire chapter to these innocent night watchmen. This occupation had a prominent place in the life of religious Jews in the large cities at that time." He says that gradually pious elderly Jews took over most of these jobs in Kiev, Minsk, Odessa, Kharkov, Dnepropetrovsk, Rostov, and even in Moscow and Leningrad. Many of these night watchmen were rabbis; during their vigils in deserted factory and office buildings, their disciples used to join them for Torah study and religious instruction. The joke then current was that an applicant for a job as a watchman had to show his rabbinical accreditation, and, as the story went, "God willing, when times change and the good days return, and someone comes to the Jewish community and says: 'I am authorized to teach the Law, take me for a rabbi,' he will be told: 'Show us proof that you were a night watchman in those days.'"

The new anti-religious campaign was by no means limited to the abolition of the Jewish Sabbath. In Kharkov, according to the report of another rabbi, the government took over most of the synagogues, and in the remaining synagogues the Communists "prevented services . . . by coming there with music and mocking at the worshippers." The government outlawed ritual slaughter: "Anyone signing an application for kosher meat is fined and regarded as a violator of the law." Another rabbi reported that for three years he had "preached religion and encouraged weak hands," and three times had been arrested. Then in order to continue to support his family of seven, he had applied for membership as a worker in a Jewish agricultural colony—despite the fact that Jewish workers in the agricultural colonies had to hold Yom Kippur services in the fields—but was told he would be accepted only if he agreed to publicize his resignation from the rabbinate. He suspected that the Communists would then have put pressure on him to work as an anti-religious propagandist.

On April 8, 1929, the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and Council of People's Commissars issued a new decree to regulate religious bodies, one which superseded previous decrees and practices. With subsequent amendments, this decree remains in force in the Soviet Union today, and such organized religious life as still exists among Russian Jews is subject to the restrictions embodied in it.

The decree provides that a religious association may be established if twenty or more persons, eighteen years old or over, petition the People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs for official registration. Within one month, the appropriate branch of the NKVD must register the association or "inform them about the refusal to register." The law fails to specify any grounds for such refusal, however. Once an association has been registered, it may obtain premises for religious services from the local authorities through contracts "entered into by individual believers upon their personal responsibility." This proviso reflects the fact that a religious association can have no legal corporate status.

*Nissan Mindel, "Rabbi Joseph I. Schneersohn the Lubavitcher Rabbi," in a collection of essays by the Lubavitcher, *Some Aspects of Chabad Chassidism* (New York, 1944).

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According to Paragraph 17 of the decree, a religious association cannot engage in any form of mutual aid—such as medical or health assistance—or in any way directly support its members; nor can it hold meetings for children, young people, or women at which prayers are said, the Bible studied, religion taught, or even sewing done. It is forbidden to plan excursions or maintain reading rooms and libraries. In buildings assigned to a religious association for prayer, "only such books may be kept as are required in connection with that cult."

Paragraph 18 prohibits religious education, and Paragraph 58 limits the performance of any religious ceremony or rite to the premises assigned the association, except in the case of rites administered for the dead or dying. Hence convening a *minyan* without official permission is a major offense. The remaining sixty-odd paragraphs of the decree specify in further ways the restriction of the functions of a religious association to prayer and ceremony, and expand on the various ways in which the local authorities may liquidate the association and confiscate its property.

Despite this new decree and the continued persecution, the Jewish religious underground was able to keep active. At the end of 1929, according to reports reaching American Jewish agencies, about 12,000 Jewish children in 189 localities were receiving religious instruction in illegal schools, and about 800 students in 22 localities were attending yeshivas—several thousand fewer than in 1926. The underground also maintained a rabbinical seminary with 36 students and a teacher-training institute with 20 students, and provided over 600 rabbis and instructors with small subsidies.

The group's welfare program—according to the 1929 decree, religious welfare work is illegal—was conducted by 15 local branches of an organization known by the traditional name of Tifereth Bachurim, whose activities Sambatyon describes in some detail. The organization's conspiratorial work was carried on by young people under the spiritual direction of eminent rabbis and laymen. Tifereth Bachurim recruited pupils for religious instruction, raised money for the schools and provided for their defense, paid the teachers and watchmen, and collected and dispensed funds for the needy.

Although the leaders of the religious underground were constantly under police suspicion and many were arrested, the clandestine institutions they maintained managed to survive until about 1936, largely because of the support they received from individual Jews who regarded the survival of Judaism in Russia as their own responsibility.

Even women, who normally don't play a formal role in Orthodox Judaism, worked to perpetuate their religion in a hostile society. Sambatyon records a talk on the responsibilities of the pious wife and mother given by a young girl at a clandestine meeting of Tifereth Bachurim. Comparing the present with the pre-Bolshevik period, when Jews could openly be Jews, the girl dwells upon the importance of selecting the right kind of husband and properly rearing the children as "Jewish patriots" before the public schools and Soviet society engulf them entirely. "A religious girl," she says, "must be prepared for this sacred responsibility. We must know the Bible thoroughly. We must know Jewish history from Genesis until today. Together with our mother's milk we must feed the child our devotion to the Jewish people. The lullaby we sing at the child's bedside must be imbued with sacrificial love for our God, our Torah, our people, the Hebrew language, and the Jewish homeland."

Such words bear witness to the zeal of the religious Jews in Russia twenty years ago, and their desire to preserve Jewish identity.

NEITHER the underground religious organization nor individual observant Jews were spared by the Great Purge that began in the summer of 1936 and lasted through the end of 1938. In this general holocaust the Jewish religious community suffered its worst losses since the start of the revolution. Rabbis who had survived the arrests and deportations of the late 20's, including even

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those who had made their peace with the regime, fell victim. The Bolsheviks termed any manifestation of Judaism or Jewishness as "counter-revolutionary." Parents were arrested because their children were absent from school on the High Holy Days. Jewish homes were searched for "evidence" of Jewishness, as for example the possession of Hebrew books whether religious or secular. The possession of letters from people abroad was also considered "proof" of counter-revolution. Moreover, entire families were arrested and deported because of the "guilt" of relatives dead before the revolution.

According to Sambatyon, at the start of the Great Purge in Kiev the NKVD padlocked and sealed the one synagogue still left in the main part of town because, as the local authorities informed a protesting Jewish delegation, it was a "nest of counter-revolutionaries." Sambatyon relates that then some of the older Jews sent identically worded pleas to Stalin, Kalinin, and Yezhov.

"Kiev is an old Jewish city," they wrote. "At the time of the revolution, Kiev had several hundred synagogues and smaller places of worship. Now there are only two left in Kiev: a tiny synagogue in Podol [a predominantly Jewish section in outlying Kiev], but it is very far from town. The other is the Kupiecheskaya Synagogue, in which we have worshipped for over sixty years. Now this too is padlocked and will be taken from us. We went to the local bureau and they told us that only Moscow could help us. We beg you, little father Stalin, have pity on us in our old age. Our *chederim* and *yeshivot* were closed—we were silent; our *mikvot* and kosher slaughter houses were closed—we remained silent; we have never complained, we are disciplined citizens. But the synagogue—that is our last comfort, for which we are prepared to die as our ancestors did for the Temple. . . ."

The reply came after a while: "Authority rests with the local officials." In a few weeks, the industrial section of the NKVD converted the Kupiecheskaya Synagogue into a "corrective" occupational training school for female delinquents.

Describing the further impact of the Great Purge on the Hasidic community in Kiev, Sambatyon reports that on one day alone, July 24, 1938, ninety-two of the pious were arrested, and that by the end of the summer most of the able-bodied men of that community had been imprisoned, deported, or were in hiding, so that the only observant Jews left in Kiev were women and children, the aged and infirm. The huge prison in Kiev could not contain all the new prisoners and the regional NKVD shipped the overflow to prisons in towns as far away as Berdichev, Kremenchug, and Chernigov.

The mass arrests and deportations destroyed the leadership of the religious underground or at least paralyzed their activity, but the individual survivors, in the main, clung desperately to their religion. Many Hasidim at this time, as Sambatyon tells it, compared themselves to those lost tribes inaccessible beyond the stone-casting waters of the legendary Sambatyon River, which subsides only on the Sabbath. Beyond the Sambatyon, so the legend goes, live the most pious of all Israelites, the *"royte yidelech"* (little red Jews) of Yiddish folklore. (The aptness of the figure explains the pen name of the author of *A Sixth of the World.*) But the lost pious Jews of 20th-century Russia could practice their religion only under some form of Marranism. No wonder that many of them fled to the West from Russia after the end of the recent war—which served to reduce further Russian Orthodox Jewry.

WHAT the American rabbinical delegations saw in the synagogues of Russia were the survivors of these persecutions, battered remnants of what was once a great religious community. It is these same Jews that some of the visiting rabbis call upon to rebuild Judaism in Russia. This is not beyond the realm of possibility: the survivors of the Nazi massacres have taught us something about the indomitability of the human spirit. But any hope for a renewal of the Russian Jewish community depends altogether on the will of the Soviet leaders, and why should they be expected to undo

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their successful forty-year campaign against Jewish religious life? The new regime can afford a few synagogues here and there; these make useful exhibits for foreign visitors —cheap evidence of Communist "tolerance." But the record shows that the Bolsheviks, despite occasional interludes of relaxation, have never wavered in their long-term anti-religious course.

Some of the visiting rabbis reported that the new regime promised to ameliorate the hardships borne by religious Jews. But how is one to evaluate such promises? Last spring Moscow's Jews were told they would be able to get ritually slaughtered meat again, and indeed permission was finally granted to establish a place for the sale of such meat. However, when would-be purchasers arrive at the market—the site the authorities chose for it is ten miles outside Moscow—they find, most of the time, that no meat is to be had.

Over a year ago the Soviet Council of Religious Cults promised to publish a Jewish prayer book—none has been published in Russia since the revolution. When the delegation from the Orthodox Rabbinical Council of America inquired about the progress of this project they were told that no Hebrew type was available in Russia. The alternative, they were informed, would be to reprint a prayer book from photographic plates. The rabbis, to speed the enterprise, offered to supply the Soviet Union with a Hebrew linotype machine, apparently unaware that a photo-offset edition could be completed in a week or two if the authorities really meant to keep their promise.*

Last summer the Russians said they would help observant Jews purchase citrons and palm branches for Succoth. In July an Israeli firm was asked to quote prices and subsequently submitted to the Soviet commercial attaché a figure far below the market price. But there the matter rested. Russian Jews had no *ethrogim* or *lulavim* for Succoth.

Of far more significance than these broken promises is the Communist failure even to promise Russia's Jews freedom of religious education, the freedom to teach their children Hebrew or Yiddish, and to instruct them in Jewish history. A religion has life, or a chance of life, only if it can be perpetuated from generation to generation, and it has been the clear intention of the Communists, since they first seized power, to see that this doesn't happen. Russian Jews may cherish their Judaism, but there is no reason to expect the Soviet regime suddenly to reverse itself and permit them to give communal flesh and form to their longings for Jewishness.

Is the conclusion, then, that we must write the Russian Jews off insofar as the survival of Judaism as a religion is concerned? Every fact seems to point that way; none seems to support any optimistic forecast of a revival of Judaism in the USSR. What is more: the purpose of the present rulers of the Soviet appears to be not simply to eradicate Judaism as one more religion, but to extirpate the Jews as a distinctive group by wholesale forced assimilation, to which the suppression of their faith and of Yiddish culture are but preliminary steps. No other ethnic group in the Soviet Union is similarly threatened; no other ethnic group is denied in principle its right to existence.

Are the Jews of the free world to resign themselves to this state of affairs? Let us hope not. As W. Z. Laqueur pointed out in his article in last month's COMMENTARY, "Soviet Policy and Jewish Fate," the Soviets have become more sensitive than ever to public opinion in the world outside. Our protests should be of a kind to make themselves heard, nor should we be deluded either by our reluctance to believe the worst, or by any idea that the Soviets will give more sympathetic ear to softly spoken pleas than to forthrightly proclaimed indignation.

*According to an American Yiddish journalist, Henry Shoshkes, who recently returned from a visit to Russia and its satellites, the Soviet government has printed a prayer book in an offset edition of 3,000 copies. Mr. Shoshkes brought back a sheaf of pages presumably run off before the book was completed. Even with the dwindling number of observant Jews in Russia today, 3,000 copies will hardly suffice to meet the needs of a religious community that for almost forty years has been unable to replace banned, confiscated, or worn-out prayer books.

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# NEW MODERATION IN SECURITY

## *Recent Gains*

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

THE recovery of American public life from the plague somewhat inaccurately called "McCarthyism" has been proceeding at an increasingly rapid pace. One sign has been the near-disappearance of Wisconsin's junior Senator from the headlines. But just as the evils of which he has become a symbol were in important respects already present before he came to notoriety, so they have to a considerable extent survived his decline. The number of repressive laws on the statute books has not decreased, although few new ones have been added. The government's administrative policies and practices have been changed only reluctantly and under pressure. Even the courts, which have been responsible for most of the recent improvement in the situation, have generally rendered their decisions on the rather precarious basis of legal technicalities, and of interpretations of laws and executive directives, rather than on Constitutional principles.

Yet if the change that has taken place is neither so great nor so fundamental as one might wish, it is real and important. One major gain has been the elimination of non-sensitive positions from the Federal Employees Loyalty-Security program, following the Supreme Court's decision on June 11 in the case of Kendrick M. Cole. The court found that Public Law 733, on which the Eisenhower security program rests, gave the President no authority to extend its provisions to non-sensitive positions in agencies not specifically named in it. The judges based their decision on the language and legislative history of the act itself rather than on any Constitutional issue. Hence there were instant moves to cancel the effect of the decision by new legislation.

Senators McCarthy, Jenner, and Eastland, and Representative Walter were, not unexpectedly, among those who hastened to introduce bills intended to restore the *status quo ante*. A somewhat different type of bill was introduced by Representative Edward H. Rees of Kansas, ranking Republican member of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. His bill, which would have separated the loyalty and security programs, and provided for the investigation *before* appointment of all Federal employees except in urgent cases, sought to give many new protections to persons faced with loyalty charges. It would have created a Loyalty Review Board with the power to subpoena witnesses and reveal the sources of derogatory information to the accused if "the interest of justice so requires"; it would have given a person dismissed on loyalty grounds an automatic right of appeal to the Federal courts, which would be empowered to set aside decisions they regarded as arbitrary or capricious; and it would have guaranteed a hearing to applicants for government employment who were rejected on loyalty grounds.

There was disagreement within the administration as to what to do about the new situation. Some officials clearly welcomed the opportunity the Supreme Court decision offered to abandon one of the least defensible parts of the loyalty-security program. Not only would restricting that program to sensitive positions eliminate many injustices, it would also make it much easier to admin-

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ister. Many Department of Justice people, in particular, were reported to be willing and even happy to accept the new limitations. Several hundred employees who had been dismissed from non-sensitive positions were reinstated with back pay (though others were debarred by an arbitrary time limit), and the Department announced that new regulations were being drawn up. But eventually those in the administration who wanted to maintain the old system won out, at least formally.

Their principal spokesman, Chairman Philip Young of the Federal Civil Service Commission, strongly urged the passage of legislation reinstating the program for non-sensitive positions. He was supported by a somewhat unenthusiastic letter from Attorney General Brownell stating that if Congress felt that some legislation was desirable, the Attorney General favored the Walter bill giving the President power to extend the loyalty-security program to all government agencies. (He also urged that any legislation be temporary, pending the report of the Commission on Government Security set up under the Humphrey-Stennis resolution.)

CONGRESS, however, adjourned without taking action on any of the proposals. Partly, this was due to the relatively short time—only a month and a half—between the Supreme Court decision and adjournment—the legislative mills normally grind with an almost divine deliberation. But partly, too, the failure of Congress to act was due to the change in political climate. The Supreme Court decision in the Cole case had been enthusiastically welcomed by such papers as the New York *Times,* public clamor for new legislation seemed quite limited, and Congressmen had reason to feel that hasty action could do them more political harm than good. Perhaps the decisive factor was the issuance on July 8 of a report on the loyalty-security program prepared by a special committee of the New York City Bar Association with the aid of a grant from the Fund for the Republic. This committee of distinguished and predominantly conservative lawyers, headed by Dudley B. Bonsal, had drawn up its report before the Cole decision; one of its principal recommendations was to restrict the program to sensitive positions.

But the problem of the unjustified application of loyalty-security criteria to non-sensitive positions is by no means finished and done with. The Supreme Court's decision in the Cole case pointed out that these positions remained subject to the normal civil service provisions for dismissal and, except in the case of veterans such as Cole, these provisions actually offer less protection to the employee than do the procedures under the Eisenhower loyalty-security program. There seems little doubt, however, that the existence of that kind of program made for a systematic harassing of the innocent and the innocuous such as would not have existed without it. Not least among the motives for the harassing was the desire to build up a record of "security" dismissals for political purposes.

In this respect, as well as in terms of a more efficient loyalty-security program, the limitation to sensitive positions undoubtedly represents a significant gain; the adoption of civil service procedures that would provide adequate protection to non-veteran employees is a separate problem, and one perhaps easier to solve because it lacks the emotional overtones of the loyalty-security issue.

The Bonsal report also recommended the abolition of the Port Security Program and the International Organization Employees Program. It held that the former, applying to longshoremen working in restricted areas, and to all merchant seamen, whatever their jobs

> . . . opens the way for the introduction of personnel security measures throughout American life. For it imposes security scrutiny on persons and in areas without special justification. There are other industrial activities which are even more sensitive than those covered by the program. . . . In our closely integrated society the danger of possible sabotage exists at literally tens of thousands of places and

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from almost the whole population. . . . This logic would thus lead to peacetime personnel security clearance for almost all citizens. The danger to liberty from such a course should cause us to set ourselves resolutely against it. Rather, the nation should rely, as it has in the past, on other measures to guard against the very real threat of sabotage. These measures include counterespionage, and adequate physical protection of vulnerable installations.

At the time the Bonsal report was written, the courts had already held in *Parker v. Lester* that those denied clearance under the Port Security Program must be given notice of all information used in refusing clearance. Since then, the Federal District Court in San Francisco has ordered the Coast Guard to grant clearance, pending any hearings it chooses to hold under new regulations, to persons previously denied it. In view of the government's reluctance to reveal adverse information, and the courts' unwillingness to indulge this reluctance so far as the Port Security Program is concerned, the future of that program appears doubtful even without any specific Executive action to abandon it.

Of the International Organization Employees Program, the Bonsal report said that it

. . . is actually harmful to the interests of the United States and its citizens. The period required in clearing American citizens for employment encourages international organizations to employ citizens of other nations instead of Americans, especially for short term work. So the program may well lead to the employment of foreign Communists in place of American citizens. The program may give needless offense to other nations. It appears to be an assertion by this nation of a special control over international organizations in which all member nations have an equal interest.

Nevertheless, the program continues in operation and seems likely to remain essentially unchanged, at least until election time is past.

MEANWHILE, the Atomic Energy Commission introduced far-reaching changes in its loyalty-security program by the regulations that it promulgated on May 10, 1956. These provide that the final decision in loyalty-security cases must represent "a comprehensive, common-sense judgment" that shall "give due recognition to the favorable as well as the unfavorable information . . . and shall take into account the value of the individual's services to the atomic energy program and the operational consequences of dismissal." (This would seem to give much more leeway for clearance than the requirement of Executive Order 10450 that the employee's retention be "clearly consistent with the interests of the national security.") These new regulations also provide that, in considering a person's associations, no weight shall ordinarily be given to "chance or casual meetings nor contacts limited to normal business or official relations." Both these changes would appear to have been suggested by the Oppenheimer case. And most important of all, the new rules provide that accused persons shall have the right to confront adverse witnesses wherever possible; when security considerations prevent confrontation, such witnesses must be questioned in private by the hearing board. Alone among government agencies, the Atomic Energy Commission also affords a hearing to applicants for employment who have been rejected on security grounds.

The armed forces are also proving more sensible about security. This is a result of the study prepared by Rowland Watts for the Workers Defense League and the hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights headed by Senator Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri. Security checks must now be completed *before* induction, and except where new information is subsequently discovered, any person accepted for induction must be given a discharge based solely on the character of his military service. Other changes provide that in determining an individual's suitability for service, account should be taken of whether he has made full voluntary disclosure of the derogatory information, his age at the time of the action in question, and the period over which it took place, and whether or not his affiliation with a suspect organization

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was based on knowledge of its subversive purposes. In the matter of association with relatives, a vineyard that the armed services cultivated with some energy in the past, they must now restrain themselves to those cases where "there is available information which indicates, or from which it may be logically inferred, that the individual is sympathetically influenced in thought or action by the subversive activities or ideologies of his relatives or associates."

But there is still room for improvement in the armed forces security program. The pre-induction check—unlike other aspects of Selective Service—remains under military rather than civilian control. An inductee may receive a less than honorable discharge, even though his military record is unexceptionable, if information about his previous activities comes to the attention of the military authorities after his induction. And these authorities still reserve the power to give him a less than honorable discharge on the basis of his activities during the years in which, though back in civilian life, he is theoretically a member of the "inactive reserve."

Another potential danger lies in the Defense Department's claim to have the right to demand security clearance of *all* employees of defense contractors, and not merely those engaged in classified work. This power—which has not in fact been exercised, and which the Defense Department disclaims any present intention of exercising—would enable it to impose its security program on a very high percentage of all persons employed in American factories and universities. On the other hand, the government has drastically modified its policy in regard to grants for scientific research. A special committee headed by Dr. Detlev Bronk was appointed last year to prepare recommendations in this field. At that time, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams wrote Dr. Bronk that "no one will question . . . that only those who are loyal to our government should be the beneficiaries of government grants-in-aid." But the Bronk committee *did* question it, asserting that the discovery of a cure for cancer "would be no less beneficial to all humanity for having been made by a Communist." It therefore recommended that grants for non-classified research should not be conditioned on loyalty-security requirements—and the government accepted its recommendation.

THE new atmosphere responsible for such changes in high policy as I have noted also influenced the fate of numerous individuals. A number of persons unjustly dismissed were reinstated shortly after their cases were brought to public attention—though new injustices still seemed frequent. In the case of James Kutcher,* the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals ruled on April 3 that he had been dismissed without a proper hearing. Since the decision was based on technical grounds, the government could have instituted new proceedings, as it had after his earlier court victory in 1952. But on June 20, Veterans Administration Director Harvey Higley ordered Kutcher reinstated, with full seniority, in his position. Shortly thereafter, the Newark Housing Authority gave up the idea of appealing the New Jersey Supreme Court's decision banning the eviction of Kutcher and his parents from a public housing project. In doing so, it was probably influenced by a Federal ruling that the Gwinn Amendment, banning public housing for members of organizations on the Attorney General's list, had lapsed. (While the Gwinn Amendment's ban had never reached the Supreme Court, every test case had gone against it in the lower courts, on either Constitutional or technical grounds.)

The government has continued, however, to deny Robert Thompson and Saul Wellman, Communists convicted under the Smith Act, their pensions as disabled veterans, and to seek reimbursement from them for payments already made. At this writing, their cases are before the courts. On the other hand, the Social Security Administra-

*See my article "A Case Study in Due Process" in the March 1956 issue of COMMENTARY.

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tion has accepted the ruling of Referee Peter J. Hoegen that its attempt to deprive former Communist party employees of their social security benefits was illegal. Hoegen rejected the assertion that Communist party employees were excluded from social security as employees of a foreign government agency, declaring:

> The fact that the Communist Party, U.S.A., may have been controlled from abroad does not preclude a finding that it is an employer in its own right. . . . Nowhere in the record of this case is there any direct evidence . . . that persons allegedly working for the Communist Party in the United States are "employees" of the Soviet Union. No witness and no document even mentions such a relationship.

But another attack on the social security status of Communists convicted under the Smith Act is contained in a bill, signed by the President on August 1, permitting the trial judge to include deprivation of social security benefits among the penalties he imposes on persons convicted of sedition. This seems Constitutional enough—it does not apply to persons already sentenced and is in effect an additional fine. It is, however, the sort of vindictive penalty that hardly adds to the dignity of the law. One may prefer to believe that the legislators who voted for it hoped the judges to whose discretion they left its imposition would show more courage and moral sensitivity than they themselves had done.

ANOTHER sign of the times was the storm raised by two attacks on lawyers for representing clients accused of subversive activity. In the first case, Assistant Attorney General William F. Tompkins, head of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice, gave an interview to the United Press in which he criticized the Cleveland Bar Association for taking up a collection to pay counsel for ten Smith Act defendants. (The Cleveland *Press* suggested Tompkins was annoyed by the acquittal of four of the ten—in the early Smith Act trials there were no acquittals.) And he described bar associations that helped to defend persons indicted under the Smith Act as "dupes of the Communist Party strategy." The ensuing uproar, including a threat by the Cleveland Bar Association to charge him with unethical conduct before the grievance committee of the American Bar Association, soon convinced Mr. Tompkins that he had been misquoted. The Cleveland Bar Association voted to accept this explanation. The press, no stranger to official denials of inconvenient quotations, was more skeptical. One thing was clear, however: whatever Mr. Tompkins might or might not have said, he was unlikely to say it again.

Perhaps an even more striking case was that of John O. Bigelow, whom Governor Robert Meyner of New Jersey appointed to the Board of Governors of Rutgers University. Certain New Jersey legislators objected to his confirmation on the ground that he had served as counsel for a teacher who had refused to answer questions about alleged Communist associations on the ground of possible self-incrimination. (He had taken the case at the request of the Essex County Bar Association.) Nobody attributed Communist sympathies to Bigelow, a Democrat who had as a judge acquired a reputation for readiness to issue injunctions in labor disputes. But his opponents argued that no lawyer should take such clients, and that he could not be trusted to take a sufficiently stern stand against teachers at Rutgers who were Communists or invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment. (There *had* been rather notorious cases of this sort at Rutgers.) Under questioning, Bigelow indicated that, while opposed to the employment of Communist teachers, he would have to consider all the facts in the case of a teacher invoking the Fifth Amendment. On July 30, the Judiciary Committee of the State Senate voted to reject his nomination.

But instead of following the old script and withdrawing Bigelow's name, Governor Meyner announced that he would make no substitution. The leader of the Republican majority in the State Senate, as well as half the other Republicans and most of the Dem-

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ocrats in that body, supported Bigelow. Bar associations—and not only in New Jersey—joined the newspapers in thundering against this attack on the right of counsel. On August 9 the anti-Bigelow majority in the Judiciary Committee capitulated, reporting the nomination without recommendation; Bigelow was confirmed by a vote of thirteen to four, with two abstentions.

Similarly, when the former counsel of the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, Julien G. Sourwine, charged New York State Attorney General Jacob Javits with having had Communist connections in the days when he was launching his political career, leading members of both parties, including the President, hastened to defend Javits. No evidence was offered that Javits, either as a Congressman or as New York Attorney General, had followed the Communist line. (A candidate's relations with Communists are of course a legitimate matter of public concern—if there is evidence showing them to be significant.) The Internal Security Subcommittee agreed to hear testimony from Javits, who admitted some of the contacts charged against him and was unable to remember others, but asserted that they had all been of a casual and innocent nature. Senators Jenner and Eastland of the Internal Security Subcommittee indicated that they thought some things about the case would bear further looking into—but the New York State Republican party disregarded their doubts and Javits received its nomination for U.S. Senator, with the support of such leaders as Leonard Hall and Thomas E. Dewey. In contrast, Sourwine, who had apparently hoped to win the Democratic nomination for Senator from Nevada by imitating the methods of his late patron, Senator Pat McCarran, finished a bad last in the four-man primary contest in his state.

THE last year and a half has seen the courts work a veritable revolution in imposing the requirements of due process on the Passport Bureau of the State Department—a bureau whose former head was reputed to have said that she would deny a passport to the President if she thought he shouldn't have one. A series of decisions starting with the Nathan and Shachtman cases in May and June 1955, forced the department to yield powers it had been exercising arbitrarily for decades. In the Shachtman case the Court of Appeals held that the right to travel was a "natural" one that could be restricted only for good reason and under procedural safeguards. Nor has this restriction of the Department's power evoked any public outcry or produced any serious legislative attempt to override the courts.

Another fundamental court decision came in the Steve Nelson case, with the Supreme Court holding that in the absence of any statement to the contrary, Congress must be held to have preempted the field of sedition legislation when it passed the Smith Act. Declaring that this field was obviously one where the Federal interest was supreme, and where the existence of state legislation could lead to conflict and interference, the court therefore ruled that all state sedition laws were invalid under the "conflict of laws" provision of the Constitution. The decision followed precedents set in other cases, e.g. the same court's ruling that state "right to work" laws could not deprive railroad workers of a union shop, since it was authorized by the Railroad Labor Act.

But most states had, and have, sedition laws of one sort or another, some of them dating back many decades, and various legislators introduced measures designed to restore their validity. These measures had at least the formal support of the administration, as well as of most but not all the state attorneys general. (Attorney General Javits of New York cited his support of these measures in defending himself against the charges of Communist connections previously referred to; the Attorney General of New Jersey, on the other hand, announced his agreement with the reasoning of the Supreme Court.) Nevertheless, there was little public demand for the revalidation of state sedition laws and all the proposals died in committee. The practical effect of the Supreme Court's decision varied; most states

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had in fact not made any recent use of their sedition, criminal syndicalism, and criminal anarchy laws, but in a few cases convictions were reversed or prosecutions dropped.

Another extremely interesting development was the action of the Department of Justice in asking the Supreme Court to order a lower court hearing on the credibility of the testimony of an informer named Joseph Mazzei in certain Smith Act cases. Mazzei's credibility was brought into question by his testimony in other matters. (He had, among other things, told an investigating committee of a Communist plot to assassinate Senator McCarthy; the Justice Department was apparently not convinced.) This was by no means the first time that a prosecution witness had been shown to be a perjurer; previously, however, the government had maintained that however much the Matusows and Crouches might have lied at other times, their testimony in the cases in which they had been prosecution witnesses was impeccable. The Supreme Court, however, went beyond the government's request and ordered a new trial, on the ground that no conviction should be allowed to stand when there was even a possibility of perjury.

ALL these improvements that I have chronicled are substantial—indeed, compared to the situation a couple of years back, phenomenal. Yet the Smith, McCarran, and Communist Control acts remain unaltered (except for an amendment increasing the penalties under the Smith Act), and the government continues to apply them with more zeal than judgment. Petty persecution, as in the case of the denial of veterans' disability benefits to persons convicted under the Smith Act, continues. The State Department can and does continue to force some applicants for passports to secure their rights through the courts. In cases where the applicant does not wish to take court action, or where time is of the essence, the Department can still act arbitrarily and capriciously, as it did in refusing to validate the passports of a number of reputable American reporters who had been invited to visit Communist China.

The Department's power over visas is still absolute, and injustices in this field are frequent and damage American prestige. The cultural exchange program has been hampered by the withdrawal of government sponsorship from symphony orchestras and art exhibits (including one sponsored by the Luce magazine *Sports Illustrated*) because of charges of Communist inclinations made against some of the musicians and artists involved. The Congressional power of investigation is still sometimes used as an instrument of political defamation rather than enlightenment, notably by Representative Walter and Senator Eastland. (But the public has become bored.) Individuals still suffer unjustly under the various security programs, and most of the faults of our security procedures remain uncorrected. Perhaps most dangerous of all at the present moment, a number of Southern states are engaged in directly attacking the civil liberties of their citizens, of whatever race, who oppose the ideas of the White Citizens Councils. Those attacks range from the efforts of some states to ban the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the quasi-official mobilization of mob violence.

THERE is, moreover, a disturbing element even in respect to the improvements which have taken place. The abuses of recent years have originated in excessive fear of real but not altogether understood dangers. Today there is a sharp decline in the fear, but little increase in real understanding of the nature of the problem. The United States government has never needed defenses against radical or even Communist *opinions*. But it has needed, and continues to need, to guard itself against certain Communist *acts*, notably espionage and systematic covert infiltration for the purpose of misusing positions of power and trust. Until this distinction is clearly recognized, our civil liberties will be endangered in periods of fear, and our security in periods of complacency.

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Not only is there widespread misunderstanding as to the true nature of the Communist problem; there is also far less comprehension than there should be of the nature and function of civil liberties. Freedom to speak and to write are, in a sense, only incidental to freedom to hear and to read; if one man is deprived of his freedom to speak, every man loses his freedom to hear. Others of our basic liberties—freedom from arbitrary arrest, the right to counsel, the right to know the charges and the evidence against one—to name only a few—likewise benefit not only those whose misfortune it is to have to invoke them, but those who some day might. The question is not whether any individual "deserves" these rights; a free society *needs* them. When the courts invoke and expound the basic Constitutional guarantees, they help to educate the American people in these fundamental principles. When they decide cases on narrow technical grounds, the immediate benefit to the state of our liberties may be considerable, but the contribution to the fundamental structure of our freedom—a structure in which the forms of law are, after all, not so important as the substance of the popular will—is unfortunately not much.

A great deal still remains to be done, both in removing specific evils and in creating that public understanding which will prevent their recurrence. But the atmosphere today offers a good chance of success in the fight against unwise, unjust, and repressive policies. Substantial moderate and conservative elements, which were formerly silent, are now actively working to preserve and extend civil liberties and to remedy abuses. There is strong reason to believe that the already rapid rate of improvement will increase.

Indeed, there is even some danger that in the near future it will prove necessary to stress again the fact that the abuses of recent years were in part a reaction to genuine dangers, and that Communists are not innocent dissenters whom only a McCarthy would debar from positions of trust. At present, we are still a great deal more likely to err in the other direction. But on the whole the problems of security and freedom are today being faced in an atmosphere of reason and moderation, rather than of demagogy.

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# THE CASE OF RING LARDNER

## *Art and Entertainment*

JOHN BERRYMAN

IT IS a disconcerting feature of much American literary art that either it's so closely bound up with the world of popular entertainment that the boundaries between are not easy to fix, or else—as of poetry, say (Ogden Nash allowed as an exception)—it has no relation to that world at all. In France, England, other countries, there is both less reciprocity and more. A man like Noel Coward seeks his level quicker, after initial hesitation (in a play like *The Vortex*), and though an artist like Cocteau may operate also as an entertainer, no doubt is raised, by him or by anyone else, about his *being* an artist. The arts are less glumly separated from the life of the more or less educated citizenry, and at the same time their status is clearer. Here, matters are more ambiguous. A thing like Norman Corwin's *On a Note of Triumph* is not only praised by Walter Winchell and sells at least fifty thousand copies; it is also hailed, with happy illiteracy, in the New York *Times Book Review* ("Even if he had written this one, five or ten years after V-E Day its values would be the same. His writing has some of the quality of universal truth.") and woofed up by Carl Sandburg, an actual poet, as "vast . . . terrific . . . certainly one of the great all-time American poems." We might be in Palmer Stadium. Pictures fly around of Mr. Corwin portentous, brooding like Beethoven, and—God's truth—his thoughtless concoction was declared to be "the Eroica of this historic year."

Now these windy views do not fail to occur, though they are less frequent, in London, Paris, and Rome; but they are not taken seriously there, except by the author and his cronies. Here almost everybody takes them seriously, until some fresher fantasy has supervened. Some of our artists take them seriously; Hemingway and Faulkner, two of the most ambitious writers living, describe themselves as hunters and farmers. Moreover, we impose our view on the world; Pearl Buck wins the Nobel Prize. Oscar Hammerstein 12th makes a bulkier literary figure than J. F. Powers. The situation is not new either. It goes back nearly a century. Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville were men of letters, and we have had others. But for a long time we have also, in figure after figure, faced this double anomaly of the artist who pretends not to be one and the entertainer who pretends to the status of an artist (or has it pretended for him).

With a man of letters, criticism has only to address itself to the perplexing questions of whether he is any good, and where, and how good, and in what ways. Plainly, if you are obliged to decide, in the first place, whether your subject is an artist at all, criticism will be more difficult. The extreme uncertainty of our criticism of our own literature, which is to be attributed partly to senses of inferiority and dependence, vanity, and remorse therefor, must be due as well to a sneaking down-with-him attitude toward the self-confessed deliberate artist

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POPULAR both with a wide audience and with serious critics in his own lifetime, Ring Lardner—along with many other prominent writers of the 1920's—fell into undue neglect a few years after his death. JOHN BERRYMAN here considers the peculiarly American quality of Lardner's life and work and tries to assess his importance. Mr. Berryman teaches in the humanities division of the University of Minnesota. He is author of *Stephen Crane* (in the American Men of Letters series) and of two volumes of poetry, the second of which, *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*, was recently put out under the imprint of Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.



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and a sneaking admiration for the guy who entertains us without undemocratic pretensions—this admiration then translating itself naturally into the hope that after all he may prove *also* to be the real literary thing.

I offer these desultory remarks as prelude to some consideration of a borderline character named Ring Lardner. Nobody over thirty-five will have to be told who he was, but I don't find that younger people read him any more, except in short-story courses, where they run into "Haircut" or "Champion," and in any case they will know nothing of his extra-literary personality, which was so engaging to the rest of us during the 20's and early 30's. An extra-literary personality is so important to an entertainer, though unimportant to art, that we might begin with it, assisted by Donald Elder's biography.* This is comparatively artless, and too long—Mr. Elder's reluctance to cut a letter, no matter how trivial, is positively Byzantine; but it is full, shrewd, and surprisingly candid for a work produced so soon after its subject's death, and under the continuous assistance of his surviving family. I shall be quarrying shamelessly for a bit.

THE outline of the life is very much what one expected. Niles, Michigan, 1885, to years of baseball reporting in Chicago, to New York and general celebrity and then literary recognition; a wife and four sons; loads of dough, monumental boozing; fading reputation, broken health, the protracted decline that his friend F. Scott Fitzgerald imaged in the musician Abe North of *Tender Is the Night;* death in 1933 at forty-eight, not old, not young, apparently unfulfilled. An American pattern, in short. Nor will it surprise anyone to learn that this famous clown was a very gloomy guy indeed, suspicious as W. C. Fields, silent as a Pharaoh. But the filling-in of the outline takes us into what one would not have expected.

Was it in the cards that this man who elected to spend most of his life with athletes and show people and assorted idiots, who presented himself weekly to millions, in dialect, as a "wise boob," should have been the precocious, petted ninth of nine children born into a cultured family of long-established wealth? Each child had its own nursemaid, and the house had its own tennis court and baseball diamond. One foot was deformed from birth, corrected by a surgeon, and he wore a brace until he was eleven; Mr. Elder connects with this his irrational admiration for athletes. But he would not have gone to school anyway: his mother, whose rather wild, deeply religious personality appears to have been eight feet high (with his father Lardner was never close at all), taught the three youngest children, until a tutor did. He entered what we *amusingly* call high school at twelve, played football, was graduated at sixteen.

At this point the family fortune collapsed. He spent part of a year at the Armour Institute in Chicago, headed toward engineering. Then for four years he did practically nothing, in Niles: amateur theatricals, the gas company. By a fluke, a job on the South Bend *Times,* two years; when he was lifted to Chicago. Here he worked on the *Inter-Ocean, Examiner,* and *Tribune,* accompanied the White Sox, became expert, took over an established column, began to publish in the *Saturday Evening Post,* perfected his mask, made one of his two abortive trips to Europe (a place non-existent for Lardner, who had no historic sense whatever, no interest in politics or society, no interest in ideas), and succeeded in forming no relation with the enthusiastic remodeling of both verse and prose then supposedly taking place in Chicago—being himself intensely conservative and provincial, as he was to the end, with no visible quarrel of any kind with Niles.

This was one trouble. It let him be courteous, generous, modest, fastidious, romantic, scrupulous, chivalrous, and proud; but it left him worrying, deadpan, restless, suffocated—and bored. He was one of the most heavily armored men, and one of the most

**Ring Lardner.* Doubleday, 409 pp., $4.75.*

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exposed, that even this country can ever have produced. That is, Lardner was wise; he never let anybody get close. So if somebody ripped his heart out, it was not a friend. All the lies told about him were by acquaintances and strangers. On the other hand, among the things he never recovered from were the Black Sox scandal of 1919 and his disappointment later in Jack Dempsey. When he moved East in the fall of 1919 it was not to write about sports but to do a syndicated weekly column about anything, by the "wise boob."

Nearly all of his best writing was still to come; not that it is bulky. But I should say that he went to pieces with great rapidity—at a pace dissolved into Mr. Elder's narrative—for already during 1922-24, when he and Fitzgerald were neighbors in Great Neck (they never saw each other much after), it was the younger man's sense that Lardner was "getting off"—doing his work conscientiously but not enjoying it. Fitzgerald badgered him to collect his stories, supplied the title *How to Write Short Stories*, badgered Scribner's to bring them out (with the incongruous aid of Sir James Barrie, this came about); some of his uninteresting earlier books were re-issued; and all this probably cheered Lardner more than Mr. Elder (who is rather chary about Fitzgerald altogether) is eager to allow. Fitzgerald wanted Lardner to organize himself and undertake a large work; so did Edmund Wilson; these notations belong later in this article, but have to be mentioned because Lardner must have recognized in himself an entire incapacity for anything of the kind, and in his silent way suffered. He was doing a comic strip, an exasperated fake-autobiography, all sorts of things. *The Love Nest* came out in 1926. Mr. Elder sees him this year at his height, making some $30,000, his column in 157 papers. The consumption of bourbon is not recorded. He found he had tuberculosis.

Now comes a phase unpredictable or gruesome. He gave most of this up, and attacked Broadway. The ruling passion of Lardner's life was music. He had perfect pitch, and taught himself six instruments. The music that interested him was not what we call classical music or "serious" music, and was not jazz—as Mr. Elder says, he was somewhat behind the times; he was interested in *popular* music: popular songs and, for he was also stage-struck, musical shows. It is a peculiarity that all his life he often wrote intimate letters in a sort of parody verse, precisely the kind of thing he appears to mock in "The Maysville Minstrel"; he was strongly interested in what he thought of as poetry, though it goes without saying that he disliked all real poetry. Music, drama, and poetry came together for him, and for years he contributed lyrics to Ziegfeld's shows. He did *Elmer the Great* for George M. Cohan in 1928, and Cohan redid it. There were various unproduced scripts, and the "nonsense" playlets that I'll say something about later. At last in 1929, with George S. Kaufman, he had a hit in *June Moon*. He wrote a film script for $7500 in four days. He only published some dozen songs, however, and in general all this aspect of his career was a failure. He was in and out of hospitals all the final years—Florida, Arizona, California, New York—not only with dipsomania but recurrent attacks of tuberculosis, a heart ailment, digestive disorders, probably pernicious anemia. *Round-up*, collecting thirty-five stories, came out in 1929. There is no interesting fiction after 1926, but his humorous stuff remained sometimes astonishing, as "Large Coffee" (you can find this one in the Whites' *Subtreasury of American Humor*) and the parodies of "Night and Day" which I remember in the *New Yorker* and am glad to see that Mr. Elder quotes:

*Night and day under the fleece of me*
*There's an Oh, such a flaming furneth burneth*
*the grease of me.*
*Night and day under the bark of me*
*There's an Oh, such a mob of microbes making*
*a park of me.*

Anybody who can still hear the daffy croon of Tony Wons reciting will be glad to know the cheer that Lardner made up for him:

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*Tony Wons! Tony Twice!*
*Holy, jumping . . .*

These last things appeared in the midst of an intensely bitter and earnest crusade that Lardner carried on against the stupidity and especially the pornography of the lyrics of popular songs; he was so pathologically squeamish—as he was throughout his life about dirty stories (though it's true that he hated funny stories of any kind, and never told them) and indeed about anything sexual—that he even had doubts about "Tea for Two." He was extremely pedantic, in this as in other things, and was only less stern against ill grammar than against innuendo. His final work was about a drunkard, sympathetically portrayed, in the toils of family constriction. It is not likely that it would have been any good; he always lost all his irony when he wrote for the stage, and his energy anyway by now was so low that it had taken him six months to write a twenty-page story.

It is impossible to read the account of Lardner's life without admiration for his courage and dignity, and sympathy for his misery. The question is whether in it—never mind his work yet—one can perceive the sense of *purposefulness* that is obvious and strong in the lives say of Dreiser and Fitzgerald (drunkards too and popular and acquaintances of Lardner), or the drive toward *expression* visible in them.

Purposefulness, I think, is just what one does not see; except for the desire to escape (from familial protection and suffocation, intolerable frustration, boredom), which took the forms of alcohol and silence. He was a boozer from way back; began as a kid, and improved. Some of the legends seem to be true, such as that of his sixty-hour vigil in one chair at the Friars' Club. Apparently, seldom quarrelsome, seldom tiresome, he held liquor very well. That was unfortunate; and it must be remembered medically that he was drinking during the most devoted years Prohibition liquor. He went on the wagon again and again, like the man who found it so easy to stop smoking that he had done it fifty times; he telephoned friends and explained what a heel he was; he tried a psychiatrist. But on the whole he was very deliberate and unashamed, and so stubborn while drinking that he once, taken to hospital, refused to have an injury treated there but repaired to a club before he let a doctor come. Monumental remorse, often referred to, darkens the last years—for talent drunk up. Self-punishment, self-loathing. It is grievous to read that during the final months, at home, in East Hampton, "Sometimes he was observed alone, with his face in his hands, sobbing." And he had no recourse whatever: no satisfaction in his achievement; no discernible belief or even religious sense, an overmastering hatred of humanity in general, and all its works; no freedom. "He awoke a certain feeling," Sherwood Anderson wrote of him as he was at his most successful and happiest. "You wanted him not to be hurt, perhaps to have some freedom he did not have."

I said no freedom, but actually he had the freedom (and pride and grief) of silence: a profound reticence, a refusal to be known or speak out. Thomas Hardy's poem "He Resolves to Say No More," written at the very end of his long, expressive life, gives wonderful voice to this genuine impulse of artists. But as a lifelong characteristic, which is what it was in Lardner, nothing could promise less for the production of interesting work. He suffered from a lifelong drive toward *in*expression. It is under this reservation that we have to look at what he got done.

## II

THERE are varying accounts of Lardner's characters, the world they inhabit, what he thinks of them, and so on; Constance Rourke has several good pages on his method; critics have argued at length about whether his work is by really a humorist or realist or satirist or whatever. But let us be inductive, and examine the kind of story in which his characters occur. He is certainly best known now for his stories

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—the eleven given by Gilbert Seldes in *The Portable Ring Lardner* and a few others; so that we are bound to try to decide whether or not we agree with E. B. White that he was "not essentially a writer of fiction." I take "The Love Nest" more or less at random, as one of his most familiar, one written during the half-dozen years (1921-26) when he was most effective in story-writing, and one he liked enough himself to make the title story of a collection.

"The Love Nest" goes like this. A writer named Bartlettt is doing a piece on Lou Gregg, president of Modern Pictures, and the great man takes him in a Rolls out to his mansion for overnight, "to see us just as we are": his wife Celia, a former actress, and their three little girls. Gregg offers Bartlett a drink and is surprised when the butler tells him a barely opened bottle of bourbon is only half-full; it's happened before; he blames the servants (but the reader doesn't). Celia entrances. Much "sweetheart"-ing between the loving couple, Celia refuses a drink ("Lou objects to me drinking whisky, and I don't like it much anyway"), Gregg remembers that he has to go out for the evening, two of the girls are brought down and exhibited, Gregg takes them upstairs. Celia is to show Bartlett around what she calls "our love nest," but asks if he minds her having a drink instead, and has two. After dinner Gregg leaves. She has various drinks, wants to dance, explains that she is drunk half the time, married Gregg only out of ambition, would now "change places with the scum of the earth just to be free instead of a chattel, a *thing*." She goes to bed, Gregg returns, and the men go to bed. In the morning Celia sleeps late but calls downstairs "Good-by, sweetheart!"

What can we say about this story except that it is undeveloped and manages to be both trite and implausible? About Bartlett we learn nothing except that he is single and does not dance, and the mystery is why we learn even these things; as a writer he is not convincing—a man after a story would not so readily give up being shown round the place; he has no tone, never comments. Gregg is even more primitively presented and less convincing—he is boastful, and that is all; according to Celia he is cruel, but we are given no evidence of it. Celia is managed worst of all: she has got through half a bottle either the night before or today and yet shows no signs of it; and yet two drinks and perhaps a sneaked one or two and a cocktail make her absent-minded and red-faced at dinner (almost the only physical image in the story, put as follows: "Her face was red"). Her husband does not know she drinks, or he does (in fact he would). But he doesn't, or he wouldn't ask in front of Bartlett about the bottle (compare "no matter what he had on me, he'd never let the world know it"). But he must, from the dinner exhibition and "She's had a lot of headaches lately"—or his stupidity ought to be more impressively conveyed. The author desires to have his cake and eat it too; he simply doesn't care about an impression of life. Lardner's friends, and Mr. Elder, make much of his conscientiousness. That must be as a journalist, chiefly, for what this story displays is gross carelessness, indifference.

Now for the medium. The story is written in dialogue, which has either no tone at all or is too strident to be convincing or has this tone: "I mean nobody would ever thought Celia Sayles would turn out to be a sit-by-the-fire. I mean she still likes a good time, but her home and kiddies come first. I mean her home and kiddies come first." Two paragraphs are exceptions to this law. One tells us about the red face. Here is the other:

> While the drinks were being prepared, he observed his hostess more closely and thought how much more charming she would be if she had used finesse in improving on nature. Her cheeks, her mouth, her eyes, and lashes had been, he guessed, far above the average in beauty before she had begun experimenting with them. And her experiments had been clumsy. She was handsome in spite of her efforts to be handsomer.

As I say, this is the only *writing*, so to speak, in the story, and it must be clear that

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the paragraph is equally feeble and pretentious, the sort of thing you'd strike out of an apprentice's story, besides having nothing characteristic about it and nothing resembling it elsewhere in the story. It is just a little Jamesian attempt (compare "My dear, you're looking very well for him—within the marked limits of your range") that failed.

Why was this story written, apart from a check from *Cosmopolitan*? It cannot have sprung from a wish to create or even to report, life. For instance, if Celia is so afraid of her husband as she says she is, she would never dare confide in Bartlett, especially Bartlett, a writer; or, unprincipled, with a life with her husband obviously so unsatisfactory, she would head for Bartlett—the nervous taking up, only to put it aside, of her sex life (men's pawing her) is about as close as Lardner ever came—not close enough—to this subject. The story is a fake, pretending to deliver more both in narrative and in character than it can deliver, except insofar as it produces a journalistic effect of *exposure*. You think big producers have happy marriages?—Don't give me that. Lardner's stories convey a perpetual effect of going behind an appearance—perpetual, and cheap, because the appearance is not one that could have taken in an experienced man for five minutes: the revelation is to boobs. How shall we describe then the strength of the emotional impulse behind the story? I should say that it had roughly the force of what we used to call in the Third Form a gripe.

To compare such a writer to Swift (as people have done, and I will come back to this), even to take him seriously, may seem ridiculous. But we are dealing with a very considerable reputation, established now in the literary histories; and "The Love Nest" has nothing funny about it—we are thinking of him now just as a story-writer; and, though perfectly characteristic, it is not one of his five best stories. It has the advantage for us, however, that it is not a baseball story. The notion of Lardner's having any permanent interest as a baseball writer has got to be abandoned. Fitzgerald wrote: "During those years, when most men of promise achieve an adult education, if only in the school of war, Ring moved in the company of a few dozen illiterates playing a boy's game. A boy's game, with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure. . . . A writer can spin on about his adventures after thirty, after forty, after fifty, but the criteria by which these adventures are weighed and valued are irrevocably settled at the age of twenty-five. However deeply Ring might cut into it, his cake had the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond." Surely there is something wrong with this view.

In the first place I do not believe it philosophically, any more than I believe Yeats's pronouncement is true, that "A man's mind at twenty-one contains all the truths that he will ever find." Neither allows for the self-transformations that many men active emotionally and intellectually achieve during their thirties. In the second place Fitzgerald's view is nonsense both in the light of the facts and of what Lardner did. Yogi Berra is a boy? Lardner wrote about big leaguers largely: not boys, men, in danger every second of demotion to the minors, or focuses of national attention. They *were* nowhere, and they *will be* nowhere. Here they are, in continuous crisis, dramatized in the key plays Lardner describes so well. Now take a man who had always a dim view of life, and trusted nothing: this precariousness makes a good subject. It is the subject in fact of his only really fine baseball story, "Harmony," one of his few affecting and well constructed stories, the kind of dramatic depthwork he only two or three times attempted. His two best stories are not about baseball, "The Golden Honeymoon," a beautifully modulated thing about the persistence of rivalry and pettiness into an area where everything ought to be solved, and "Haircut," which deserves its fame as the simple-minded and incredible "Cham-

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pion" does not. His two other good stories, "Some Like Them Cold" and "I Can't Breathe," are not about baseball either.

Much of the semi-novel *The Big Town* is still readable, though unimportant; and the ends of certain stories—"Anniversary," "Ex Parte," "Now and Then"—are good, corroborating Lardner's not altogether joking account of his method of composition ("I write three thousand words about nothing; that is a terrible struggle. Then I come to, and say to myself, 'I must get a punch in this.' I stop and figure out the punch, and then sail through to the finish"). But the five stories are really what matter. It will be noticed that four of them are first-person, and the fifth a series of letters, and I think we must agree that White is right: Lardner was only in appearance a fiction-writer. His gift was for mimicry, burlesque, parody. He had no invention, little imagination, a very limited sense of style, and almost no sense of structure. His best work is accidents of talent. He was a humorist of course; but only two of the five stories are at all funny, and he is not likely to keep on being known as a humorist. Humorists—except one very special kind I want to say something about in a moment—do not interest posterity as humorists unless they have also all sorts of more important gifts as well, such as Mark Twain had. Humor dies fast. Lardner was a realist, too, and interesting to his contemporaries as that, but this value has vanished already; after just thirty-odd years it is hard to imagine the initial effectiveness of *You Know Me Al*. As a satirist he is unimportant. There was not enough power of mind, and no imagination of a *different* past or future condition for the object satirized. A comparison with Swift make one's critical sense reel.

But two things remain to be said. He *was* as bitter as Swift. There is no doubt about it. But so are countless denizens of Skid Row, and what does it matter to anyone except a social worker, a relative, a friend? But Lardner had some power of expression, and it matters. He was fitted by disposition—God knows why—for investigations of Hell, like Andreyev's; and he couldn't make it. Besides the desire for silence, one must certainly suspect here also a failure of courage, selflessness, ambition. That's one thing.

The other is that he had a special gift for what looks like nonsense. You see this most clearly in his little plays, of which my own favorite has always been *Clemo Uti—"The Water Lilies."* Its cast is:

Padre, a Priest
Sethso } both twins.
Gethso }
Wayshatten, a shepherd's boy.
Two Capitalists. (Note: The two Capitalists don't appear in this show.)
Wama Tammisch, her daughter.
Klema, a janitor's third daughter.
Kevela, their mother, afterwards their aunt.

Scene for Act I: The Outskirts of a Parchesi Board. People are wondering what has become of the discs. They quit wondering and sit up and sing the following song:

*What has become of the discs?*
*What has become of the discs?*
*We took them at our own risks,*
*But what has become of the discs?*

Wama enters from an exclusive waffle parlor. She exits as if she had had waffles.

Acts II and III are thrown out "because nothing seemed to happen."

IV takes place in a silo. Two rats have got in there by mistake. One of them seems diseased. The other looks at him. They go out. Both Rats come in again and wait for a laugh. They don't get it, and go out. Wama enters from an off-stage barn. She is made up to represent the Homecoming of Casanova. She has a fainting spell. She goes out.

Kevela: Where was you born?
Padre: In Adrian, Michigan.
Kevela: Yes, but I thought I was confessing to you.

Act V winds up: Two queels enter, overcome with water lilies. They both make fools of themselves. They don't seem to have any self-control. They quiver. They want to play the show over again, but it looks useless. SHADES.

Now there is genius here—"genius limited and yearning" as B. H. Haggin once said of Gershwin, but genius—which ought to have taken Lardner into even better and firmer and more confident studies of irrelation,

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which might have brought him into the small, fascinating company of the great fantasists Lear and Carroll, who were, in fact, he once confessed, his favorite humorists. Mr. Elder canvasses various critics' views of these playlets and plumps for Gilbert Seldes's that they are an "attack of sheer lunacy" and "had no purpose at all." But surely what they are about is the failure of communication in the modern world, and specially in the modern American world, which is all Lardner cared about. They remind one of Peter Fleming's remark, that in Europe conversation is like tennis—you hit the ball to the other man and he hits it back—whereas in America everybody goes on hitting his own ball. They are the work of a man who found it only too easy to communicate at a superficial level and who refused to communicate at any deeper level. Besides irrelation, you need relation. The trouble is that to mock the intellect successfully you have to be right in there yourself. But Lardner's scorn and hatred for everything "highbrow" is one of his chief marks. Unfortunately everything good in the end is highbrow. All the artists who have ever survived were intellectuals—sometimes intellectuals *also,* but intellectuals. The popular boys cannot understand this. When Shakespeare mocked Chapman and Raleigh and their school of intellectual art, he did it with a higher brow than theirs. Hemingway studied Turgenev and everyone else he thought useful. Lardner never studied anybody. One of the weirdest sentences in Mr. Elder's book is about "Dryden, who probably had a greater influence on his earlier career than any other writer." Of course this is *Charlie* Dryden, a sportswriter.

The differences between entertainment and art have less to do with the audience and the writer's immediate intention than with his whole fundamental attitude toward doing what he does at all. Inverting the common notion, art for the artist we might oddly regard as a means, entertainment for the entertainer an end. Mr. Elder, who quotes approvingly from a piece by T. S. Matthews called "Lardner, Shakespeare and Chekhov," seems to have no idea of this, and I doubt if Lardner had: the notion of art as "a self-discipline rather than a self-expression," as Auden has put it. Of this crucial sense there is no trace, I believe, in Lardner's work. He was not interested, he found it hard enough to hang on, he wanted just to be let alone, and he got what he wanted. The few fine stories come like reluctant fugitives from a room almost perfectly soundproofed. His art did nothing *for* Lardner.

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# THE BOOKS OF DOOM: II

## *Last Days of Byten*

**WILLIAM and SARAH SCHACK**

IN SLONIM, in March 1942, six hundred people were hustled into the market place, deprived of all their possessions, beaten, and told to get out of town fast. It was freezing weather. About four hundred of them managed to reach Byten half-dead. Byten's harassed Jews took care of them as best they could, and through influence (yes, marked for death, they still knew someone who—) won permission for half the Slonimers to return home.

At the beginning of June 1942 all the Jews of Byten were forced to leave their homes and take up quarters in thirty-nine small houses in the center of town, with twenty to twenty-five persons to a house. A bribe, of two suits of clothing and a gold watch, brought the community nine more houses and the big synagogue, which accommodated seventy persons. Hundreds of Jews were now set to work chopping down trees for the barbed-wire stockade that was to be put up around this ghetto. As they themselves were well aware, the Jews of Byten now formed a more compact mass that was very easy for the enemy to handle.

But the Nazis created still deadlier kinds of ghettos in other places. For example, in Wolkovisk, most of whose houses were destroyed, the Germans set Russian prisoners of war to digging trenches ten feet deep, thirty feet wide, and fifty yards long. These were roofed over with boards raised only slightly above the surface of the ground. Light came from a few small apertures in these, and from the entrance holes at each end of a trench. Fitted with a table, with benches running its entire length, and with three narrow tiers of shelves called beds, each of these bunkers housed five hundred persons. "There was," to continue with the description by Dr. Einhorn in *The Wolkovisker Yizkor Book,* "a single outhouse for each bunker, for use by the adults, men and women. A single toilet within each bunker was reserved for the aged, the sick, and the very young. The stench was beyond description.

"The camp was divided into sections, each containing several bunkers, each section surrounded by a barbed-wire fence. Encircling the entire camp were barbed-wire fences in three parallel lines. Two small wells of water had to suffice for all. It was insufficient for drinking purposes; washing was out of the question."

The seven thousand Jews of Wolkovisk were jammed into such bunkers. Living on half a pound of bread and a quart of soup a day, their faces encrusted with dirt, their

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LAST *month, in the first half of this two-part article on the yizkor* (memorial) books—the privately printed volumes compiled by survivors of the Nazi massacres to commemorate their destroyed communities of East Europe—WILLIAM and SARAH SCHACK, basing themselves on a typical *yizkor* book, *Pinkas Byten* (The Book of Byten, published in Buenos Aires by Die Bytener Landsleit of Argentina), described the life of the Jews of Byten, located in that part of White Russia which was incorporated in the revived state of Poland after World War I, up to the eve of the German invasion. The second part of the story takes up at the point where rumors had begun to circulate in Byten that the Nazis had been wiping out whole villages as they advanced, and had slaughtered thousands of Jews in Slonim, the "big city" of the area.

Mr. and Mrs. Schack are regular contributors, both severally and in collaboration.



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bodies covered with lice, they looked so different in a short time, so horribly changed, that they could hardly recognize each other. Thirteen thousand people brought in from the environs of Wolkovisk—from Liskove, Most, Porzeve, Izabelin, Rosh, Wolp, Zelva—were confined in even worse bunkers. Those from Ruzhnoi were so crowded that many had to sleep outside the bunkers, in cold and rain and snow: the death rate was twenty a day.

Having concentrated their victims for convenience of handling, the Nazis had alternative methods for killing them. From the Wolkovisk bunkers, they transported their victims to the gas chambers of Auschwitz and Treblinka.

Meanwhile, not in bunkers but in their ghetto "homes," the people of Byten heard of another massacre in Slonim, and in despair began to hunt for hiding places, digging burrows against the time when they would be reduced to animals. Under constant police surveillance, they were at the mercy of the peasants in their efforts to buy food. A dress was exchanged for a piece of butter, a whole wardrobe for a slab of cheese.

Only certain specialists and other skilled workers were given permission to live outside the Byten ghetto, and most of these Jews were accommodated in what had once been a clinic. As a friend of the Russian who ran the public bath house (which was in the *Shulhof*), the Meyer Joffe we quoted before, having escaped from a work camp in Slonim, got the job of tending the furnace—a job authorized by the police. Friday, the bath house was reserved for White Russians, and it was then that Joffe got even with them for their anti-Semitism. Somehow, the heating system always broke down on Friday, producing only lukewarm water instead of the steam the Russians liked. By evening, though, when some Jews were able to slip in for a bath, the system was working fine again. And Joffe made sure it was perfect on Saturday for the Germans, on whom he practiced no jokes; he liked his job too much—not to mention his life. He himself could take a bath at any time, and he had the chance to provide unique hiding places for his friends in case of future need: under the steps of the steam table, in the reserve cauldrons in the attic, and other places like that.

On Friday, July 24, one of the most brutal of the SS officers appeared at the bath house and left orders that no Russians were to be admitted that day: this Friday was to be a German day. Joffe suspected that this change of schedule had some special, perhaps ritual significance—like preparation for a ritual murder.

That day everybody was out working, but the rumor got around that peasants from the neighborhood had been sent to a spot west of the town, with spades. At the bath house, Joffe and three of his friends who were hiding there that night (others had not taken his warning seriously) were awakened by shots at around three or four in the morning—a steady fusillade. Through a spot in the window from which the paint had been scratched, they saw black-uniformed local police near the Big Synagogue. At the house of the *shammes,* people were being loaded into a truck.

In the ghetto houses, people who had contrived any sort of hiding place scurried into them. They heard the tramp of soldiers' boots outside, and the shouts of the SS men and their White Russian auxiliaries, "Crawl out of there!" as they broke into houses, shoved aside obvious camouflage, and drove people into the streets. In a specially prepared cellar hide-out in the house of I. Yuzhelevsky (who contributed "In Those Days" to *Pinkas Byten*) twelve persons had taken refuge. As the police were searching upstairs, a baby began to cry—they strangled it; whose hands did it didn't matter: it was an act of the common will. The police inadvertently pushed furniture and other objects over the secret entrance to the hideout, and the eleven were saved.

All the while the shooting in the streets continued. In the beginning the intention must have been to rouse and frighten the vic-

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tims. Then it perhaps became a diversion, to cover the really serious shooting going on outside town, where the peasants had been the day before with spades. That was where the trucks that Joffe saw being loaded with people had been driven, where human beings had been commanded to strip (but Rabbi Joffe, his father, would not), and were shot and then thrown, one on top of the other, some of them still alive, into a clay pit. In that pit, measuring twenty by a hundred and fifty feet, some eight hundred and fifty people were buried.

The shooting went on in the village, just for the hell of it, or aimed at some Jew rash enough to appear on the streets. At ten o'clock, however, it grew quiet, and German soldiers and White Russian police began looting the abandoned homes.

The next day the police ordered the surviving Jews—there were about three hundred and sixty—to confine themselves entirely to the Big Synagogue and a few adjacent houses. From there they were sent out later to clean up the houses that had been evacuated and to bury those corpses that had not reached the pit. There were children's bodies among these. How vigilant their parents had been to prevent them from unwittingly giving offense to the guards, hushing their voices, and keeping them away from the barbed-wire fences—all to no avail. The clean-up squads found fragments of children's bodies in the gutter, in toilet bowls.

WORD got through that Soviet partisans had driven the Germans out of Kossove and freed the Jews there. Now the partisans were encamped in the Woltshe Norres, an area of "several square kilometers" in the forest west of Byten, much of it fertile, cleared, and under cultivation, but some parts still wooded or swampy. A few of the Jews of Kossove had accompanied their liberators to the Woltshe Norres; some Jews from Byten, too, were there, and now others were encouraged to make a try for it. Among them were the authors of the two major narratives in *Pinkas Byten*.

During the massacre Moshe Pitkowsky, his wife, and two of their children had found refuge in a small hole he had previously dug under his house, and which a neighbor covered with a high stack of wood. The killers who had entered the house started to throw the billets aside, but were suddenly diverted by the sight of some loot and never came back. Even after the shooting had stopped on Saturday, Pitkowsky, without knowing the extent of the massacre, thought it safer to stay in his intolerable burrow. All day Saturday and Sunday they remained there, but by Monday noon his wife couldn't stand it any more: they would have to take their chances above ground. Taking four small bundles, they started out that night, together with eight other members of their family, for the Woltshe Norres.

They thrust through tall grass, crawled over a stretch of sand, slogged across swampy ground. They saw rockets flare, heard shooting. Beyond the railroad station, they crossed a highway. In the dark their little niece Maya got lost, but they could not stop to look for her. All through the difficult journey, as later in the forest, the children were quiet. The party rested near a shock of wheat, then took cover in a thicket. They found a pool of rain water to drink, rested, dragged themselves farther on until midnight. They were startled by three shadowy figures—police? No, other Jews from Byten. Later they encountered Jews from half a dozen other villages, all bound for the partisans' camp without knowing exactly where they were. It was not until nightfall that the refugees made contact with the partisans. They were told that they would be received by them only if they, the fugitives, could find arms and were willing to fight—conditions to which they readily agreed. Exhausted after nearly a whole day and night of wandering, the party lay down to sleep on lice-infested straw—next to the enemy, lice proved to be their greatest affliction in the whole period to follow.

The next day, with other Bytener who had got hold of some weapons, they set up camp in a clearing on the edge of a swamp. Maya turned up in the company of a group

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of Jews from another village. They built wooden huts with branches for roofs. The men went out nights on foraging expeditions and brought back bread, meat, potatoes, pots, furniture—some of it given to them readily, the rest taken by force. (Many small settlements were scattered through the forest, and the Bytener saw some of their own property in the peasants' homes.)

The partisans were organized in companies of fifty to sixty men, but under a single command. The Jews formed their own scratch companies, which included men, women, and children. Group 51, from Slonim, numbered over one hundred persons, and was well armed with guns picked up while working for the Germans in the magazines abandoned by the retreating Red Army. Group 58, composed of two hundred Kossover, had only fifty or sixty pistols and rifles, but possessed many skilled workers, one of whom, a locksmith, is said to have made a cannon from a wrecked Red Army tank. (Our guess is that he put a disabled gun into working condition.)

Dodl Abramovitch ("Destruction and Resistance") had escaped the assassins by hiding inside a double wall he had built in his attic. Furniture placed against the false panel had helped to disguise its newness. Even after the first massacre, he declares, the surviving Jews were not all of a mind to flee. It was argued that the forest was far from a safe haven, and was difficult to get to, many Jews having already been killed on the way there. Besides, it was possible that the Nazis had had their fill of blood. Nevertheless, about two hundred Bytener did make for the Woltshe Norres within the next month.

Abramovitch had been unwilling to abandon his old widowed mother. One Friday afternoon, looking out of the window and seeing SS guards all around the ghetto houses, he said to Zalmen, a young relative who lived in the same house, that they had waited a few hours too many: now escape was cut off. "Zalmen is silent, doesn't say a single word. He paces up and down the room without let-up. Once in a while he glances toward the street corner, at the pair of SS men, as if *he* were standing guard over them.

"From the three rooms in which the members of our family are gathered, no one comes into our room, and we don't go into theirs either, as if we would have shamed each other with our helplessness, and also because we are afraid to look in each other's eyes—those eyes from which death looks out. They, in there, are silent.

"The dead silence which gripped the living grave with its ten people, each waiting in his corner for inevitable death, was broken every now and then by Zalmen's dashing across the room and muttering to himself, 'They're still there; they're still there.'"

On August 29, at his mother's urging, the author, accompanied by Zalmen and another young relative, made a break for the forest. "We are envious of the dead," he writes of that day, "and [yet] we want to live."

That was the day—again (with malice aforethought) a Saturday—when at four in the morning the hundred or so survivors in the ghetto were ordered into the street and told to wait near one of the houses. At ten o'clock they were lined up and marched to the site of the first massacre. Some tried to escape—bullets traveled faster. The rest stripped and jumped, so many clay pigeons for the trapshooters, falling into the already occupied grave, so much clay.

Again several people escaped, hiding inside double walls like Abramovitch's, only to be shot down a day or two later as they made for the forest. Six people found refuge in a tunnel-like underground flue of the stove which heated the Big Synagogue, going out at night to the river for food and water. A peasant saw them and told the Germans. Dragged out of their hiding place covered with soot, they were shot to death before a crowd of spectators.

Like others from Byten who had reached —or failed to reach—the Woltshe Norres, Abramovitch and his companions found the going dangerous every step of the way. (No

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one in the book gives the distance to this place. We can only roughly estimate that from Byten to the *edge* of the forest was at least five miles.) They walked slowly in order not to rouse suspicion, "afraid of the young White Russian shepherds [they met], of the dogs and cattle, of themselves and their shadows, of the night that passed and the day that came." Pursued by Lithuanian SS auxiliaries, shot at, forced to hide in a swamp, they inched along as best they could. Once, hearing a burst of shots ahead, they left the road they were on and swam across a river.

Nearing the outskirts of the forest later that day, they were stopped by a "Halt!" But it turned out to be a friendly peasant who had seen them shot at earlier that morning and was glad they had gotten through. He gave them food and directions—at the risk of his own life, for Gentiles had orders to kill all Jews on sight or hand them over to the police. Further along they met three peasant women, who fled screaming, "The Jews are attacking us!" In a hut they found a young boy, alone. He was glad to see them, gave them food, and suggested that they stay and wait for the partisans, who often came that way for water. Horrified, they heard strange singing close by. It was the boy's mother, who had been beaten into madness by the Germans for having had dealings with the partisans: now she sang all day long a medley of hymns, folk songs, and dirges. When his visitors decided to go on, the boy gave them a large loaf of bread. Their next encounter was with a group of "Chapayev" partisans, who told them that they were trying to save as many Jews as they could. Finally they reached the headquarters of the partisans, a big unfurnished house, where all newcomers who passed muster were distributed to camps a half mile or so away.

In September 1942 there were about seven hundred non-Jewish and a somewhat greater number of Jewish partisans in the Woltshe Norres, subdivided into combat, sabotage, foraging, sanitation, and guard units. The Gentile partisans were all fighting men, while the Jewish units included, and were hampered by, women and children. In newly organized Camp 60, where the Bytener were, there was a preponderance of old men, women, and children. In the beginning, the political and military commissars and five other Gentiles assigned to Camp 60 were friendly, and patiently tried to train all those able to fight. It was hard work, here as in other Jewish camps.

Although they had lived simply, even austerely, in their village homes, the Jews did not take readily to forest life—eating rough and meager fare, and sleeping fully clothed in rude huts hastily roofed over with pine branches. The potential fighters among them had, moreover, to find arms on their own, as well as learn to handle them. The tailors and shoemakers and locksmiths of Byten, back in peacetime, had not spent their leisure in hunting. Jews from towns with Maccabee clubs, which went in for boxing, fencing, Swedish gymnastics, and such would have mastered the use of a rifle in short order had they had this chance. And the discipline of sport would have prepared them for military discipline. But there had been only a small Boy Scout troop in Byten.

Few Jews understood military discipline. Abramovitch, for instance, only six days after reaching his camp, innocently strolled down to a stream to wash up, only to find on his return that the rest of his unit was lined up in drill formation waiting for him. The officer in charge—and he was a Jew—kicked him all over the place. (Nothing like that ever happened again to Abramovitch.) The Jewish recruits had also to learn something of woodcraft—to be unafraid of forest noises; to distinguish the crackling of a twig (which can be very loud) from the crack of a rifle; to recognize edible berries; to estimate distances and to sense direction; to know how to take cover. They learned plenty of things they had never heard of and hadn't ever wanted to know before.

Not everyone took the new life hard. A boy who called himself "Tuvia the tinsmith" was always in good humor, always

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singing folk songs. Afraid of the Germans? Why, they'll never be able to reach us. This boy was also a master forager. Breaking into some peasant's cottage, he would breezily announce, "Here comes Tuvia the tinsmith. *Sholom aleichem!*" And what could be the response to such an amiable greeting if not butter, cheese, fresh bread, tobacco leaves, and so forth? After two and a half years Tuvia was honored by being taken into a fighting unit, only to meet his death attacking a detail of Caucasians that was covering the German retreat.

However few the Tuvias among them in 1942, the new Jewish partisans did their best to become soldiers—"They learned the theory and the Germans gave them the practice." But many of them paid for these lessons with their lives.

Some fell victim to bullets from their own side. Sometimes it was because of the suspicions of well-intentioned persons having the security of the partisans at heart, but in other cases the machinations of prejudiced, ignorant, or venal informers were responsible. A Dr. Briskin, survivor of the massacre in Slonim, was at first welcomed by the partisans for the medical services he could render. One day it was reported that he had poisons in his valise and was planning to kill them all. On the face of it, the charge seems absurd, but under the circumstances there was not sufficient time or energy to make a proper investigation. The simplest thing was to banish the doctor and his wife from the camp. But how could they survive alone in the forest? A Gentile sympathizer brought them food at first, but when this was discovered the thirty-six-year-old doctor and his wife were put to death.

Later on there was a Jew named Stern who toadied to the commissars and gained considerable influence with them. Would-be recruits for the partisans were always screened, however roughly, since the danger of spies was ever present. Through Stern's influence, a certain Jew from Slonim was denied admittance, which automatically meant his death, since rejected recruits were executed for fear they would reveal the partisans' position if they fell into the hands of the enemy. What were the grounds for Stern's action? His victim, once proprietor of a highly reputable cabinet-making establishment, had at some time in the past refused to give him a job. After the cabinetmaker's death, Stern was seen sporting his watch.

The Woltshe Norres partisans gradually gained in strength, until they numbered about three thousand. The Germans who were stationed in all the populated places to guard the lines of communication came to fear them greatly. Undisputed masters of their forest home, the partisans emerged only after careful reconnaissance and, since they could choose time and place for an attack, they usually defeated the Germans, managing to carry off weapons, food, and clothing in the process. It was out of fear of the partisans that one German detachment, on its way from Byten to Slonim, took a roundabout route four times as long as the direct one.

Finally, however, the Germans massed troops and got ready to strike back, whereupon six hundred of the partisans withdrew from the Woltshe Norres into the Pripet Marshes (*Pinsker Blutteh*, in Yiddish)—running into an enemy patrol on the way and killing eighty of them. When the Germans began cutting all bridges and setting up roadblocks, Camp 60 likewise moved deeper into the forest. Unable to venture out to forage, its members were reduced to living on potatoes and sleeping outdoors in the wet.

At their main camp the partisans strengthened their patrols, camouflaged their quarters, and built breastworks of heavy logs. Now the Germans spread their own patrols over the entire area. Converging with their main force on the partisan camp from north, east, and west, they sent an engineers' unit forward, just before their attack, to dispose of the breastworks with power-driven saws. On September 18 the camp and the forest around it were shelled. Then tanks and machine guns moved into action; reconnais-

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sance planes flew overhead. There was confusion in the partisan ranks and panic among the Jews, who even here in the forest were obsessed, like those back in Byten, by fear of a massacre. But not all the fighting men lost heart: one "Chapayev" unit of two hundred and fifty men fought off thousands of the enemy. Even so, in the end the partisan lines were broken and they were forced to retreat in the only direction left open to them, into the swamps.

The next day, on the advice of Seriozza, the political commissar, in whom they all had confidence, the large Jewish group with the partisans split up into four less vulnerable units. But there were still women and children, armed and unarmed men, all mixed together among them.

Now the German planes not only followed the movements of the partisans but swooped down to machine-gun them. Concealment became of the utmost importance, but the Jewish units were seriously handicapped in this by the presence of women and children. The women were perhaps hardened enough not to give way to hysterics and the older children had become stoical, but the infants were the innocent betrayers. In one place five suckling babies who cried perpetually endangered the whole group. A meeting was held, and a decision taken, on the eve of Yom Kippur; when the infants were choked into eternal silence. That night what seemed to be a searchlight groped through the branches, and the fugitives were about to move off in a hurry when they discovered it was the moon.

On the fourth day of the attack Commissar Seriozza went off to try to locate some food supplies. Camp 60 felt lost without him. When two days passed and he did not come back, they left the shelter of the marshes to fend for themselves. On a hill they found edible berries; later they met a couple of Jewish partisans who gave them bread, pork, a canteen of water, and a spade to dig for more. They were told, moreover, that the big attack was definitely over (the enemy was, however, to make sporadic forays until the end of September). Two days later Seriozza returned to confirm this. But meanwhile the partisan units had been dispersed. Many had fallen, and those unable to fly deep enough into the marshes had been captured. The Germans had thrown two full divisions—some 40,000 men—against them.

BACK in Byten, on the second day of the attack, another remnant of Jews had been wiped out. (It was, for the third time, on a Saturday.) And now it was the turn of the skilled workers—about fifty blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, locksmiths, barbers—whom the Germans had found useful enough to designate as "privileged." And privileged they were: to live two months longer than their parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, only to be shot to death in the courtyard of their exclusive residence. Only a few escaped to Camp 60.

A saddle-maker, Yudel Birkner, had been sent by the Germans to work in another village while his wife and three daughters were allowed to stay in their own home in Byten. They had been killed in the first massacre, and the news was brought to Birkner by a peasant friend, Yakob. Yakob concealed him and his two surviving children when a group of partisans destroyed the village he was in, and took care of them until they were picked up by another partisan unit. The day after that unit left, the Germans came back, shot Yakob, his wife and child, and threw their bodies into the river.

The partisans began rallying, and now some of them demanded that the Jews be made to clear out. One of the bitterest of these partisans, a White Russian peasant living in the Woltshe Norres whose wife and child had been burned to death in the German attack, accused the Jews of being responsible. It was their presence in such large numbers, he said, which had provoked the German attack. Once more Seriozza stood by the Jews. At his suggestion they were divided into two groups, with the fighting men in one and the heads of families, with their dependents, in another; all the non-combatants were given work assignments. This arrangement worked out

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well eventually, but it took a little while for the ill-feeling to abate.

In this period, tired of the dissension as well as of inaction, and also perhaps because he wanted to get away from the place where, in August, his wife and daughter had been killed, a younger brother of Pitkowsky's named Laimeh applied for admission to a distant partisan unit composed almost entirely of White Russians. Notified that he was acceptable, he reported for duty with his new unit, only to find Stern the informer there. The latter tried to have him rejected, but without success. Laimeh apparently took part in the bold raids of his new comrades, facing every danger they did. But one day, a month after he had joined the outfit, as he was going on sentry duty, his commanding officer came behind him and shot him in the back of the head. Whether Stern had plotted this, or whether Laimeh had offended his commander by his honesty and outspokenness, Moshe never found out. He couldn't even locate his brother's grave.

In January 1943, White Russian auxiliaries of the Germans launched a strong attack on the partisans of Woltshe Norres. Nine members of the Pitkowsky family, including Moshe's daughter, were killed, along with many others. His son, badly wounded, lived on half-paralyzed until March, when Moshe's wife was wounded in another attack on the camp and, weakened by her working day and night for those who needed help, died shortly afterwards. (We cite the fate of this one family as typical of others.)

In their second year together, the tension between the Jewish and the Gentile partisans faded. The partisans, now reinforced by Soviet paratroopers, acquired more equipment, and were able to keep themselves informed of enemy movements by two-way radio communications. Hardly a day passed that they did not cut railroad, telegraph, or telephone lines, or waylay German troops. The Jews played their part, and their Gentile comrades in time came to call them admiringly but not without irony, "brave Slavs." One very strong indication of their fighting spirit is the fact that probably less than 10 per cent of all the Jews who found refuge in the forest survived. Only a handful of Bytener were among them.

WHAT it was like to come home is told by Pitkowsky. He retraced the same route by which he had escaped. As he passed the house of a peasant friend, the latter cried out, "*Moshke, du lebst?*" It was heartwarming to hear his sincere concern, but how long could a man be sustained by concern? Of the twenty members of his immediate family who had gone into the forest, Moshe was the lone survivor.

Everything in Byten had changed. The Big Synagogue was destroyed, and so was his own dwelling place. The rest of the Jewish homes were occupied by peasants enjoying the Jewish furniture they had bought or stolen. He walked, through streets still littered with pages from Jewish books, to the home of his parents, who had died in the second massacre. Its present owners were considerate, gave him pancakes and milk to eat, and invited him to sleep over in one of the rooms. Over the place where his father used to sit studying Gemara hung an icon.

On July 26, 1944, the anniversary of the first massacre in Byten, a group of Jewish survivors visited the mass grave. The clay pit was almost overgrown with bushes. The mourners were silent at first, then the women grew hysterical. A few days later they dug a trench around the pit, to make it inviolate even in its anonymity. On another day they set up a pair of memorial tablets.

Most of the survivors stayed on in Byten for a year or so. Pitkowsky, for one, worked in Soviet offices, where he was well treated. But he no longer felt at home in his birthplace. No matter where he went, he would never be able to forget his family or life in the forest, but here, so close to them, he could not even try to forget. With twenty-five others, he decided to leave Byten and make a new start elsewhere. His Gentile neighbors, he says, were not sorry to see them go: too many of them had guilty

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consciences which they could not quite still in the presence of the survivors.

Abramovitch, the Bundist, had left the partisans to join up with the Soviet Army, and lost a hand. But he did not stay on in the Soviet Union. Like Pitkowsky, the Zionist, he went to Israel.

AFTER all the words of *Pinkas Byten* are in —the words of warm memories, the dry words of facts, the bloody words of massacre and resistance—come lists: bare lists of names of victims, solemn as the sounding of taps.

The first list is of the dead in Byten itself: when they were killed—in the first, second, or third massacre; and if not in these, where they were killed—in the forest, in the field, or (in a few cases) under unknown circumstances. For these individual victims there is sometimes an exact date of death, sometimes the month and year, sometimes nothing more than "end of 1942."

The lists are by family and given names, but, to make sure that no one would be overlooked, the relationship names by which many people were commonly known have been added: Eisel Bunevitzky, son-in-law of the wineseller Israel Berel. Married women are further identified by their fathers' names: Yachne Berkner, the harness-maker Kalman's daughter; and one woman, presumably a poor orphan, by the notation "raised by Kapelyavitch." In a few cases, first names have been forgotten, and apparently it would have taken too long, or perhaps even been impossible, to trace them. Hence, after the names of Kayleh Levick and his wife Hannah, are listed simply "two sons"; after Meyer Chazanovitch, his wife Itkeh and their son Berel, come two question marks for "two of their children."

Eight hundred and fifty people are accounted for in this list. The toll in the Chazanovitch family was nine; in the Rabinovitch family (Moshe Pitkowsky's wife was a Rabinovitch), thirteen; in the Minkovitch family, twenty; in the Ditkowsky family, twenty-six; in the Yudkowsky family, thirty-two. And of course many of these families were inter-related.

A second list gives the eighty-nine people from Byten who were caught up in the massacres at Lechevitch, Kletzke, Slonim, Baranovitch, and twenty-five other places. Appended to almost every other name in this list is "and his (or her) relations."

A third list gives the one hundred and fifty-eight victims who settled in Byten during the war years 1939-41. Some were so little known, even in that small community, that their dead are named only by family: "Futterman (5 persons) . . . Mishler (6 persons) . . . Katz (7 persons)"—like their mass graves.

A final list records the survivors: fifty-five, including women and children, from the partisan camps; two women who had previously escaped to Israel and Argentina; and sixteen persons evacuated by a Soviet rescue team; in all, seventy-three individuals left of an original population of one thousand three hundred. Less than half of them are now in the United States and Argentina; the majority are in Israel: the Bundists were proven wrong in the event, the Zionists pitiably right.

THERE is something in the book even more touching, if possible, than the stark lists: photographs of children that were picked up here and there in the village after the disaster—children without names. The editors and the contributors do not recognize them. Here is the universal happy baby on his stomach, naked, laughing. Here is a little girl dressed up in all of mama's bad taste, and on the same page a dapper little boy with riding crop, or is it the baton of a conductor who did not live to reach a podium? Here is a very little girl, between tall older sisters, with be-ribboned hair. Here is a sweet and solemn brother and sister, cheek to cheek; a trio mounted on a decorative Jewish New Year's card; and a quartet of eight- or nine-year-olds gazing out alertly and hopefully on a world that was soon to destroy them. All, all lost beyond identification. Perhaps they belong in the parentheses of the third list: "Futterman (5 persons)". . . .

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# CAN ISRAEL SUPPORT HERSELF?

## *The Means: Production and Austerity*

**ODED REMBA**

WITH the announcement in September 1955 of the Egyptian-Czechoslovak arms deal and the emergence of the Soviet Union as a major force on the Middle Eastern scene, Israel entered the most critical period of her existence since the end of the war of liberation. Largely—though not entirely—unrelated to these political and military factors, Israel also entered, during 1955 and 1956, upon a crucial stage in her struggle to build an economy sustained by its own production and resources and free of the need for foreign gifts and loans.

Progress toward the goal of economic independence had been steady and impressive during 1952-54, and one might have confidently expected it to continue. Israel's economic system was developing under a generally capable and selfless administration. It was being guided by many qualified economists and some outstanding foreign economic advisers. It was being closely watched by the country's newly established central bank, by the economic ministries in the government, and by an alert press. The country had received over two billion dollars from various sources abroad and had benefited from heavy investments in all spheres of economic activity. By the end of 1954, most of the investments channeled into agriculture, industry, and mining had had sufficient time to mature and bear fruit in the form of exports and substitutes for imports. Moreover, solid achievements had been made in production and in the rate of productivity (output per man and machine), and as a result exports were expanding.

But in 1955 this movement toward a self-supporting economy came to an abrupt halt. There was a resurgence of inflationary pressures and a rise in imports without a corresponding increase in exports; this, of course, brought a larger foreign trade deficit. Nor did the first half of 1956 see any improvement. Indeed, the bitter wage dispute that took place earlier this year only served to put off even further the time when Israel will be able to stand on her own feet.

To some extent, the reversal of 1955-56 can be traced to factors largely outside the control of the state. First of all Israel, lacking as she does many natural resources, and dependent on imports for many raw materials, foodstuffs, and manufactured goods, has an economy highly vulnerable to changes in world market conditions. About these the state could do nothing. Moreover, the Arab boycott cost the Israeli economy an estimated $40 million annually—in heavier expenses for importing oil, in denial of nearby markets and sources of supply, and in other ways. The defense budget, whose total amount was secret, plus the labor power drained away both by a standing army with large reserves constantly called out for drill or emergencies and the working time devoted to guard duty in the border settlements, took a further toll of the country's resources. Apart from all this, Israel received over 36,000 immigrants in 1955,

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MUCH has changed in Israel in the eight years since its founding, and much has been accomplished, but one problem remains the same: how to achieve economic independence. ODED REMBA, who here examines Israel's progress toward the goal of paying its own way, was born in Tel Aviv and educated at Queens College and Columbia University, where he specialized in the economics of the Middle East. He has contributed to the Hebrew weekly *Hadoar*, the *Congress Weekly*, and to *Middle Eastern Affairs*, on whose staff he serves as research assistant. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.



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double the number admitted in the previous year. Immigrants generally brought little or no means of their own, and for all the generosity of world Jewry, contributions from abroad did not cover the cost of absorption.

But world market conditions, defense, and immigration tell only part of the story. There were factors in the recent economic decline rather more amenable to control, and for these the state must be held at least partly responsible.

THE early years of Israel's existence were marked by a costly war, mass immigration, and rampant inflation. By the end of 1951 the economic situation was forbidding in the extreme. Prices kept going up, rationing and controls dominated the market, acute shortages of raw materials appeared. The foreign trade deficit widened and the foreign exchange position of the state became precarious. The result was a sharp decline in the value of Israeli currency and a loss of confidence in the stability of the economy.

But with the introduction of the new economic policy of February 1952, things began to improve. The immediate objective of that policy was to curb inflation by monetary and fiscal means, but its ultimate purpose was to make the economy stable and independent. To this end, basic wages were frozen and a concerted drive to step up productivity was begun; in an effort to restore competition, price controls and the "cost-plus" method of computing profits were abolished; exports were encouraged by various devices.

These measures laid the groundwork for the spectacular increase in both agricultural and industrial production and led to the greater stability of prices and money which made 1953-54 so encouraging a period. The clearest sign of the country's progress toward economic independence was its improved trade balance; as a result both of the fall in imports and the expansion of exports, the foreign trade deficit declined from $333 million in 1951 to $208 million in 1954.

The year 1955 also saw the discovery of oil in the Negev and the completing of the Yarkon-Negev water pipeline. A very impressive advance was made in the output of industrial crops, especially cotton, which had been introduced only several years earlier by a California grower. Various savings schemes connected with the purchase of homes and orange groves, or linked to the cost-of-living index or the dollar-exchange rate to guard against inflationary fluctuation, met with popular success.

These favorable developments, however, concealed certain unhealthy trends. In its annual report for 1954, the Economic Advisory Staff, a group of eminent American economists formerly attached to the Office of the Prime Minister,* expressed concern over the fact that the level of consumption —that is, expenditures on foodstuffs, consumer goods, housing, and services as distinguished from expenditures on means of production—had been rising steadily over the past few years. This meant that a substantial portion of the country's capital, manpower, and material resources was being used up to raise the standard of living, instead of being sunk into new farms, industrial enterprises, and mining plants whose production would help reduce dependence on imports and lead to an increase in exports. In part, this dangerous situation was due to mass immigration, but it was also being encouraged by certain social and economic policies. And the people were growing accustomed to a standard of living which could only be maintained by the continued large-scale inflow of external capital. What would happen when foreign assistance was no longer forthcoming in such volume? The

*The Economic Advisory Staff was established on April 1, 1953, on the basis of a contract with Mr. Oscar Gass, Economic Adviser to the Israel embassy in Washington. Its central task was to advise the government on how economic independence may be achieved. Its members included Bernard R. Bell (formerly chief economist of the Export-Import Bank), Bertram M. Gross of the Council of Economic Advisers to the President, Professor Abba P. Lerner of Roosevelt University, and other outstanding economists. Upon expiration of the group's contract in July 1955, most of its members were retained as advisers for various government agencies.

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implication of the Economic Advisory Staff's report was that the country would do better to utilize the largest possible share of its available resources for the development of new means of production, against the time when the sources of outside capital would be exhausted.

By the middle of 1955—several months before Nasser's September 27 announcement of the arms deal with Czechoslovakia—it became clear that the government, instead of controlling the level of consumption, was promoting its rise. For several months preceding the elections of July 1955, government agencies and public institutions, in order to win the sympathy of the voters, increased expenditures on housing, public works, and unemployment relief by borrowing from the banking system. This swelled the amount of money in circulation, an inflationary condition which was aggravated by the increasing flow of German restitution payments to individuals and by a slight relaxation of the stringent credit controls. The government was faced with the dilemma of letting prices go up or of meeting the consumer demands by making more goods available through imports; it chose the latter course, with the result that prices remained remarkably stable throughout 1955. But the expansion of imports due, among other factors, to a population increase of 71,000, a rise in import prices, and the stockpiling of essential supplies of food, fodder, and fuel made necessary by considerations of security, produced for the first time since 1952 an increase in the trade deficit, which went up from $208 million in 1954 to $252 million in 1955. The wider trade gap was largely a result of the rise in imports from $296 million in 1954 to $338 million in 1955.

But the real disappointment of 1955 was the failure to expand exports. Indeed they actually declined, from $88 million in 1954 to $86 million in 1955. Except for a jump in citrus and diamond exports, the record for the first half of 1956, particularly in industrial exports (motor cars, textiles, and metal products), was a disappointing one.

Israeli economists and government officials did not hide their concern over the "stagnation" in the export trade. They had frankly hoped that it would continue to advance and exceed the $100 million mark in 1955. That it did not do so cannot be blamed entirely on the government or on the manufacturers. The citrus crop declined because of the natural fatigue of trees, and industrial exports to Turkey fell as a result of that country's precarious foreign exchange position and its tightened import policy.

However, the pattern of trade with Turkey was revealing. It had been carried on within the framework of an agreement under which Israeli exports did not have to meet direct competition from other countries. Faced with a stiffened credit policy on the part of her European suppliers, Turkey found in Israel a ready exporter, even a willing creditor. And for her part, Israel, aside from cherishing the friendship of a Middle Eastern and Moslem state, found the Turkish market to be what one Israeli newspaper called a "paradise." A number of industries specialized in producing for this market, and the export of industrial goods to Turkey climbed from year to year, so that by 1955, 15 per cent of all Israeli exports was going there. But this trade depended on changeable economic and financial conditions in Turkey rather than on the competitive position of Israeli goods. When Turkey was forced to restrict her imports in 1955, Israeli exports were the first to be hit. Turkey will remain an important buyer of Israeli goods, but the mistake of Israeli manufacturers and exporters was to depend too much on her, neglecting to search for other markets where a greater demand for Israeli exports might be developed.

Moreover, Israeli manufacturers were spoiled by a home market which was ready to absorb even low-quality goods at high prices. Many producers found it simpler and more profitable to sell in the domestic market than to undertake the effort and expense of catering to foreign customers. Inflationary conditions at home as well as the reluctance of the government to pay subsidies to

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exporters unless production costs were reduced contributed to this state of affairs. But the domestic paradise now appears to be as short-lived as the Turkish one, for consumers have lately been showing greater resistance to high prices. And while the government has adopted a more flexible subsidy policy, it still insists that manufacturers should aim at making their products competitive on the world market in both price and quality, rather than look for government handouts. At present, owing to Israel's high wage rates and the relatively low level of productivity, costs of production are still too high and the quality of many items, although considerably improved in makeup, design, and packaging, leaves much to be desired.

WHAT with the resurgence of inflationary pressures, rising imports, a virtual standstill in the export trade, and a grave military crisis, the economy of Israel reached a crossroads toward the end of 1955. Egyptian arms superiority forced a policy of preparedness on the young state: intensive production of arms at home, the acquisition of heavy defensive arms from abroad, and the building of shelters and fortifications. This ate up some funds originally earmarked for industrial and agricultural development, but a substantial share of the cost was covered by voluntary popular contributions to a defense fund and the revenue from special taxes.

However, the military emergency did not alter in any way the basic question facing Israel's economy: would she or would she not learn to stand on her own economic feet? It was still necessary to decide whether the increased production at home should be directed toward export markets and the greater volume of imports from abroad applied to enlarging the productive capacity of the nation, or whether they should be used to raise present consumption at home. Specifically, was the country to advance toward eventual economic independence by increasing production and exports, or toward yet higher living standards by raising wages, continuing the cost-of-living allowance system, and increasing social benefits?

Most of the country's economists and government leaders had no doubts about the answer. They were fully aware of the limited resources of the economy, its precarious stability, its dependence on foreign aid. The Minister of Finance, the governor of the central bank, the head of the nation's largest commercial bank, foreign economic advisers, labor economists, and others proclaimed the need for greater output and efficiency together with restraint in pressing demands for better living standards, and particularly for higher wages. They warned of the consequences that might follow from short-sighted policies—or from no policy at all. Yet in the midst of one of the gravest emergencies since the state's creation, it was confronted with a demand for an increase in basic wages.

The new economic policy of 1952 had frozen basic wages by voluntary agreement between the Histadrut (the General Federation of Labor) and the Manufacturers Association. Despite growing union opposition, the wage freeze remained in force until early 1956. Real wages rose nevertheless as a result of job upgrading and overtime. Furthermore, the 1952 policy included three other features which served to swell basic pay: a worker whose output was above a fixed norm received premiums, a practice almost unknown before 1952; a system of family allowances based on the number of dependents was followed in many enterprises; and wages were automatically adjusted to the cost-of-living index.

This last provision proved the troublemaker. According to labor-management wage contracts, each one-point rise in the index meant a one per cent increase in basic salary (*before* allowances and bonuses were added). However, until the end of 1953, the cost-of-living increment was paid only on monthly salaries under IL 80, and it is still not paid on those over IL 125.* Because

*At the present rate of exchange the Israeli pound is worth fifty-six cents. It is meaningless, however, to convert these figures into dollars since both living standards and the purchasing power of a dollar-equivalent in Israel are so different from what they are in the United States. Suffice it to say the salaries are not high.

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prices were always on the rise (before 1953 they went up steeply, while in later years the rate of increase has been much slower), the lower-income groups became the main beneficiaries of the cost-of-living scale. This, of course, served to narrow the gap between wage levels. And the fact that the cost-of-living allowance was tax-free, while high incomes were subject to a progressive income tax, narrowed the gap still further, until wage differentials in Israel became smaller than anywhere in the world. By the end of 1954 a person in the highest grade of the civil service (say, a director-general of a government ministry) enjoyed a net income less than twice that of the lowest grade (janitor or clerk).

Early in 1956 government officials, academic workers, and professionals rebelled and demanded an income that would recognize their skill and education, their standing in the community, and their role in the economy. The demand was not new; in response to a previous expression of it, the government in November 1954 had appointed a committee, headed by Israel Guri, chairman of the Knesset Finance Committee, to consider the question. The committee submitted its final report nine months later, shortly after the July 1955 elections: it recommended that a 3.5:1 ratio between the net salaries of the highest and lowest grades be established to supplant the prevailing 2:1 ratio. In August 1955 the government accepted this proposal "in substance"; and in September it promised to put into effect a revised salary scale retroactive to July 1955.

The labor movement, which refused to concede that a farm laborer or a factory worker was entitled to less than a professor or an engineer, did not take kindly to the Guri report—it proclaimed that *all* workers were entitled to a raise. Faced with a demand for a general wage increase that would unsettle the entire economy at a critical period for the nation's defenses, the government withdrew its promise to carry out the Guri recommendations, whereupon the professionals struck—for thirteen days in February 1956. Their spokesmen regretted being compelled to take so drastic a step during a national emergency, but they had no other way, they said, of protesting against the "utter disregard of their just cause." An agreement was finally reached whereby the professionals were to receive 66.6 per cent of the 1955 government-approved increase this year, 13.3 per cent in 1957, and 20 per cent in 1958.

In January 1956, before the professionals' strike, the Histadrut executive adopted a resolution recommending a limited but general increase in basic wages. All the arguments and warnings brought against such an increase were of no avail. The final decision of the Histadrut Trade Union Department—forced through by its Mapai members on February 27, 1956, against the opposition of the members of the two leftist parties, Achdut Ha-avodah and Mapam, who wanted bigger raises—was to limit increases to a range of 5 to 15 per cent, two-thirds to be paid this year, the remainder in 1958.

Achdut Ha-avodah and Mapam felt that the bigger wage bill could be paid by reducing profit margins and by steeper progressive income taxes. But profit margins in Israel were on the whole not excessive, and the tax burden was heavy enough already. The income tax assessment books for the period 1952-53, published last year, showed that there were no millionaires in Israel: only one person reported an income higher than IL 100,000 ($280,000 at the then official rate of exchange), and only a relative few had incomes above IL 10,000. Seeing that the percentage of people with high personal incomes was so very small in Israel, no significant redistribution of income in favor of the labor sector was possible. Any attempt to increase wages or the level of consumption of the mass of workers would only intensify dependence on outside capital and divert a larger share of the national income from investment to current consumption.

The opposition to a general wage increase did not come from government officials, economists, and bankers alone. At first, the Manufacturers Association refused to pay any

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wage increases not based on higher productivity or improvement in skill, but when the unions persisted in their demands, and threatened to resort to "active measures," including strikes, the employers consented to negotiate. Agreements were reached with most of the unions providing for wage increases ranging from 3.7 to 10 per cent retroactive to January 1956.

The general wage increase was already taking its toll during the first half of 1956 in the form of mounting prices and a poor record on industrial exports; the coming months can only see matters getting worse. The new defense taxes on income and commodities will push prices up even further, and what is most important, the automatic link between wages and prices established by the system of cost-of-living allowances will accentuate inflationary pressure: higher prices will boost wages further and this will in turn raise prices again, to the detriment of workers and manufacturers alike.

ISRAEL'S labor leaders and many of the rank and file understood the dangerous economic consequences of an ever mounting wage bill. Why, then, did they demand wage rises and consistently uphold the cost-of-living allowances? The answer can be found in Israel's social philosophy. The product of Labor Zionist egalitarianism and the experience of building a homeland in barren and hostile surroundings, its basic premise is that the state is responsible for the economic welfare of the people.

Concretely, this philosophy gave birth to an exemplary social welfare system, including relatively high wage rates, cost-of-living and family allowances, job security, liberal health benefits, free educational facilities, easy terms on housing loans, and a national social insurance scheme. In the case of immigrants, the policy of the government aimed at bringing their standard of living up to the level of the community's despite the fact that many of them hailed from backward countries. This meant the expenditure of vast sums on housing, current consumption, and expensive social services. In the short run these did not contribute to productive capacity, but they were held to be essential for the eventual absorption of immigrants and the long-range stability of the economy.

Social benefits were certainly responsible in large measure for the effort of Israeli workers, old and new, to increase output and efficiency, for their high morale, and for their readiness for personal sacrifice. Nevertheless, these benefits unduly raised production costs—as witness the cost-of-living allowances and the recent wage boosts—or impeded productivity, as a high degree of job security tends to do.

Even more important, the social-welfare system created a standard of living higher than present production and resources can support, a standard which has been kept artificially high by the enormous flow of capital from abroad.

EXCEPT possibly during the Second World War and the very first years of the state's existence, the standard of living showed a steady upward trend, and is higher now than it was in the 30's or 40's. (In 1939 a representative worker's family spent over three-quarters of its income on food and rent; in 1950 about half was spent on these two items, leaving the other half for clothing, household furnishings, amusements, travel, tobacco, etc., etc.) It is also considerably higher than that of neighboring countries, many Asian and African countries, and even a number of European ones. Thus nutritional standards, while lower than in the United States and Scandinavia, are higher than those in France and Italy.

There was, of course, nothing wrong with Israel's desire to maintain a high standard of living—on the contrary. But was the young state facing up realistically to the possibility that foreign assistance would come to an end in the not so distant future?

Some of the external sources of capital were already exhausted. These included $135 million in Export-Import Bank loans, $100 million in sterling balances, and $15 million in foreign securities held by Israelis. Some of the other major sources on which

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Israel was now relying to finance development would no longer be available within a number of years. U.S. grants declined from $85 million in 1952 to $36.6 million in 1955. For the fiscal year 1957, the administration in Washington requested $63 million in foreign aid for Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Libya, and Israel, and informed opinion estimated that Israel would get no more than $20-$25 million of that sum. Writing in a recent issue of *Israel Economic Forum,* the assistant director of the U. S. Operations Mission in Israel stated: "The United States Government has made it clear that its aid is to be reduced in amount progressively and eliminated at the earliest possible date."

Finally, the German reparations agreement, which stipulated deliveries to Israel of $822 million in goods and services, was due to expire in 1965-67, depending on the rate of annual deliveries; over one-quarter of the total had already been used up.

ISRAEL was also depending on three other sources of capital from Jewish communities abroad, and especially the American Jewish community: contributions, bonds, and private investments. Over the past few years, the United Jewish Appeal, the most important fund-raising organization, spent (mainly through the Jewish Agency) an average of $50 million per annum on immigrant absorption, agricultural settlement, vocational training, medical services, and so forth. This amount was not sufficient, however, to meet the entire expense of immigrant absorption. World Jewry would continue to finance large-scale immigration to Israel and help meet a substantial part of the cost of full integration, but by the early or middle 1960's, practically all major sources of mass immigration would have dried up. What would happen to UJA income then? Neither the UJA nor Israeli leaders expected contributions to provide a built-in subsidy for Israel's economy or to underwrite her trade deficit. Said Prime Minister Ben Gurion: "The money given by Jews abroad is not intended to raise our standard of living. We have a right to that money only if we use it for the absorption of immigrants. . . ."

Since its inception in May 1951, the Israel bond organization sold close to $250 million worth of Israel bonds in the U.S. and, more recently, in a number of European and Latin American countries. In 1955, over $40 million in Israel bonds were sold. Bond purchases could not be expected, however, to exceed that amount by much and for long.

As for private foreign investment, over $100 million in foreign capital was put into Israel since the establishment of the state. The government encouraged private investment from abroad by enacting laws granting liberal tax relief and other assistance to such foreign investments as were deemed beneficial to the economy. In the last three years investments amounted to $15-20 million a year, and given continued improvement in internal economic conditions and greater freedom for investors, they may go up.

We can conclude, then, that though external capital (investments and contributions) would continue to flow to Israel for many years, the amount would be too small to cover her large trade deficit. Moreover, while the flow of foreign capital began to dwindle, Israel would have to meet larger debt payments. Payments of principal and interest on the Export-Import Bank loans would have to be completed by 1965. Other commercial long- and medium-term loans fall due even sooner. From 1963 on, Israel bonds would have to be redeemed. Enterprises based on foreign investors would become well established and the transfer abroad of profits and dividends would also rise considerably.

Clearly, unless production and exports were increased, there would be a decline in the Israeli standard of living. What form might such a decline take? It was unlikely that cultural, educational, and health standards would be affected, for they could probably continue to be supported by outside aid. Nor would the nutritional standards fall, although there might well be less variety and continued rationing of imported foodstuffs. The decline would be most marked in con-

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sumer goods other than food: household maintenance, apparel, travel, and services.

If exports did not rise very substantially, Israel simply would not have the foreign exchange with which to import essential supplies of machinery, raw materials as well as foodstuffs. It was possible to reduce imports by cutting consumption and producing goods locally. But in Israel's case imports could not be reduced below a certain level: the country would always lack certain materials. And the social-welfare system made it difficult to cut consumption.

THE only way Israel could avoid a fall in living standards or resist economic stagnation was to increase her production, utilize all her available resources more fully, and concentrate on producing for export markets rather than for home consumption. But the more Israel exported, the more she would have to import, since it was impossible to step up production without a larger supply of raw materials, machinery, and fuel. And as the population grew, so would the import bill, which by 1965 might reach over half a billion dollars. To achieve economic independence by 1965, Israel would have to export nearly that much. In 1955 exports added up to less than $100 million. Could Israel make the necessary jump to $500 million in the next ten years?

The Economic Advisory Staff report mentioned above pointed to one extremely important fact—that a full half of the labor force was employed in "non-productive" occupations (trade and services), while only 9 per cent worked in construction, and a mere 40 per cent in agriculture, industry, and mining. The percentage of those engaged in the production of goods was "lower than that recorded in any other country."

Israel could not afford such a distribution of her labor force. The number of people now engaged in "productive" economic branches would have to be swelled from the ranks of the unemployed, under-employed, and those who contributed little or nothing to production. (The Guri committee thought the country would do very well with 4,000 fewer civil servants than at present.) But a shift in occupational distribution could come about only if agriculture, mining, and industry were developed to make room for new hands.

This the government had been doing in agriculture, which was consequently one of the bright spots in Israel's economic picture. A growing share of the food basket was filled by local production, thereby reducing imports, and some 40 per cent of the nation's total exports were agricultural products, notably citrus.

There were, however, serious limitations to further agricultural development. By the end of 1951 most of the country's arable soil had already been brought under cultivation, and the emphasis shifted to irrigation. But the plan to reclaim more and more land through irrigation was hampered by a shortage of water which was expected to be especially acute within three or four years, when all underground resources and the Yarkon River's water would have been fully utilized. Originally it was hoped that by 1960 virtual self-sufficiency would have been attained in agriculture: imports of foodstuffs, fuel for irrigation, and farm equipment were to be largely offset by exports of citrus, peanuts, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. But because of Syrian obstruction of the Jordan waters diversion scheme and the long-drawn-out negotiations over Johnston's Jordan Valley development project, this hope could not be realized. According to revised estimates, the agricultural deficit would still be about $40 million in 1960.

The limitations on agriculture indicated that in order to achieve economic independence Israel must concentrate on other sectors of her economy: mining, industry, and services to foreign countries. Israel possessed more mineral wealth than had commonly been thought, but most of the minerals turned up were of a generally low grade, and whether they could be exploited commercially remained in doubt. There was a good chance that potash, super-phosphates, and copper would in time make a contribution to the export drive, but at present min-

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erals accounted for only $1-2 million per year in exports.

Even if the potentialities of Israeli mining were fully realized, however, the major share of the required expansion in exports would have to be supplied by industry. Israel's industry has shown phenomenal growth since the establishment of the state. But it has been plagued by a number of serious problems, such as dependence on imported raw materials, machinery, and fuel, high production costs, the lack of an enforced standard of quality, and a shortage of managerial and supervisory personnel.

The significance of the dependence on imported materials cannot be sufficiently emphasized. Wherever economically feasible, local sources of raw materials should be tapped to the full. This was already done with cotton and sugar beets, and experiments are now being conducted to determine the possibility of producing pulp from the eucalyptus tree. Beyond that, to improve Israel's competitive position in the world markets, industry must attain a higher rate of productivity, and concentrate on manufactured goods which require more than ordinary skill and efficiency.

Israel could also earn more foreign exchange by specializing in supplying services to other countries. Such "invisible" exports have already proved that they could make a creditable contribution to economic independence. Israel's merchant fleet and the El Al Airlines are expanding. The Technion, or institute of technology, did specialized research for the U.S. Air Force. The Bedek Aircraft Corporation Maintenance Base at Lydda was authorized by the Civil Aeronautics Administration to engage in repair and maintenance for American aircraft. A combine of Israeli woodworking factories recently completed work on a contract for decorating and furnishing the Municipal Theater at Addis Ababa in Ethiopia, and was awarded other contracts in Cyprus. Israeli firms did construction work in Turkey, and Israeli capital has been invested in several Turkish companies. In March 1956 Israel signed a pact with Burma calling for the establishment of joint industrial projects in that country and assistance in reclaiming a million-acre wasteland there.

Tourist income—another source of foreign exchange—was likely to rise. A recent survey conducted by the U.S. Operations Mission estimated that in 1958, the tenth anniversary of the founding of the state, 86,000 tourists would visit Israel, and by 1960 the number of visitors would reach the 100,000 mark, twice the 1955 figure.

In the fall of 1956 there was as yet no indication that the Arab states were willing to make peace with Israel. Israel would therefore have to advance toward the goal of economic independence under the burden of heavy defense expenditures and Arab economic warfare. Despite boycotts and blockades, she would have to intensify her efforts to sell her products on foreign markets, including the potentially vast American one; the absorption of part of the labor force by the defense establishment required civilian labor to be fully and productively employed; the limited wealth of the country meant that there must not be any wasteful or uneconomic use of resources; and the need to absorb thousands of immigrants each year called for increased investment in new means of production.

Never again would the state be able to avail itself of such foreign aid as had been provided by the sterling balances, United States grants, and German reparations. Nor could the recent oil strike in the Negev be expected to offer a panacea. Even if the discovery of additional oil eventually covered all domestic fuel requirements, the saving to the economy would be no more than $40-50 million a year.

Only a far-sighted, constructive, and well-coordinated economic policy, utilizing the full measure of the government's fiscal, monetary, administrative, and moral tools, and demanding greater effort and more personal sacrifice from a population which has known more than its fair share of suffering and self-denial, could bring Israel nearer her goal of economic independence.

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# THE JEW IN RECENT FRANCO-JEWISH NOVELS

## *Assimilation and the Rights of Man*

EDOUARD RODITI

NOBODY knows how many Jews there really are in France today. Under the German occupation of France, when all Jews were required to register with the authorities, tens of thousands of them managed to live under cover with false identification papers; the French authorities, at the time, were surprised to discover that their country, flooded with refugees from other German-occupied areas, had so many Jews. Since the war, Jews from Poland, Rumania, North Africa, Hungary, and even Soviet Russia have come to replace those who died in German extermination camps. The Jewish quarter of Paris, around the Rue des Rosiers, is now almost as populous as before the war. If one adds the constantly expanding Jewish population of Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia to that of metropolitan France, one still obtains, in spite of the steady emigration from North Africa to Israel, a grand total of some seven hundred and fifty thousand Jews who are French citizens, have the status of "*ressortissants français*" as foreign or stateless residents of France, or are citizens of the Moroccan or Tunisian protectorates. Nor does this figure include the many thousands of foreign Jews, whether tourists or residents, who are registered in France.

Memories of the Dreyfus Affair as well as of the German occupation have made many French Jews somewhat reticent about their religious affiliation, and French law never requires anyone to state his religion except Algerian Mohammedans (whose civil rights as French citizens are limited in political elections). Emigration to Israel tends moreover to drain off, from France as from other Western European countries, a fair percentage of those who might assume the responsibilities of leadership in a consciously and actively Jewish community. French Judaism thus becomes, on the whole, even more of a private matter, rarely discussed or advertised outside the family or in the presence of Gentile neighbors and friends, than the Judaism of England or America.

Those few French novelists of recent years who have concerned themselves with the character and the problems of French Jewry have therefore been, on the whole, chroniclers of family life, revealing to their surprised readers the strange survival of something foreign and utterly inconsistent with popular notions of a liberal and rationalist French democracy. At the same time, they have tempered the shock of discovering something so obsolete by stressing the disintegration of Jewish family traditions in an age of assimilation.

THOUGH France has its indigenous Jews, those of Alsace and Lorraine, those of the former Papal territories south of Avignon, and those of Algeria, the Jew is represented in most French fiction as a foreigner, an immigrant who must learn French ways and traditions and thus become indistinguishable from other Frenchmen. If the fictional French Jew happens to be a native of France, his peculiarities are attributed, in most cases, to the foreign origin of his immigrant forebears. A rare exception to

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A NUMBER of novels about French Jewish life have been creating a stir in France, and EDOUARD RODITI looks into them to see what they betoken. A free-lance writer now living in France, Mr. Roditi is the author of two books, *Oscar Wilde* (1947) and *Poems, 1928-48* (1949), both published by New Directions. He last appeared in these pages with an account of the painter Otto Freundlich (September 1955).



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this attitude, among French Jewish novelists, is Armand Lunel, an older chronicler of local Jewish customs in the ancient and almost extinct communities of the South, those of Carpentras, Cavaillon, and L'Isle-sur-la-Sorgue. A regionalist who seeks to save obsolete aspects of provincial life from oblivion, Lunel remains, like Basque or Breton regionalists, no apologist of the melting pot.

Many younger Jewish painters of the School of Paris have, since 1945, contributed interestingly novel and strikingly Jewish elements of subject matter or style to postwar French art. Those few writers who have published in French any outstanding or widely discussed novels on Jewish themes have, however, remained more impersonal in their style, more conventional in their approach to the art of narrative, less deeply rooted in Jewish tradition and folklore as far as their subject matter is concerned. The novels of Albert Memmi, a Jew from Tunisia, thus refrain from exploiting, as do the paintings of Jean Atlan, an abstract artist from Constantine in Algeria, the rich heritage of North African Jewish or Moslem folk art. Memmi describes scenes of folkloristic interest, such as the ceremony performed to exorcise a sick woman believed to be possessed, with somewhat of a shocked outsider's detachment, avoiding the Oriental chronicler's narrative style or his lyrical awareness of participation, either of which might have suggested approval.

In *Les Eaux Mêlées* ("Mixed Waters"), a two-volume novel which won the 1955 Goncourt Prize, Roger Ikor likewise tells the saga of four generations of an immigrant Lithuanian Jewish family in a style that reminds one of Roger Martin du Gard's chronicles of French family life or of the conformist prose of John Galsworthy, rather than of the advance-guard painting of Maryan, a survivor of Nazi concentration camps whom the Paris daily *L'Express*, before it became a weekly, had acclaimed as a new Chagall. Only Pierre Fabert's *Le Dieu de Colère*, a chronicle of the destruction of an idyllic Rumanian Jewish community, allows itself exotic touches that are echoes, at most, of the lyrical manner of Panaït Istrati, another Rumanian, who was introduced to France some thirty years ago. Literature, it seems, is less daring and experimental in the present generation of French Jewish writers than is the art of their contemporaries of the School of Paris. Or else, painting is less impersonal, more subjective, requiring of its maker less of an effort to conform with accepted devices of communication.

BE THAT as it may, the novels of Albert Memmi, Roger Ikor, and Pierre Fabert have reminded French critics of the importance of the French language as a medium of expression and communication for all those peripheral communities that have access to the culture of the Western world mainly through French literature. In recent years, Paris has likewise witnessed the publication of a steady stream of novels by Arab writers: Mohammedans from French North Africa such as Ahmed Sefrioui and Driss Chraïbi, both Moroccans, and Mouloud Mammeri, Mouloud Feraoun, Mohammed Dib, and Malek Ouary, all four from Algeria; and Christian Arabs like Albert Cossery, an Egyptian, and Andrée Chédid and Farjallah Haik, both from Lebanon.

In French literature, as indeed in the industrial life of metropolitan France, one is beginning to sense the urgency of an Arab problem, and conservative or traditionalist French critics now tend to hail any symptom of a Jewish problem as a welcome sign that old times are here again. In the eyes of whatever nebulous or ineffectual authorities there are who pretend, in overcrowded and slum-ridden postwar Paris, to be responsible for housing and slum clearance, there no longer exists a Jewish problem; like the literary critics, these authorities look back with nostalgia on the days when the Rue des Rosiers was their worst housing problem, instead of today's quarter of a million Moslem immigrants from Algeria, most of whom are underpaid and only casually employed.

All this may explain the surprising en-

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thusiasm that Roger Ikor's mediocre novel inspired, especially among conservative and somewhat nationalist French critics like Emile Henriot, a member of the French Academy, whose delirious praise of *Les Eaux Mêlées* started the landslide in its favor. As soon as the first volume of Ikor's novel had been published, a full year before the Goncourt award crowned the publication of its second volume, the conservative Paris press was unanimous in acclaiming the author and his characters as Jews of the kind that France could best assimilate and gather up in its ample and maternal bosom. While most of the better literary periodicals either ignored Ikor's work or reviewed it perfunctorily as run-of-the-mill popular pseudo-realism, the only harshly discordant notes in the chorus of praise came, surprisingly enough, from critics writing in France's extensive but none too widely read Jewish press.

In a half-dozen Jewish periodicals that enjoy but a limited circulation, including *Evidences* (which, like COMMENTARY, is published by the American Jewish Committee), *Les Eaux Mêlées* was roundly damned as a misrepresentation of Jewish life that was even likely to encourage anti-Semitism. Shocked readers wrote letters to the editors of these periodicals, pointing out that Ikor writes of *seven* plagues of Egypt instead of *ten;* that his description of a Seder is preposterously incorrect; that he calls Avrom, the tradition-bound ancestor of his fictional family, a *hasid,* though the old man is no mystic, instead of a *tsaddik.* Others protested that Ikor's exemplary Jewish family includes a prostitute, a pimp, and a high percentage of sheer morons; that the "righteous" ancestor seems to derive a sadistic sexual pleasure from the spankings he administers his children; and that such a chronicle of a Jewish family's life could only bring new grist to the mills of anti-Semitic propaganda.

All this criticism was in vain. Oddly enough, those French critics who might have been expected to react as anti-Semites to the saga of old Avrom's brood have swallowed the whole story, hook, line, and sinker—pimps, prostitutes, morons, nasty old ancestors, and all—without batting an eyelash. They like, it seems, to have their Jews served to them neat; and for that matter, most Jewish readers in France have read Ikor's novel just as enthusiastically and uncritically.

IN SELF-DEFENSE, Ikor explained, in open letters published in *Evidences* and elsewhere, that he was himself an assimilated Jew, a Frenchman of foreign extraction who wrote about a family that, like his own, was drifting away from its ancestral traditions, of many of which he and his fictional characters have retained but vague memories. A teacher in the French school system, Ikor had already been, in the stormy years of the street demonstrations that preceded Léon Blum's Popular Front government in the 30's, a militant socialist active in countless fights against reactionary or proto-fascist French students. A reserve officer in the French army, Ikor had, moreover, seen active service in 1939 and 1940, and had spent the rest of the war in German prisoner-of-war camps.

Precisely because he was then away from France, Ikor's descriptions in his book of the horrors of the Nazi occupation, the deportations of Jews, and of the hardships that the survivors experienced while living in hiding, are all based on hearsay, never on first-hand experience. (He is careful not to suggest that any Frenchmen, except a few opportunists in the business world, took advantage of the persecutions of Jews in France, or participated actively in them.) But Ikor's weakness as a novelist is that he is unable to construct what he has not personally experienced, and unlike Zola, does not take the trouble to verify what he does not know at first hand. Zola, for instance, would never have pulled that boner about the seven plagues of Egypt, whether as a Gentile or as an atheist; and even if he had spent the war years in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany, Zola would have been able, in describing the German occupation

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of France, to depict as action rather than report as hearsay the deportations of Jews from Nazi-occupied Paris.

Ikor's writing is often constrained, moreover, by his refusal to admit any real sense of participation in the traditional Jewish life of his novel's more Orthodox characters. Old Avrom, for instance, the devout patriarch of Ikor's immigrant *mishpocheh*, remains a stock character, a Jew borrowed from some early lithograph of Chagall or vague memories of the stories of Sholem Aleichem. He is such a stranger even to the Paris ghetto, to which he comes from Lithuania after his son Yankel has struck roots in France, that he soon emigrates again to Israel, abandoning all his children and grandchildren, who remain in Paris. The only characters who feel at home in Ikor's Paris ghetto are those, like Yankel, who have developed an ambivalent relation to it, knowing that they cannot return to Eastern Europe but suspecting at the same time that they would not be any happier if they moved away from the Rue des Rosiers neighborhood, as Yankel's brother Moishe does after giving up the white-slave traffic to marry a wealthy French-born Jewess and live in her golden ghetto near the Bois de Boulogne.

Ikor pulls another boner when he describes Yankel's prejudices, at the time of his emigration from Lithuania and before his arrival in France: he has Yankel already despising and mistrusting North African Jews, though one wonders how many of them he had been privileged to meet in his native Rakvomir! Only after his arrival in Paris would he have become aware of the mere existence of such exotics, much as East European Jews in Israel were surprised when they met immigrants from Yemen or Morocco.

ALBERT MEMMI's first novel, describing life in the ghetto of Tunis, has already been discussed at length by this writer in COMMENTARY.* His second novel, *Agar*, published a year ago in Paris, was a bit disappointing to many of those who had enthusiastically acclaimed *The Pillar of Salt*. The story of an unsuccessful mixed marriage, *Agar* expresses all the anxiety of an early Ludwig Lewisohn novel, but with none of the latter's curiously neurotic perceptiveness. An uninformed reader might even struggle through the first hundred pages of Memmi's sadly uncommunicative tale without guessing that the hero was a Jew and his wife a Frenchwoman from metropolitan France. Only when their marriage begins to break up does the young couple realize the legal tangle in which they have become involved by neglecting to obtain their marriage under French law. Because the husband happens to be a Tunisian Jew, the only authority capable either of legalizing their union or of dissolving it happens to be the rabbinical courts, which must, however, legalize a marriage before being able to dissolve it. This is how the reader discovers that the husband is a Jew.

Throughout the book, Memmi discusses everything Jewish with obvious distaste, never really at his ease; old-fashioned Gentile writers such as the brothers Tharaud approached Judaism and Jewish customs with more gusto and sympathy. Memmi's squeamishness, like that of Ikor, is typical of the assimilated French Jewish liberal who refuses to admit the pragmatic reality of being a Jew because such a socio-psychological fact conflicts with the ideology of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and with the French Republic's lofty but impossible policy of assimilating everything alien, both at home and in its overseas colonies.

Just as in the case of the Arabs of Algeria, such a policy is doomed to fail in a crisis for the Jews of France too. Like the Midwestern farmer who saw a giraffe for the first time in a zoo and exclaimed "There ain't no such animal!" French liberals insist that nothing can distinguish the Jew in the French community. Yet the Jews of France, under the Nazi occupation, could still be singled out quite easily for persecution, if only on the basis of their names and

*See the number of April 1955. An excerpt from Mr. Memmi's novel was published, subsequently, in the number of November 1955.—ED.

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in spite of all the democratic laws that had denied, for over a hundred years, any difference between French Jew and French Christian.

Assimilation remains indeed a slow and laborious process, and its success depends neither on the will of the individual nor on the lofty intentions expressed in legal provisions. A Jew is assimilated only if, and when, he has ceased for all practical purposes to be at all distinguishable, in the eyes of an anti-Semite, as a Jew. But an anti-Semite remains, in the eyes of Memmi and Ikor as well as in those of all French liberals, whether Jewish or Gentile, a monster of illogical thinking whose notions and emotions never deserve the serious consideration of a civilized thinker.

The fact of anti-Semitism continues to be ignored by most French Jewish writers and appears in their novels only as a sudden and inexplicable horror, never as a blight to be reckoned with at all times in a world that may have accepted the Jew according to the letter of the law, but has not yet recognized him as an equal in its own spirit. Yankel, in Ikor's novel, is thus made to seem slightly ridiculous, with his constant fears of coming up against anti-Semitic prejudice among the Gentile French. And Yankel's Gentile daughter-in-law's family, the Saulniers, who have never yet seen a Jew in the flesh, are pleasantly surprised to discover that their new relatives by marriage, French-born Simon and his immigrant parents, for all their strangeness and their peculiarities, are human beings with whom one can come to an understanding on grounds of common and basic human interests and emotions.

PIERRE FABERT'S first novel, *Le Dieu de Colère*, is in this respect far more realistic, more aware of the reality of being a Jew in a community predominantly Gentile. The son of a provincial Rumanian rabbi, Fabert came to France only seven years ago, and within five years had learned enough French to write his first book in that language.

*Le Dieu de Colère* describes the slow and painful disintegration of an idyllic Transylvanian Jewish community during the years of the Nazi occupation of Rumania and of the subsequent Russian "liberation." Fabert's local Jewish cab driver, bound to his nag by closer ties than to any human being, remains a wonderful example of the now vanished rural Jew of Eastern Europe, a character of the same earthy quality as Sholem Aleichem's Tevya the Milkman. Fabert's rabbi too, for all the tragic waverings of his faith in the hours of trial, is a prophetic type of the same kind as Job. The community's destruction is begun by the Nazis and their local auxiliaries, and finished by the Communists, who set about liquidating whatever has survived. Only a few scattered individuals escape to the West, a tragic remnant of displaced persons of the kind that one met, in the years after 1945, in the UNRRA camps around Linz in Austria, and Munich in Germany.

*Le Dieu de Colère* can be interpreted, in some ways, as a Rumanian Jew's answer to the Rumanian Gentile Virghil Gheorgiu's somewhat equivocal protestations of philo-Semitism in his novel *The Twenty-Fifth Hour* (which was published in the United States some five or six years ago). Though the book may fail because of Fabert's lack of experience as a writer, it remains one of the most loving and lyrical testimonies that have reached us in years from a survivor of East European Jewry. It achieves what a painter like Maryan has also achieved, or an engraver like Arthur Kolnik, both of whom, as artists of the School of Paris, have expressed, in an idiom that is not the natural vehicle of East European Jewry and with some of the literary or artistic affectations of Paris, something that no longer seems exotic and is already acceptable to the Western world, if only because it bears the stamp of French culture.

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# SHAKESPEARE SONNETS FOR MODERN READING

*(Dedicated to adapters, condensers, and abridgers everywhere.)*

HOWARD MOSS

## Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

WHO says you're like one of the dog days?
You're nicer. And better.
Even in May, the weather can be gray,
And a summer sublet doesn't last forever.
Sometimes the sun's too hot;
Sometimes it is not.
Who can stay young forever?
People break their necks or just drop dead!
But you? Never!
If there's just one condensed reader left
Who can figure out the abridged alphabet
After you're dead and gone,
In this poem you'll live on!

## When in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes

WHEN I'm out of cash and full of shame,
And crying to beat the band, alone,
And even God doesn't know my name,
And all I do is weep and moan,
I curse myself in the mirror,
Wishing I had a future,
Or some real pals, or was a good looker,
Or even a crazy artist, or a deep thinker!
As I said, when even the old kicks seem tame,
And just when I hate myself the most,
I think about you. Then I'm o.k.
Just like a bird who hates the dirt
And can fly in the sky to get away.
Thinking of you is as good as money.
I'd give up royalties for you, honey.

## Against That Time, if Ever That Time Come

I HOPE I never live to see the day
When all you do is criticize my faults,
When maybe love's veil is torn away
And you don't think as much of me as you thought.
It's possible some day you'll pass me by
Without so much as a nod,
When the flame is low that used to be high,
Or maybe, even, dead!
Well, to make sure, I'm staying in,
Because, to tell the truth, I have some faults,
And I'm trying to develop my good side
So I won't have so much, on that day, to hide.
If you threw me over, you wouldn't be far wrong;
Who knows why lovers, like dogies, get along?

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HOWARD MOSS is poetry editor of the *New Yorker* and the author of several volumes of verse. His latest collection, *A Swimmer in the Air,* is to be published by Scribner's in February. Mr. Moss was born in New York City in 1922.



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# NO GOLDEN TOMBSTONES FOR ME!

*A Story*

ARTHUR GRANIT

"TREASURE!" said Usher's mother. "Come here and look me straight in the face and tell me what you see."

"Nothing! I see nothing, Ma," said Usher.

"The truth, now, the truth. Tell me what you really see?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said our hero, dangerously walking a precipice.

She was sitting over a mirror at the kitchen table and had been examining herself for a long time. The whites of her eyes were red from weeping. The lids were swollen.

"Don't you see, perhaps, a new gray hair?"

"No, Ma, I don't see no new gray hairs."

"Look over here, near the eyes! A new wrinkle, perhaps?"

"No, Ma, there's no new wrinkle there. It's clean as a whistle."

"Ah!" she said, wiping a bitter tear from her chin, "they come—so many of them. I look around, and before you know it another one has been added. Just when I get used to the last one, plop! comes a new stranger to my head! Where do they all come from?"

"Yes," said Usher, "you just can't stop 'em."

"But let's not worry," she sighed, lifting a gray hair. "Here, take this one and pull it out."

The gallant Usher set his teeth together and quickly extracted the hair, while his mother, with closed eyes, started under his hand.

"Usher," she said, digging into the pocket of her housedress, "I'm giving you ten cents to go to the movies. And I'm giving it to you for a special reason. Never mind what the reason is. Enjoy yourself!"

My friend Usher almost collapsed. Going to the movies was an event usually associated with cajolery, stamping on the floor, and even a tear here and there until the fortress capitulated and opened its pocketbook. You had to shout as loud as our Jews did to overthrow the walls of Jericho, employ cat-and-mouse tactics that would have done credit to any general. And now Usher was told to go enjoy himself!

"You don't have to give me ten cents to go to the movies because I pulled out one of your gray hairs," said the suspicious Usher.

"If I had to give you money for every one of my gray hairs, I'd go broke!" said his mother. "I got another reason."

"I ain't taking it!" said Usher.

"A stubborn mule!" said his mother. "Just like his father!"

"I ain't taking it!" said Usher.

"Please," she pleaded, as I watched, dumbfounded by this reversal of things. "You're doing me a favor. Take the money and go to the movies!"

I could not contain myself.

"Do her a favor and take the money, Ush!" I cried, afraid she might change her mind.

"I ain't doin' nobody no favors," said our hero.

"Why not, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said his mother.

"I gotta know the reason you're givin' me ten cents to go to the movies."

"Listen to him!" said his mother, turning to me. "He's got to know reasons. I'm telling you—a real intellectual!"

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ARTHUR GRANIT's first published story, "Free the Canaries from Their Cages!" which appeared in these pages in September 1955, has been selected by Martha Foley for inclusion in her *Best American Short Stories of 1956*. Mr. Granit teaches English in the New York City public school system.



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Then turning to Usher, she said, "This a special picture. It teaches you."

"OK! Gimmie the ten cents!" said Usher, and then added: "Also, ten cents for him. And five cents for candy."

With infinite care the good woman dug into her housedress and came up with the coins. Examining each one tenderly, she slowly delivered them up to us.

"You're a good boy," she said to me. "It's a pleasure to give you ten cents to go to the movies. Your mother will bless me for the lesson it will teach."

As Usher and I began to make our way down the street, I felt an awful foreboding.

"It ain't right," I said.

"What ain't right?"

"It ain't right—getting the money so easy, without screamin' or hollerin'. Something is wrong."

"Nothing's wrong," said Usher. "What're you making a lot out of nothing for? She wants us to enjoy ourselves. Dat's all! We're doin' her a favor!"

Our movie house inside was Byzantine rococo with splendid spiral columns from which hung braziers and such. Mosques and minarets jutted out all over the place. And as if that were not enough, the Men's Room was adorned with a statue of Voltaire. Outside the Ladies' Room stood a bust of Marie Antoinette (as if she had sense enough not to go in). And while the inside of the theater was Byzantine, the outside was Brownsville baroque (and this I will not dare to describe to you). Yes, half-a-dozen architectural styles had been amalgamated for the benefit of our Jews. But it was all wasted on our lousy street, for in spite of everything it was known as "The Dump."

Yet I would not go so far as to say that the street was completely wrong. On warm days the atmosphere of that place would be filled with the odor of sweat and urine, while the harassed manager would come running down the aisles, spraying the air with essences from a flit-gun.

First, we would wait on line, a thousand shouting, screaming, pushing children. Then the thousand would sit inside, stamping two thousand feet in unison, waiting for the film to go on. Here someone would let fly an orange, there someone's lunch would sail through the air.

"Who did that?" the sorry-looking manager would scream.

"Shut your face, you lousy little greaseball!" would come a voice (and this from a "greaseball" himself) as the frenetic manager would dash over to seize the culprit.

Bang! A bag filled with water would come flying from the balcony, bouncing against the Byzantine rococo (I swear it was the Hagia Sophia) and spilling out over the heads of at least ten victims.

"Hey, frog-face, why don't you put a roof on this damn dump!" would come a voice from the other side of the theater. "It's raining in cats and dogs!"

And now the poor manager would dash up to the balcony to see where that bag of water had come from.

Pop! Bang! Somebody down below would burst a blown-up paper bag with his fist.

"Fireman! Fireman! Save my child!" would come a high falsetto from down below. "They're shooting him in the mouth!"

Finally the defeated manager would dash up to the projection booth and scream, "Start the picture! They're going to rip the house down!"

Screams! Stamping of feet! Hurray! The lights would go down. Suddenly a hush would fall and on the screen would appear an American flag.

Groans! Boos!

"Hey, manager, cut it out! What'd you think we paid ten cents for—to go back to school?"

Now the poor manager would be downstairs, banging against the back of a seat with a stick.

"Everybody up! Salute the American flag and sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' This is a free country!" he would scream.

"Hey, frog-face!" would come a voice from the darkness, "if it's a free country, why do I hafta pay ten cents to go to the movies?"

More groans and moans! The squeaking

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of seats as we stood up. The Pledge of Allegiance. "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a dozen keys.

The picture of an old lady flashed across the screen.

"A lousy picture!" groaned Usher.

Groans! Moans! Boos!

"Hey, frog-face, I thought this was a cowboy picture. I want my money back!" would come a voice from out of the darkness.

"Mama! Mama! I don't want any castor oil today!" would come another voice.

"Hey, lady!" would come a heavier voice, this of someone older. "I don't need the bottle, but I sure could use the nipple!"

But soon enough silence fell and a thousand pairs of eyes were riveted to that screen.

First the old lady cooked and worked. It showed her with a large family around her, how she took care of everybody, fed them, made the beds, washed the clothes. She worked real hard. And when the kids would fight, she would set everything to rights. And she never complained. She went right on working, cooking, washing, and all that.

You could hear a pin drop in the quiet of the theater. They like the picture, I thought, because everybody has stopped eating and nobody is going to the toilet.

Now the old lady's children were growing up. Some got jobs. Others went to school. But still the poor old lady worked and worked and worked, cleaning clothes, washing floors. And as if this were not enough, late at night when everyone was asleep, she took in sewing.

Suddenly guns began to roar. An army flashed across the screen. A bomb burst and a body flew up in the air.

Now why would they take somebody and shoot him up just like that? For me? Just to show it in a picture? Not on your life! They would not kill somebody just to show us! It was some kind of trick! Maybe a dummy! Yes, I decided it was a fake, but that did not mean I could look. I turned my head away, only to see behind me all the eyes lit up like electric bulbs, watching in the dark. Yes! Armies and killing we liked.

Now the youngest was going off to war. The old lady cried and waved a handkerchief at her son from the sidelines. She jumped out of the crowd and hung on to him as he marched through the streets. It was sad.

Sad? The eyes behind me told me it was tragic. Blinking lights, that's what they were, as children wept in the dark. Awful sighs and terrible moans rose from the audience, all the more agonizing because none dared do it aloud. I looked at Usher—he had gone off—weeping, weeping, weeping willows.

And still she washed and cooked and took in sewing until, would you believe it! No! you would not! Her lousy children, the traitors who stayed home, threw her out of her own house, so that she had to go over the hill to the poorhouse.

Our theater was enraged. Shouts were heard. The balcony came to life as here and there children rose to scream imprecations.

Now the old lady was washing and scrubbing and cleaning all over again, over the hill in the poorhouse. Her hair is white. She is very old. When who should come home but her soldier boy!

Cheers! Cheers!

"Where is Mom?" he asks.

"Mom is over the hill in the poorhouse," says his brother, the traitor who did not go to war.

"What! My Mom over the hill in the poorhouse! How did you dare do this!"

Bang! He gives him a sock in the jaw, a left to the right, a right to the left, a left to the left!

Up rose the audience, Usher and myself included, to throw imaginary punches at our celluloid adversary.

And now the soldier boy throws the dirty dog to the ground. He drags him out on the road and over the hill to the poorhouse.

Cheers! Hoorays! Banging on the floor! Wild paroxysms! We were as one with the soldier boy.

Bang! He throws his brother right at the feet of his mother in the poorhouse.

But that dumb mother, instead of giving that dirty dog a kick in the face, smiles and forgives the traitor. Now, I ask you, is this

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a good ending? And with her two sons, hand in hand, she leaves the poorhouse to go over the hill to her own house.

Lights!

We had been wrung dry!

"It was a lousy picture!" said Usher, wiping a tear from his eye.

Now the manager was banging his stick against the side of a seat.

"All youse kids who saw the picture once, leave through the side exits!"

Excitement ran through the audience. A few cowards got up to leave. Some hid under the seats, some ran to hide in the toilets, others just waited to be thrown out, as a crew of ushers went up and down the aisles to examine each individual stub. Here and there a child would attempt to rush through the cordon to an area of the theater that had already been screened. Plunk! Plunk! The ushers grabbed one here and one there and hauled them out amid loud protests.

How Usher and I managed to remain, I do not know. It was possible that it took so long to screen that crowd that "Frog-face" decided his schedule was in jeopardy and started up the movie again. Still, there we were, the lights down again, with the same old lady cleaning and scrubbing and sewing, and the same soldier boy, and the poorhouse over the hill. And the same children reacted in the same way at exactly the same moments. First the stillness, then the terror at the army scenes, the moans and groans as the mother went over the hill to the poorhouse, the cheers when the soldier boy returned, the bedlam when he drags the culprit over the hill to the poorhouse.

"A LOUSY picture!" said Usher.

"Not enough shooting!" I said.

We were coming up the stairs to Usher's house. It was now early evening and twilight was beginning to fall.

"Sh!" said Usher's mother as we entered the kitchen. "Not a word. Your father's asleep."

Then opening the nearly empty icebox, she took out some sour cream which she set on the table. Then taking a banana from the window sill and some black bread from the bread box, she said:

"Here, eat. It'll make you grow good."

"Don't eat in Usher's house," my mother had warned me. "Don't take the bread away from their mouths. They have nothing to eat as it is!"

"Well?" asked Usher's mother as he sat gobbling up the bananas and cream.

"Well, what?" asked Usher.

"You know," she said. "The picture? Did you like the picture?"

"Oh, the picture," he said, and quickly brightened. "It was a good picture!"

And as quickly as he had brightened, that was how quickly he unbrightened.

"Did it learn you anything?" his mother asked, moving cautiously.

"Yeh, Ma, it learned me a lot!"

"And what did it learn you?"

"It learned me: 'Don't give up the ship!' 'Remember the Maine!' 'Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!' "

"Anything else? About fathers and mothers I mean?"

A piece of wood! It was as if she were talking to a piece of wood.

"Yeh! You gotta be good to your father and mother."

"That's a good son," and then after a thoughtful pause in which I could see a tear springing to her eye and falling down her cheek, she pleaded with that lousy Usher: "Usher, will you be good to your mother when she's old and gray?"

"Sure, Ma, I'll be good to my mother!"

"Will you remember that your mother worked and slaved for you and that she fed you?" she sighed. "Here, have another piece of banana."

"Sure! Sure, Ma!"

At that moment Usher's father came in from the bedroom, his eyes still red from sleep. Taking a glass from the cupboard, he went to the sink to turn on the faucet.

"What do you want?" he said to her, very irritated. "A promise that you'll get a golden tombstone?"

"I don't want no golden tombstone," she said.

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"Don't you know there's a crisis in America?" he asked.

"I know, I know," she said. "If I didn't know the empty icebox tells me."

"Then what do you want—the child to give you a mortgage on the future?"

As he retreated back to the bedroom, she shouted after him, "In America they say, 'Mind your own business!' And what Usher and I have to say is none of your business!"

"Sure, Ma, sure," continued Usher. "I'll buy you a new dress and two pairs of shoes!"

"You don't have to buy me two pairs of shoes," she said. "I'll be satisfied if you buy me one pair."

"I'll take you out dancing! And won't let you wash floors! I'll even get you a maid!"

"And what would I do with a maid? I wouldn't even know how to speak to her!"

"I'll give you money and let you go to the beauty parlor to bleach your hair red!"

"Me—with red hair! Only whores go to the beauty parlor to dye their hair red," she said, then added, "And when I die?"

"A golden tombstone!"

"I don't want no golden tombstone! A plain one of stone is good enough for me," she said. "Will you say *kaddish* for me, my son?"

"I'll say *kaddish!* I'll say it for three years. I'll put lots of flowers on your grave. And every year I'll put up candles on the gas stove and light them. And on your tombstone I'll put stones to ward off the evil spirits. And you won't have to go over the hill to the poorhouse to wash floors!"

"You're too good to me!" she said.

"And now," said Usher, "gimmie ten cents!"

Into her housedress she dug again. And as Usher and I sped down into the street, I remember she called after us.

"Don't forget to say," she called, "don't forget to say *kaddish* for me when I die!"

"Where do you think you're going?" demanded Usher, blocking the path of a small child on the street.

"I'm going to the Dump to see a picture!"

"What a waste of good money," said Usher.

"What do you mean—what a waste of good money?" asked the child.

"A lousy picture!" said Usher.

"Yes!" I said. "You're wasting your good money if you go! It's a lousy picture! It's all about an old lady! And all she does is clean, clean, clean! And nobody dies!"

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# CEDARS OF LEBANON

## THE JUSTICE OF LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS

### *Tempered with Facts*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES proved a prophet when he said, "For the rational study of the law the black-letter man may be the man of the present, but the man of the future is the man of statistics and the master of economics." Louis D. Brandeis, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, was one of the first of those "men of the future." He never relied on the law alone. His mentor Holmes had also said, "It is revolting to have no better reason for a rule of law than that so it was laid down in the time of Henry IV," and Brandeis went back of the law and legal precedents to "the logic of facts." This attitude to justice still bears vigorous fruit, as witness the Supreme Court decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools.

Louis D. Brandeis was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on November 13, 1856. Two years after receiving his degree from Harvard Law School in 1887, he opened an office in Boston. At thirty-five he was a rich and successful attorney, a leader in civic reform (labor leaders and the liberal press called him "attorney for the people"), and a skilled arbitrator in labor disputes. In 1916 President Wilson appointed him an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, over bitter opposition in the Senate. During his twenty-three years as Justice (he died in 1941) he wrote 528 opinions distinguished by their lucidity and their application of social and economic fact to the interpretation of the law of the land.

The brief anthology from the legal wisdom of Louis Brandeis offered here shows the thread that runs unbroken through his life and thought; whether giving advice to a young lawyer or to a President, or pointing the way to new and beneficial legislation, or writing on rate-making, he practiced faithfully his belief that all judgment and social decision must have a firm basis in fact.—EDWARD J. BANDER.

THE application of an existing principle to a new state of facts is not judicial legislation. To call it such is to assert that the existing body of law consists practically of the statutes and decided cases, and to deny that the principles (of which these cases are ordinarily said to be evidence) exist at all. It is not the application of an existing principle to new cases, but the introduction of a new principle which is properly termed judicial legislation. (From "The Right to Privacy," by Brandeis and Warren, in the *Harvard Law Review*, December 15, 1890.)

* * *

Knowledge of the decided cases and of the rules of logic cannot alone make a great lawyer. He must know, must feel "in his bones," the facts to which they apply—must know, too, that if they do not stand the test of such application, the logical result will somehow or other be avoided. (Letter to William H. Dunbar, February, 1893.)

* * *

Nine-tenths of the serious controversies which arise in life result from misunderstanding, result from one man not knowing the facts which to the other man seem important, or otherwise failing to appreciate his point of view. (Address before the Boston Typothetae, April 22, 1904.)

* * *

Many a man will give a false impression by stating one thing because he does not see at the same time its relation to others. He states one thing without regard to the fact that other things, if not considered, will leave the situation presented in the wrong light. (As counsel for *Collier's Weekly* in the investigation of the Department of the



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Interior [Ballinger-Pinchot Dispute], May 27, 1910.)

* * *

An official of the New York Central: I know it [how railroads arrive at rate-making] the same way you know the things that make you such a clever lawyer.

Brandeis: I thank you for the compliments, but whatever knowledge I may have has come from the particular study of specific facts, and so I am seeking to find out from you what the specific facts are upon which you base your judgment in this matter. (As counsel for the Committee of Commercial Organizations during hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission, as reported in the New York *Times,* December 4, 1910.)

* * *

I have no general philosophy. All my life I have thought only in connection with the facts that came before me. It is true, however, in order to work intelligently with the facts, one must see the general direction. I think reason which leaps far ahead does very little in life. We need not so much to reason as to see and understand facts and conditions. Reason which deals with facts that may never be seems rather futile. (Interview to Hutchins Hapgood, New York *Globe,* January 8, 1912.)

* * *

Improve the education of our lawyers. This involves primarily the socialization of legal education, and that in turn requires that lawyers should not merely learn rules of law, but their purposes and effect when applied to the affairs of men. In other words —a study of facts, human, industrial, social, to which they are to be applied. (Letter to Norman Hapgood, July 30, 1912.)

* * *

In order to determine results you must be able not only to get at facts, but to get at facts comparatively, and you cannot get at any possible basis of comparison, without a most enormous investigation in each individual case unless you establish a standard of accounting. . . . The first essential of wise and just action is knowledge. (As witness on anti-trust legislation during hearings before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, January 30, 1914.)

* * *

What we must do in America, is not to attack our judges but to educate them. All judges should be made to feel, as many judges already do, that the things needed to protect liberty are radically different from what they were fifty years back. . . . In the past the courts have reached their conclusions largely deductively, from preconceived notions and precedents. The method I have tried to employ in arguing cases before them has been inductive, reasoning from the facts. (From *Business a Profession,* published in 1914.)

* * *

What is fair and reasonable, all things and all interests considered, is something which, in the absence of specific agreement between the parties, must be left to the judgment of men familiar with the particular facts, and the facts will vary in particular cases. (In arbitration proceedings, New York Cloak Industry, January 21, 1915.)

* * *

There is no logic that is properly applicable to any of these laws except the logic of facts. . . . The earlier attitude of judges was due to their theorizing on the subject instead of drawing inferences from the existing facts. (Statement before the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, January 22, 1915.)

* * *

The difficulty in deciding any question that comes up is really the difficulty in getting at the facts. Most men can decide any problem correctly if all of the facts be properly set between them. . . . No statement of facts, no matter how honest your people may be, can be relied upon until it has been subjected to the careful study and criticism of people who have a different point of view. (Statement before the Federal Trade Commission, April 30, 1915.)

* * *

Differences of opinion are not only natural but desirable where the question is difficult; for only through such differences do we secure that light and fuller understanding which are necessary to a wise decision. (Address in Baltimore, September 27, 1915.)

* * *

Whether a measure relating to the public welfare is arbitrary or unreasonable, whether it has no substantial relation to the end proposed, is obviously not to be determined by assumptions or by *a priori* reasoning. The judgment should be based upon a consid-

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eration of relevant facts, actual or possible—*ex facto jus oritur* [out of the facts arises the law]. That ancient rule must prevail in order that we may have a system of living law. (Dissent in Adams *v.* Tanner, 1917.)

* * *

Whether a law enacted in the exercise of the police power is justly subject to the charge of being unreasonable or arbitrary can ordinarily be determined only by a consideration of the contemporary conditions, social, individual, and political, of the community to be affected thereby. Resort to such facts is necessary, among other things, in order to appreciate the evils sought to be remedied and the possible effects of the remedy proposed. (Dissent in Truax *v.* Corrigan, 1921.)

* * *

Seek for betterment within the broad lines of existing institutions. Do so by attacking evil *in situ,* and proceed from the individual to the general. Remember that progress is necessarily slow; that remedies are necessarily tentative, that because of varying conditions there must be much and constant inquiry into facts . . . and much experimentation; and that always and everywhere the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of those concerned will remain an essential—and the main factor—in real betterment. (Letter to Robert W. Bruère, February 25, 1922.)

* * *

Unless we know the facts on which the legislators may have acted, we cannot properly decide whether they were (or whether their measures are) unreasonable, arbitrary, or capricious. Knowledge is essential to understanding, and understanding should precede judging. . . . Put at its highest, our function is to determine, in the light of all facts which may enrich our knowledge, and enlarge our understanding, whether the measure, enacted in the exercise of an unquestioned police power and of a character inherently unobjectionable, transcends the bounds of reason, that is whether the provision as applied is so clearly arbitrary or capricious that legislators acting reasonably could not have believed it to be necessary or appropriate for the public welfare. (Dissent in Jay Burns Baking Co. *v.* Bryan, 1924.)

* * *

It is a peculiar virtue of our system of law that the process of inclusion and exclusion, so often employed in developing a rule, is not allowed to end with its enunciation and that an expression in an opinion yields later to the impact of facts unforeseen. (Dissent in Jaybird Mining Co. *v.* Weir, 1926.)

* * *

The human experience embodied in the doctrine of *stare decisis* . . . does not command that we err again when we have occasion to pass upon a different statute. In the search for truth through the slow process of inclusion and exclusion, involving trial and error, it behooves us to reject, as guides, the decisions upon such questions which prove to have been mistaken . . . the logic of words should yield to the logic of realities. (Dissent in DiSanto *v.* Commonwealth *v.* Pennsylvania, 1927.)

* * *

The court bows to the lessons of experience and the force of better reasoning, recognizing that the process of trial and error, so fruitful in the physical sciences, is appropriate also in the judicial function. (Dissent in Burnet *v.* Coronado Oil and Gas Co., 1932.)

* * *

I would require of everyone who wished to pursue any one of the professions, arts, or sciences, an eight-year college course, which would familiarize him with the major outlines of civilization, so that the specialities not his own might not be altogether alien to him. (*The Words of Justice Brandeis,* edited by Solomon Goldman, 1953.)

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# ON THE HORIZON

## THE "TWO WORLDS" OF DAVID DAICHES

### *Who Is a Jew?*

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

DAVID DAICHES'S essay in autobiography comes subtitled "A Jewish Childhood in Edinburgh," and its assurance that those two worlds combine picturesquely has convinced at least the jacket designer, who stencils a menorah against a colored background that looks suspiciously like a tartan. "The two worlds, in my childhood, were not really separate," Daiches informs us. Scottish Presbyterian orthodoxy accepted Daiches's Jewish orthodoxy with respect and interest, and his Scripture teacher would ask, "What does the Hebrew say, Daiches?" whenever he came to "some obscure incident." Linguistically, Daiches notes, "Scots preserves many Germanic words lost in standard English and found, in a similar or even identical form, in Yiddish"; in one comic chapter, which appeared in the *New Yorker,* he explores the vagaries of the Scots-Yiddish spoken by the Jewish immigrants in Edinburgh. Coexistence has occurred on many levels: for his doctorate at Oxford, Daiches studied English translations of the Hebrew Bible; as a poet, he translated Judah Halevi into Lallans Scots; as an ethnolinguist, he noted how the whisky slogan "Take a peg of John Begg" was transformed into *"Nem a schmeck fun Dzon Beck."*

As a child, Daiches reports, he responded loyally to pulls in both directions. He carried a pocket history of the Jews to school, to refer proudly to facts and figures, while "In my secret heart I wanted to wear a kilt"; he found "the sound of bagpipes deeply rousing" and was moved equally by "the plaintive melodies of Jewish liturgy"; he was driven to win a university scholarship to "vindicate the character of the Jew in Scotland." The important difference Daiches felt, which he returns to again and again in the book, was in relation to time: the secular year seemed to be outside time, while the Jewish world was cyclic and time-bound. "The streets and meadows and hills of Edinburgh represented the timeless world," as though "the sun stood still in the sky and time was arrested forever," while "my religion, with its fixed times and seasons, its recurring sabbaths and feasts and fasts, each with its own synagogue and domestic ritual, was a world strictly divided into temporal units." The Jewish pressure toward a life wholly within culture and outside nature, which Isaac Babel anatomizes in the stories of his childhood, was not Daiches's experience: young Davie was thought to be as legitimately occupied going tadpoling in Dunsappie Loch as in his daily practice of

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STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN finds, in this essay on David Daiches's autobiographical *Two Worlds* (Harcourt, Brace, 192 pp., $3.50), that the problem of Jewish self-identification is much the same in Edinburgh, Scotland, as in Binghamton, N. Y. Mr. Hyman is a *New Yorker* staff writer as well as professor of literature and folk literature at Bennington College. A revised version of his handbook of modern criticism, *The Armed Vision,* has recently been published by Knopf in their paperback series, with a companion volume of readings edited by him, *The Critical Performance.*



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piano and fiddle; if his father thought rugger and cricket essentially absurd, he approved of and himself participated in walking and climbing, swimming and golf.

AH, "his father." It has hardly been possible to write this much about the book without mentioning Daiches's father. He was Dr. Salis Daiches, rabbi of the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation and "virtual spiritual head of the Jews in Scotland." *Two Worlds* is actually less a reminiscence of Daiches's childhood than a memoir of Daiches's father, who died in 1945, "one day after Hitler and three weeks after Roosevelt." Rabbi Daiches brilliantly interpreted the niceties of rabbinic law for his congregation and visitors; "he was a great preacher," Daiches says, whose eloquence "I have rarely heard equalled"; he did his Ph.D. thesis on Hume and was a profound student of Kant; he wrote scholarly essays, collected in the book *Aspects of Judaism*, as well as frequent letters to the daily *Scotsman*, resonant with the voice of Scottish Jewry, which "did an immense amount to create a pro-Jewish public opinion in the country." Rabbi Daiches was an odd but not unprecedented combination of progressivism and Orthodoxy: he ruled that switching electricity on and off was not "kindling a fire" on the Sabbath; he disliked Yiddish, his native tongue, and was rather snobbish about those "only half emerged from the ghetto"; he was optimistic about "the emergence of Judaism as a proud and respected part of a pluralistic European culture"; his religion was a "humanist utilitarianism," yet, Daiches says, "he had a profound religious sensibility" beneath that surface; and he abhorred the Liberal and Reform Judaism with which his ideas had so much in common.*

Daiches describes his father as naive and unworldly, even childlike, yet "in many respects remarkably tough-minded." The senior Daiches was "a fine figure of a man" and something of a dandy; in his later years he relaxed enough to stop waxing his mustache, and on vacations to discard his stiff collar and silk hat for gray flannels and a blue blazer; he learned to swim at forty and took up a pipe. Rabbi Daiches never felt entirely free with his children, Daiches says, but he eventually got so he could drink a glass of beer in a bar with his sons. (Daiches's paternal grandfather, also a famous rabbi and scholar, the world's leading authority on the Jerusalem Talmud, had no such difficulty, and annoyed his earnest grandson by never talking to him about anything but girls and such vulgar matters.)

Daiches writes of his father in a tone of respect and love, yet many of his reminiscences speak eloquently of strain and difficulty, and the relation seems to have involved an extreme of dominance and subordination. In one remarkably interesting anecdote, Daiches says his reaction as a child to a legal victory of his father's over a rabbinic rival was thinking, "So perish all the King's enemies!" "These chapters from my autobiography turn out to be a tribute to him," Daiches writes. "He is the hero, not I." Yet it is a tribute of an oddly ambivalent sort, and at times the hero is indistinguishable from a villain.

AS A venture in autobiography, *Two Worlds* is hardly a major work. Where it deliberately invites comparison with Proust: "Even now, the taste of seed cake, like Proust's *madeleine*, brings back . . ." the comparison can only be demolishing. If one thinks of another recent memoir of a Jewish childhood, Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City* (which Daiches reviewed appreciatively in COMMENTARY, December 1951), one is immediately struck by the far greater lyricism and beauty of the Kazin book. Daiches seems unsure of the audience he is writing for, shifting continually between the assumption of a shared culture and explanation of the simplest matters. There is one deficiency fatal to autobiogra-

*A chapter from Mr. Daiches's book in which he dealt at length with both his father and grandfather was published in COMMENTARY for December 1955.—ED.

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phy, which must lay the heart bare in a fashion not even required of lyric poetry: Daiches either has little psychological insight into his own motivations, or is often disingenuous. He begins a long disquisition on his relations with his older brother: "There is, in Jewish tradition as in many other traditions, a peculiar *mystique* attached to the eldest son." Every incident of his account shows envy, rivalry, and preferential treatment, even to "more and fancier cakes at his *bar mitzvah* party than at mine." The tone is typically "I found myself, inexplicably, bursting into tears," or "my mother's remark, which I have never forgotten." Yet Daiches concludes: "How difficult it is to tell the truth and not be misleading! It might be imagined from what I have written above that I had a grievance against Lionel for being the eldest son and against my parents for treating him as such. But I had no shadow of such a grievance (in spite of individual instances such as that of the chessmen) nor did I ever really believe that Lionel got preferential treatment from my parents."

Daiches simply refuses to make the connections. For example, he tells two oddly parallel anecdotes in *Two Worlds*. In the first, he explains that when he stayed with his paternal grandfather at Leeds his grandfather used to have pickled herring and dark bread served to himself privately every night before dinner. When the boy, fascinated by the mysterious ceremony, finally nerved himself to tell the old man that he too liked pickled herring, he was handed it generously, and ate "rather more than I really wanted." In the second, Daiches tells the story of an old fierce-looking Edinburgh peddler named Moishe Pinkinsky, who was moved to share his sandwich of dark bread and chopped herring with a Gentile stranger in his train compartment. "I ate for dear life," the Gentile later told his friends, from whom the story got to Daiches. "And, you know, it tasted damn good. Some kind of caviar." Daiches never notices the parallel, nor that he, too, is in the role of the uncomprehending stranger, the *goy*.

The true drama of *Two Worlds* is thus found mostly below the surface, in hints, fragmentary revelations, and unconscious weightings. It is of course the story of Daiches's break with his father, primarily over his marrying a Gentile classmate; his flight to America in 1937 to save his father's face (his father had threatened to resign his position as rabbi); then a variety of appeasing gestures on both sides, including the young couple's Orthodox Jewish wedding in America and a "Yom Kippur blessings" cable from Daiches's parents; finally some sort of partial reconciliation when Daiches and his wife returned to Scotland for a visit in 1939, with a grandson. The next time Daiches came back, just before his father's death, the old man preached a sermon about Jacob's sending Joseph out into the world which Daiches took as addressed to him, "offering full understanding and reconciliation."

The last paragraph of the book identifies his father's adjustment to Daiches's break with his tradition as "rueful rather than either complacent or tragic." Daiches's own final adjustment in the book is, curiously, none of those things, merely the literary critic's neutral discovery that Robert Louis Stevenson is an analogue: "Stevenson's problems as a young man in Edinburgh were startlingly like my own; his relations with his father were like mine; we both went to America for similar reasons; we both achieved the same kind of ultimate reconciliation with our families." That the book is ultimately self-justification is made clear by its dedication to Daiches's mother ("hoping that this new perspective on familiar scenes will explain rather than disturb"). Yet it never fairly rises to the height of its own story, to the full perception that would warrant all that purpose and passion.

WHAT gives Daiches's book its exceptional interest and importance is not, in other words, his literary or imaginative power, but his typicality. In some fashion Daiches appears to be a representative figure for our time, and what we have in common with him seems central where the differ-

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ences seem peripheral. Edinburgh is not that different from Binghamton. Daiches is an aristocrat, as *Two Worlds* makes clear, with an ancestry of "rabbinical scholars and Talmudists of considerable eminence" going back to Rashi in the 11th century and beyond that—Daiches had it from family tradition—to King David. (One convinced classmate proclaimed "If Daiches's father had his right, he would be King of the Jews," and the young prince used to lie awake at night wondering whether he might not be the Messiah.) True, our ancestry is less distinguished, but is not every Jew a king, and do we not all claim descent from Father Abraham, and most of us from the Vilna Gaon in addition?

Daiches claims that he never encountered anti-Semitism until he came to America at twenty-five, but it seems unlikely; some of us grew up in the Jewish majority culture of Flatbush and Borough Park, and hardly knew a Gentile until we went away to college, but we knew anti-Semitism nevertheless. Orthodoxy and being a rabbi's son shut Daiches off from a lot—he was deprived of the school literary society, which met on Friday nights, and the cricket matches, which were held on Saturday afternoons; he felt a barrier between himself and other Jewish boys because "We were the rabbi's sons; people must watch their step in front of us"; for many years he never tasted fish and chips, because they were fried in animal fat, or bakeshop pastries, lest they be made of lard; he could not take girls to dances at the university (perhaps they too were made of lard?). Yet precisely what he could not be shut off from, the Gentile culture that came to him through books, turned Daiches in the literary direction so compatible with his Talmudic training and habits of mind, and so characteristic of many with similar backgrounds. At the age of fifteen Daiches wrote an epic poem in the style of *Marmion* on the subject of the Chanukah story, a *Maccabead;* in his last year of secondary school, he was translating the *Odyssey* into limerick verse; at the University of Edinburgh he was senior president of the English Literature Society, literary editor of the magazine, and so forth.

Now, like so many skewed Talmudists, Daiches is a specialist in the rabbinic niceties of literary criticism, a teacher of Milton and Burns, the author of a dozen volumes on literary subjects. Daiches remembers the characteristic form of discourse in his household to have been argument, with parents, visitors, anyone; as he recalls, "it seems to me that we talked pretty nearly all the time." Now, of course, it is the lecture and the seminar. As befits a rabbi's son, Daiches has a far better command of Hebrew than any of us, if less of a secular Yiddish culture than such comparable American figures as Alfred Kazin or Irving Howe. (A few of us, luckless, fought Hebrew school too thoroughly to have much Hebrew training, and if our parents were Yiddish-speaking they preserved it as a private language in which to keep things from the children, as Dylan Thomas's parents did with Welsh, and as Cleopatra's parents, for all we know, did with Greek.)

Daiches's religious experience seems fairly typical, even to the intermarriage and the children raised on Jewish tradition filleted like a shad, with all the tiny irritating bones of religion picked out and thrown away. Unlike him, many of us would call ourselves "atheist" rather than "agnostic," not out of preference for the harsher and more provocative word, but because "godless" seems a more honest descriptive term than "unknowing." The first major doctrinal break with Jewish faith that Daiches recalls was over that key point the *Akedah,* the sacrifice of Isaac, which has so strongly appealed to religious sensibilities from Kierkegaard to Dr. Wellisch. Daiches found it revolting then, and says he is still horrified by it. In his last year at the university, he began "to doubt profoundly" the authority of Judaism in the divine Revelation of the Torah to Moses, and within two or three years all faith had departed. When Daiches revisits Edinburgh now he still attends the synagogue, as a sentimental exercise, but the old *"frisson"* (the French word is characteristic) that

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used to go down his spine at the climax of the Yom Kippur service is apparently gone for good. Others of us would record an essentially similar progress, mostly earlier, with different stimuli. One renegade of my acquaintance dates his break with Jewish religion to agonized childhood broodings on the custom of the *shabbes goy* (which Daiches recalls in *Two Worlds* with fond nostalgia), on the theory that a religion unconcerned with the soul of the Polish "super," encouraging *him* to violate God's commandment, was no religion he could accept.

IN PERSONAL and dramatic terms, David Daiches thus raises the whole problem of Jewish identity and identification. In February 1951, he published in COMMENTARY a thoroughly provocative statement, "American Judaism: A Personal View," which many readers (among them this one) found spoke quite eloquently to their condition. In it he explained that having been raised in Jewish Orthodoxy he had become an agnostic and broken with the synagogue, but that Orthodoxy with its rituals and liturgies had a satisfaction and consistency, even a beauty, that made any modernized or reformed Judaism seem irrelevant and absurd. The choice was thus "Rabbinical Judaism" entire, or nothing, and Daiches chose nothing. (In *Two Worlds,* Daiches explains that it was his father's arguments against the illogicalities of Liberal Judaism that destroyed it as a "line of defense to which I might retreat," and thus paradoxically drove him to agnosticism.) Daiches's own solution, he said, is to teach his children "the Hebrew tradition," which he defined as Jewish history and the Hebrew language, not religion—they were to read the Bible and Talmud, in Hebrew, as secular works.

The response to Daiches's statement was rather remarkable. In a formal rejoinder, "The Task of Being an American Jew," (COMMENTARY, March 1951), Rabbi Leo S. Baeck thanked Daiches for his graphic raising of the issues, strongly denied the existence of any Jewish creed requiring belief or disbelief, and devoted most of his space to a historical defense of Reform, claiming that in a larger perspective, even those Jews who had formally renounced their Jewish identity —Heine, Marx, Disraeli—were nevertheless within Judaism. The reaction of a number of other rabbis, in the letter columns, ranged from ironic praise for the article as one of COMMENTARY's rare defenses of Orthodoxy, to a strong denunciation by a rabbi in North Dakota (April 1951) of the *"chutzpah"* of Daiches's uncommitted, hence unexistentialist, view. Letters from laymen ranged similarly from one who went some distance beyond Daiches to deny that Judaism was any part of "Western civilization" and to characterize the Talmud as "largely pointless rubbish," to one who noted that God "chose an agnostic to voice His Call in the wilderness." One correspondent, Miss Carolyn A. Lisberger of San Francisco (April 1951) revealed that like Daiches she was a Jew and an agnostic, that like him she also went occasionally to the synagogue, and explained that she kept her "identity as a Jew," defining it as "an identification with a group that has a common heritage, a historical culture, an ethics that are rooted in a Jewish humanistic concern down the ages." What is visible most clearly in Miss Lisberger's letter, but is the peculiar feature of all the letters, is that no one equates Jewish identity with belief in, or practice of, the Jewish religion. Thus no correspondent, however indignant, denied that Daiches the agnostic was a Jew, although a number denied his typicality, authority to speak on the issue, or intellectual honesty.

A writer I know well had been stamping around in fury outside the Jewish religion for many years, because he could not believe in the reality of God, or the after-life, before he discovered in a colloquy with a pious uncle that he had left under a misapprehension, that none of his pious relations believed in those things, except, it was explained to him, one crazy great-aunt who had believed that when she died she would sit in Moses' capacious lap. His relatives

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believed in right religion, in Torah, in faithful ritual performance, in ancestral tradition; as Rabbi Baeck says, Judaism is not a creedal religion. But is a religion without faith any religion at all, and were not my friend's pious relatives *shul*-going atheists, Chinese ancestor-worshippers?

These days the fashion seems to run to making Jewish identity a matter of some rigorous pair of alternatives. Defining Judaism as revealed religion, Daiches says hold to traditional Orthodoxy or assimilate, and casting a regretful eye back on the Sabbath service, he chooses to assimilate. Arthur Koestler, in an even more emphatic essay, "Judah at the Crossroads," in *The Trail of the Dinosaur,* defines Jewish identity as historic nationhood, makes the choice becoming a citizen of Israel or assimilating, and he too, with a shrug of regret, decides for assimilation.

Daiches's all-or-nothing attitude toward religion, with Orthodoxy impossible but Reform absurd, is not unfamiliar in those who have deserted any rigorous communion; it is a fairly common attitude of lapsed Catholics toward Protestantism, and is, for example, precisely the attitude of Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's novels. Sometimes, for a variety of reasons, the "all" is chosen after a dabble in "nothing"—in the saintly old Gandhi, spinning in his loin cloth, it is hard to remember the young London dandy who wore evening clothes and wickedly ate beef. The Daiches family were amateur students of what the anthropologists call acculturation; Daiches writes, in an unusually patronizing sentence, of the same Moishe Pinkinsky who broke his bread with a stranger: "Moishe and his like were regarded in our family with affectionate indulgence as interesting examples of a transitional stage in the emancipation from the ghetto." In a review of Nathan Ausubel's *Treasury of Jewish Humor* in COMMENTARY, January 1952, Daiches defines what we think of as characteristic Jewish humor, ironic and wry, as similarly a transitional stage in Jewish history, existing neither before nor long after the ghetto.

Yet while he watches acculturation with an ethnologist's eye, Daiches is himself acculturation in action, as much the product of a stage in culture contact as any drunken and demoralized Ojibway. When he says in the article on American Judaism, "Let those of us with a Jewish background . . . teach our children Hebrew and Jewish history," does he think that he can transmit his Jewish background, without the sanctions of religion, to his half-Gentile children and to their children? If he does manage to transmit historical and linguistic loyalties to his children and grandchildren, will they then be Jews, or only the sort of Gentile pro-Semites Daiches cheerfully describes in *Two Worlds* as "lunatic" and "embarrassing"?

IS DAICHES himself in fact a Jew, and to whom, and what does being a Jew mean? To the historic Jewish community, Daiches is a Jew if he never goes to the synagogue, ignores the Law, and believes nothing; he was circumcised in the Covenant at eight days as a *ben b'rith,* confirmed in the Covenant at thirteen as a Bar Mitzvah, and nothing can cancel those things out, I should imagine, but excommunication (which has gone out of fashion) or the formal renunciation in Christian baptism (and not even that for Rabbi Baeck). Daiches might be thought a bad Jew, an agnostic Jew, but a Jew nevertheless, as the letters to COMMENTARY make clear. To the Gentile community, he and his children and probably their children are Jews because they have "Jewish blood." But is Daiches a Jew in his own mind? The Covenant in which he was circumcised and confirmed is a contract with God, periodically renegotiated in the Old Testament, in which in return for certain behavior God promises the seed of Abraham, among other things, the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession. But if Daiches, like Koestler, does not want the land of Canaan, does not obey the requirements of his share of the deal, and in fact does not believe in the historicity of the contract or the existence of the other contracting party—could we not fairly say that the Covenant is canceled for

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him, as for many of us? And will his children, or our children, be circumcised and confirmed in it?

"Whether the Jews are a race or a nation or a religious community has long ceased to bother me," Daiches writes in "American Judaism: A Personal View." But it might well bother him. If we know more modern anthropology than Alfred Rosenberg or Julius Streicher, we know that the Jews are not a race, and that "race" is a term of very limited application. If the Jews are a nation, as Koestler maintains, it is the nation of Israel and some dispersed stragglers who hope to be there in time for the next Passover, but Daiches is not one of those. With some melancholy, he writes in *Two Worlds:* "And I remember during my first year at Edinburgh University thinking that the summit of my academic ambitions would be to become professor of English at the newly founded Hebrew University in Jerusalem. It is perhaps a sad and certainly an ironic comment on human affairs that when I was offered that position at the end of the war I declined it."

He does not even think much of Israel's language, Hebrew, in "the unmusical and inflexible Sephardic pronunciation," loyal as he is to the arguments in favor of "a modified form of the Ashkenazic pronunciation" in his father's book. If the Jews are a religious community, Daiches stands outside it, but no one seems to think that they are, and if they were, which religious community would it be?

If his Jewishness is not racial, national, or religious, it must be a cultural identity, either internal (language, history, habits) or external (the world's judgment from a name, a gesture, the jut of a nose). Culturally, then, this learned disciple of those wonder-working rabbis I. A. Richards and Kenneth Burke (and all of us like him) is a Jew, and, as his book makes clear, proud to be one, along with the excommunicated Spinoza, the baptized Marx, the atheist Freud, the assimilated Proust, the heaven-storming Einstein. Ultimately, perhaps, more than historical and linguistic identification, it is habits of mind, patterns of taste. Daiches was never so much his father's son as when disobeying his father's order against fraternizing with Gentile girls at the university, thinking: "Presumably it was all right if I got into conversation with a girl after a lecture or after a society meeting. Was it all right to walk a few steps while talking with her? If so, how many?"

But these habits of mind are not inherited, they were trained in Daiches by the study of Talmud and Torah. Will his children have them? Will their children? Some of us now, proud in Jewish cultural identity, have not much more to transmit than a few words of mispronounced Yiddish, a midnight longing for a pastrami sandwich, a sardonic anecdote. We, and David Daiches, may yet find that with the best will in the world, timeless Jewish cultural identity without time-bound Jewish ritual, "with its fixed times and seasons, its recurring sabbaths and feasts and fasts," diminishes and attenuates over the years and the generations, until finally it is only the memory of a memory, the dim recollection that once there was a glorious city where now only the bleak undifferentiated waves roll.

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# THE STUDY OF MAN

## IMMIGRATION AND ACCULTURATION

### *In Israel and in Australia*

WILLIAM PETERSEN

IN THE United States, the assimilation of immigrants was a subject of great concern in the early 1920's. Since then, with the decline of immigration, both popular and academic interest in it has waned. In other countries, however, it is being more intensively analyzed than ever. Two studies on the assimilation of immigrants, in Australia and Israel respectively, bear witness to this new interest —an interest forced upon these two countries by the great importance immigration has now assumed for their national lives.

I

AUSTRALIA'S is by far the simpler case of the two. Until the Second World War, her non-aboriginal population was almost wholly of British stock. A law passed in 1901 effectually barred further Asian immigration, and the Chinese minority already in the country soon dwindled to a few thousands. Continental Europeans were discouraged from coming to Australia by the great distance, a difficulty mitigated for British immigrants by their having the cost of their passage subsidized. In 1925 this physical isolation was reinforced by a law empowering the Governor General to deny entry to aliens of any nationality, race, class, or occupation that he specified.

During the recent war, however, the Japanese threat taught Australia what a liability her sparsely inhabited territory was in the face of the overcrowded countries within striking distance, and she proceeded in 1945 to launch the biggest immigration program of her history. Fully half her immigrants since then have been non-British in origin. Several large questions soon arose, which experts have been trying to answer. How would these new nationality groups adapt to "the Australian way of life"? Would the admission of Italians, Poles, Dutchmen, and Yugoslavs add to Australia's national strength, as the sponsors of the program intended? Or would the rapid increase of population and the wide variety of "New Australians" have the contrary effect—which is what its opponents feared?

One way of getting an answer to such questions was to find out what happened to Australia's non-British minorities, such as they were, before 1945. Wilfrid D. Borrie, the author of a number of excellent works on Australia's population, studied the diverse fates of two such immigrant groups, and the resultant *Italians and Germans in Australia: A Study of Assimilation* (Melbourne: Cheshire,

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THE problem of "acculturation," which under the older term of assimilation engrossed the attention of Americans in the days before the U.S. virtually closed its gates to immigrants, is now a vital concern for two widely separated countries: Australia and Israel. WILLIAM PETERSEN here considers the subject in connection with two recent works on immigration to these countries. Mr. Petersen, who is now an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Colorado, was born in Jersey City in 1912 and educated at Columbia, the New School of Social Research, the University of Amsterdam, and the Sorbonne. He has taught at Smith College, Columbia, and the University of California. He is the author of *Planned Migration: The Social Determinants of the Dutch Canadian Movement* and the editor of a recent Anchor book, *American Social Patterns*. He wrote on "The 'Scientific' Basis of our Immigration Policy," for our July 1955 number, and on "The American Family" in the issue of January 1956.



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1954) makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of acculturation. Dr. Borrie combined census data with local history in a coherent narrative and supplemented this with a field survey among the Italian immigrants and their second-generation school children. The fact that he studied two minority groups rather than one adds immeasurably to the value of his analysis, for some of his most interesting points concern the contrasts he found.

As in the United States, one of the major differences between the two nationalities was in period of settlement, with the Germans beginning to immigrate before 1850 and the Italians several decades later. The first Germans were mainly pioneer agriculturists, and the culture they brought with them was transplanted to an empty land. The Lutheran church—the dominant social force among them—set the pattern of their communities' development, establishing German-language schools and other institutions whose conscious aim was to preserve *Deutschtum*.

Although later German immigrants were motivated by secular rather than religious factors, once in Australia they were drawn into the religious life of the original settlements, or else intermarried with British Australians and disappeared from the social historian's view. The fact that the Lutheran church kept splitting—eventually into six different synods—had the paradoxical effect of reinforcing its total influence, for the very emotion generated by these quarrels helped intensify and maintain allegiance to the various churches.

The dominant theme of the Germans in Australia, thus, was isolation—at first physical, then social. The original settlements worked out their own way of life, and it was this way of life rather than the general Australian pattern that most subsequent German immigrants adapted to. Even when they moved to the cities, Germans in Australia retained something of their isolation: being mostly shopkeepers or independent businessmen, they did not enter into competition with other Australians for jobs, or into contact with them in the trade unions.

In the early years, the Germans in Australia were universally praised for their sobriety, frugality, honesty—"a community remarkable for probity and respect for our laws." That they preserved their own language and customs, and even a dual political loyalty, was not found disturbing until Britain and Germany began to clash on the international scene around the turn of the century. In the years before 1914, the most important of Australia's German-language newspapers, the *Australische Zeitung*, repeatedly expressed its sorrow at this "estrangement of the Teutonic races." But it took the war itself to make dual loyalty no longer possible. Later, in the 1930's, the intensive Nazi propaganda carried on in Australia found some echo among German Australians in the cities, but, surprisingly enough, almost none in the rural areas, where German was still the domestic language of the third generation.

From the experience of the German Australians Dr. Borrie concludes, perhaps too hastily, that "where there is no conflict on economic grounds, the cultural persistence of a minority which forms only a fraction of the total population is unlikely to be a cause of tension unless that minority's country of origin pursues a political or international policy which is opposed to the interests of the receiving country."

The pattern of Italian acculturation, according to the survey Dr. Borrie made among a group of Italian Australians in six shires of Queensland, was markedly different from the German. The Italian-born in Australia, fewer than 1,000 in 1871, increased slowly to 8,000 in 1921, and then very rapidly to 27,000 in 1933. These rather small numbers represent those who stayed; other Italians worked in Australia for a number of years and then returned to Italy, either permanently or to seek wives.

Most Italians began in Australia as field workers, but by the time of the survey about two-thirds of them (including 95 per cent of the Sicilians) had acquired their own farms. "In the initial stages this was frequently achieved by two or three Italians operating on a share basis and carrying a much heavier load of debt than the individualistic Australian farmer was prepared to risk. Further, the Italians were not deterred by having to pay high prices for their properties, and in this situation there were always Australian farmers who were willing to sell." Thus, in contrast to the Germans, the Italians came into sharp economic competition with other Australians, and the reaction of the latter was "unsympathetic, and at times clearly hostile."

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Partly as a consequence of this hostility, Italians tended to establish themselves in insulated groups, some of them very tiny. Children brought up in such communities began school with no more than a rudimentary knowledge of English but, unlike the children of German immigrants a generation or two earlier, they went to the regular Australian schools. The second-generation Italians, like their counterparts in American cities, learned to fit into a bicultural pattern that was Italian at home and Australian away from it.

This pattern had no institutional basis, however: there were no special Italian schools or churches. To some degree, there was not even an "Italian" minority, for most of the immigrants were peasants who felt that they were Piedmontese, Venetians, or Sicilians before they were members of the nation-state of Italy. Although many had left Italy after Mussolini's rise to power, most of them had no strong political sympathies, either Fascist or anti-Fascist, and most were also indifferent to religion. Once their vestigial ties to Italy had been definitely broken by the Second World War, no cultural reasons seemed to remain why the differences between them and other Australians should not have begun to vanish rapidly.

That this has not happened is primarily due, in Dr. Borrie's estimation, to the competitive and largely successful struggle of the Italians for economic survival:

"The opposition to the southern European which still lingers in Australia, although frequently expressed in terms which may seem to have a racial content, is still basically economic. What the average Australian still fears first is the introduction of a minority who may threaten to undercut his material standard of life."

I wonder, however, whether it would not be equally valid to say, "The opposition to the Southern European, although frequently expressed in economic terms, is still basically related to the fear of any minority that may threaten the higher status associated with British stock." If it is true that several rather ugly anti-Italian riots took place during the 1930's in the areas most affected by the depression, it is also true that even when there was no economic competition social contacts were inhibited by the "suspicion on the part of Australians that Italians were inferior to British or Nordic stock." From this distance, the persistent determination to maintain a "White Australia" does not seem to be merely a rationalization of the desire to preserve a high standard of living.

Even so, Dr. Borrie's attempt to analyze anti-foreign sentiment in terms of the actual behavior of immigrant groups is a useful corrective to many studies of acculturation. We typically assume that nativist attitudes are wholly irrational, with no necessary relation to the way immigrants act; and in many cases this assumption is certainly well based. Sometimes, however, newcomers are disliked because *they* work for less, because *they* may be "disloyal." To restrict the analysis *a priori* to the "authoritarian personality," say, of the native population may be begging the question.

## II

Acculturation has been described as the interaction between a constant and a variable—that is, between a stable receiving culture and an adapting immigrant group. Something like this relation has obtained in Australia, with its predominantly British population and minute ethnic minorities. The other extreme is represented by Israel, where one of the problems is precisely how to define the "native" culture to which "immigrants" are to adapt.

The movement of Jews to Palestine-Israel has been, in proportion to the population of the receiving country, the largest migration in history. Four out of five of the Jews in Israel are immigrants, and one out of two came in the eight years since the founding of the state. In any other host country, the native-born dominate simply by reason of their numbers; but in Israel the native-born sabras, one ethnic minority among others, do not dominate even in a legal sense. Immigrants to all other countries arrive as petitioners, admitted under conditions set down by the receiving country, while Israel's Law of Return proclaims that "every Jew has the right to come to this country as an immigrant." In principle, this is an unconditional right: the state that has declared itself the Jewish homeland can make no legitimate demands on any Jew who wants to come "home."

On the other hand, Israel will not become a nation in a meaningful sense unless her diverse peoples acquire some degree of homogeneity. Her polyglot population has a tremendous cultural range, from Viennese psychoanalysts and Frankfort judges to Yemen-

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ite shepherds and Moroccan water-sellers. The strongest bond uniting these various ethnic groups is negative—resentment of the anti-Semitism many Jews had met in the Gentile world. Most of their positive bonds are not universal, and within the confines of a single country can thus be divisive. Not all Israelis, for instance, are Zionists. Nor are all of them religious Jews, and some—like the "Canaanites" —even object to being called "Jews" altogether. All are, indeed, "Israelis," but what is the cultural content of this designation? The Hebrew language is only beginning to acquire a secular literature, and Israel's society is still in the process of evolving some of its basic institutions.

Under such conditions what does it mean to say that an immigrant is acculturated or, to use the term current in Israel, "absorbed"? According to the ideology of Zionism, the assimilation of Jews to any national culture other than Israel's is either impossible or, when it does take place, reprehensible. Acculturation to Israel, by this view, is not required of the real Jew, because he brings with him his "Jewish" culture, which is also the culture of Israel.

What seems to be happening is a struggle on the part of each minority to establish its own norms as the universals to which all other Israelis must conform. Four minorities can be distinguished as the most important in this connection: the pioneer settlers who came to Palestine as Zionists; the native-born, who speak Hebrew as their mother tongue and are the first heirs of the Zionist tradition; the refugees from Nazism, the self-conscious carriers of Western culture, as contrasted with the rough-and-ready sabra; and the Middle Eastern immigrants, the latest arrivals, who represent a traditional Judaism relatively untouched by secularist influence. All four of these subcultures have a legitimate status in Israel, and while they share some features, their differences are important.

In view of its complexities, it is not surprising that neither the problem of acculturation nor the broader one of Israel's immigration has yet been adequately analyzed. A recent work by Dr. S. N. Eisenstadt, chairman of the Sociology Department of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem (*The Absorption of Immigrants: A Comparative Study Based Mainly on the Jewish Community in Palestine and the State of Israel.* Glencoe, Illinois: Free Press, 1955) is largely a disappointment, and not only in this respect. Its data are thin, its structure is uncertain, and its copy-editing extremely careless.* It is less a work in social analysis than in social psychology, and while this is of course a legitimate emphasis, in the present case it is a regrettable one. Acculturation does take place in the human psyche, but in Israel the demographic and economic variables affecting the process are so important that one might have hoped for a more detailed examination of these.

The main argument of Dr. Eisenstadt's work can be summarized in three theses: (1) The core of the Israeli nation is the Hebrew-Zionist tradition. (2) The adaptation of other groups, therefore, can be indicated by measuring the degree to which they have accepted this tradition. (3) The range of cultural differences among the various sectors of the Israeli population is less wide than might appear on the surface, and the prospects of achieving a homogeneous nation are good.

Let us examine each of these theses briefly.

One of the main points of the Zionist program, the use of Hebrew, is indeed becoming a universal of Israeli society, though more as a matter of principle than of fact. According to a survey by Roberto Bachi to which Dr. Eisen-

*M. J. Herskovits appears as "Herskovitz," Bronislaw Malinowski as both "Malinowsky" and "Malinovski." A. I. Hallowell has lost one of the l's in his name, but this reappears in "Millbank," one of the spellings for the Milbank Memorial Fund. C. Wright Mills is listed as "C. W.," "W.," and "W. E. A. Mills," and the co-authors of *The Puerto Rican Journey* (perhaps luckily for them) do not appear at all. If the work by Georges Mauco is "the most complete illustrative casebook on this type of migration"—which it is—then his name should not be given as "G. Manco." E. W. Hofstee was so mangled that I barely recognized him as "E. Hoffstree." On page 28 the number of Jewish migrants to the United States between 1881 and 1930 is given as 2,885,000; on page 30 the "ultimate" number (thus including the subsequent refugee migration) is given as "about 2 million." In the various tables sometimes the percentage columns add up to 100, sometimes they get no closer than, for example, 81.7. The index is so inept as to be laughable. The countries of Jewish emigration, for example, are listed in the following form: "Bulgaria, immigration from, see Immigrants from (to Israel)"; or, as a variant, "Iraq, immigrants from (to Israel), see immigrants from." Under "Immigrants" the reader is then instructed to "see migrations." Under "Migration," finally, there is a list of countries, but Bulgaria and Iraq are not among them.

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stadt refers, "even after some time in Israel only 10 per cent [of the "new" immigrants] used Hebrew in their family life, and only 25 per cent in other social contexts."

The complex of ideas and convictions called Zionism, which is the other constant factor of Israeli culture in Dr. Eisenstadt's view, is in a state of flux. Even without the dilution by non-Zionist immigration, much of the idealism of the early years would have been dissipated by the successful achievement of the main Zionist aim, the founding of the state. *Halutziut* (which can be translated as the mystique of the pioneer) and the glorification of manual labor no longer retain their former relevance, and as the kibbutzim decline in proportion to the rest of the economy, their values are being transformed from a guide to present action into a historical source of inspiration—somewhat like the "rugged individualism" of the American pioneer.

My impression is that Dr. Eisenstadt consistently overstates the present strength of the Zionist tradition, and he certainly contributes to the building of its legend by exaggerating the heroic aspect of the pioneer settlements. Thus, in his discussion of the motives for Jewish emigration, he contrasts the "economic or other satisfactions" sought by those Jews from East Europe who went to America with the "social and cultural aspirations" that motivated those who went to Palestine. Actually, anti-Semitism was the main impetus of all Jewish emigration; each *aliyah* (migratory wave to Palestine) followed immediately on a major pogrom. And, on the positive side, migrants to the United States saw this country, too, as one where Jews might fulfill their "social and cultural aspirations." That Zionists (or at least Zionists outside the United States) believe this to be an empty hope is precisely the point I am making: that Dr. Eisenstadt's account of the past seems colored by polemics.

THE unconditional right of all Jews to enter and settle in Israel includes, as a necessary corollary, the moral right *not* to be absorbed into a culture different from that which the individual Jew chances to bring with him. Dr. Eisenstadt, however, measures the acculturation of immigrants in Israel by comparing their behavior with the Zionist standard; and this practice leads to certain paradoxes, since other subcultures are in principle held by him to be equally legitimate.

For example, one index of absorption that he uses is whether or not children go to public school, which for the Middle Eastern immigrants is a new and often disagreeable experience. But if Dr. Eisenstadt had also asked whether the children go to *cheder,* then the secularized West Europeans and Zionists would have scored lowest. In contrast to Middle Eastern immigrants, who "adapt" less readily in part because they hold on to their traditional norms, Serbian and Bulgarian Jews are adjudged as fitting into Israeli society without difficulty. This is in part because "their lack of *traditional,* non-formal Jewish identification [has] made this process much easier for them." Thus pious and Orthodox Jews, returning to Israel after long exile, are welcomed with a request to shed some of their "less assimilable" Jewishness. It is a measure of Dr. Eisenstadt's partisanship that he appears to have no inkling of how strange this looks to the outsider.

Not only does Dr. Eisenstadt tend throughout to understate the wide range of cultural differences among the peoples making up Israel's population and, consequently, the difficulty of absorbing them; he hardly mentions the intergroup hostility that, according to other sources, exists in Israel society.

Thus, according to his own data, European-Levantine, Ashkenazi-Sephardic, and even German-East European marriages are uncommon, which would seem to indicate that these sub-cultures are not only relatively stable but jealous of their particularity. We are told in a one-sentence footnote that "the Oriental groups usually identify European immigrants and the old Yishuv as 'Yiddish.'" Such a characterization, I would say, is an important symptom of the Oriental Israelis' attempt to deny the exclusive legitimacy of the Western version of Israeli society by reducing it to the status of one more sub-culture; this is a point which might well have been discussed at length.

An undue emphasis on homogeneity likewise characterizes Dr. Eisenstadt's cautious discussion of Israel's class structure. His conclusion is that, all in all, "the picture is complex, and differs from place to place." Actually, this complexity is the consequence of a rather simple conflict in values. As in the United States, Israel's value system promises the immigrant a full equality that in practice he is seldom able to attain. The process of acculturation takes place in large part by a dynamic interaction

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between this promissory note and the partial failure to pay it—the situation being much like what Gunnar Myrdal termed, with special reference to Negro-white relations, the "American dilemma." According to the first moral principle of the Jewish homeland, all Jews are equal, but in actuality, some Jews there are more equal than others.

What will happen to the polyglot population of Israel no one knows, but one can point out three possibilities. It may be that, in line with Dr. Eisenstadt's assumption, the Zionist tradition will predominantly define Israel's culture, and that all other groups will eventually adapt to it. Or it may be that this secular Western element will be swamped by Levantine obscurantism. Or it may be that a stable compromise will be achieved somehow between these essentially incompatible ways of life.

Since Dr. Eisenstadt sees only the first of these possibilities, his work is less an analysis of group differences than an argument for one way of resolving them. In the United States of a generation ago, before the restriction of immigration started the trend toward increased cultural homogeneity, objectivity about acculturation was similarly difficult to attain. Many of the limitations of these early American studies are echoed in this study of present-day Israel, even though it has the benefit of data from public opinion polls and is analyzed within a sophisticated theoretical framework.

## III

DR. EISENSTADT'S strong point is theory, and his first chapter is not only the best in his book, but one of the best general discussions of acculturation I have seen. The indices ordinarily used to measure this process, Dr. Eisenstadt points out, are all inadequate—in large part because they were constructed as indices of full assimilation, which seldom or never takes place. Immigrant groups are not usually dispersed throughout the social structure of the receiving country, but tend to congregate in one part of it, where they maintain some degree of separate identity. There thus arises a "pluralistic" society the various parts of which are different in both ethnic origin and social class. Whether an immigrant is able to adjust satisfactorily depends on what his desires and expectations are, and on how well these can be met in his new country.

This theoretical framework, which in bald outline may seem to be a bit on the obvious side, is nonetheless a rather recent development. The mass emigration from Europe during the century up to the First World War was never analyzed in such terms. Migration was then generally understood as part of the operation of a vast, international labor market. Migrants left their homes because of economic pressure, and went wherever there were better economic opportunities. Like any other market, this one was deemed to be self-regulating. Just as within each country the best men rose to the top by the "natural" process of competition, so the best among the potential migrants succeeded in establishing themselves in new countries. In both cases, the state had to intercede only to keep anti-social elements under control.

In such a context of ideas, cultural assimilation was more or less taken for granted. According to a representative statement of twenty years ago (Maurice R. Davie in *World Immigration,* 1936), assimilation "goes on wherever contact and communication exist between groups. Much of it takes place automatically, without formal or official interference. It is as inevitable as it is desirable. The process may be hastened or delayed; it cannot be stopped."

This process of assimilation, then, was not only inevitable but, when completed, total. The immigrant group would be *spurlos versenkt* in the receiving culture, which itself would remain as unchanged as the sea that swallowed up a foundered vessel. In the United States, the nativist's demand that the immigrant become a "100 per cent American," and the immigrant's own aspiration to lose himself in the American "melting pot," expressed essentially the same concept despite their different political overtones.

That immigrants in the pre-1914 period were defined primarily in terms of their economic function meant that their broader cultural attributes were, in theory at least, less important; prejudice against aliens, whatever its "real" causes, had to be justified by economic arguments. The bar to Asian immigration, for example, was in both the United States and Australia the consequence principally of the trade unions' demand for what might be termed a tariff on cut-rate foreign labor; and Dr. Borrie still writes in these terms. As I indicated in an earlier article in this magazine ("The 'Scientific' Basis of Our Immigration Policy," July 1955), in the United States it took a full generation of social scientists to shift the emphasis from immigrants as economic men operating in

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a free market to immigrants as carriers of alien cultures. The most important document in effecting this redefinition was the 42-volume *Report* of the Senate Immigration Commission of 1907-11, which classified immigrants by "race" and assessed the efficiency as workers of each "racial" group. Such an equation between "race" and efficiency enabled the authors of the *Report* to begin with the accepted notion that immigrants were to be judged by their economic contribution, and to argue from there that henceforth they should actually be accepted or rejected on the basis of their ethnic origins.

The revival of international migration since 1945 has not meant a renewal of the same type of movement from country to country that characterized the pre-1914 period. All governments now take an active part in regulating the migration process. The "natural" right of the person to move across borders without passport has been supplanted by the "natural" right of the state to control such movement. This restriction of international mobility is, of course, only one expression of the over-all transformation of *laissez-faire* society. The 19th-century liberal's faith that the uninhibited, "natural" operation of social institutions like the market would automatically produce the greatest benefit for the greatest number has all but disappeared, to be superseded by the demand that the state itself take all possible measures to further the good society.

Today countries that receive immigrants do not select merely good workers or permit their automatic selection by the operation of the market, but favor individuals who belong to ethnic groups that are considered easier to assimilate culturally. The difficulty, however, is how to define such "assimilability" in operational terms.

THE shift in emphasis from the immigrant's economic role to his total contribution to his new country has meant also a shift in conceptual framework from economics to anthropology. The very word that social scientists now use, *acculturation,* was taken over from the German and American anthropologists who coined it at about the time of the First World War. First by anthropologists and now more generally, acculturation has been seen as a continuum, with total assimilation at one extreme, total non-assimilation at the other, and most cases falling somewhere in between.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method of analyzing this continuum is in terms of a tripartite typology devised by the American anthropologist Ralph Linton and adopted by Dr. Eisenstadt in his theoretical introduction. Linton divided the social roles in any culture into "universals," "specialties," and "alternatives." If the behavior of immigrant groups is described in these terms, much sharper and more meaningful distinctions can be drawn than simply the answer, yes or no, to the question whether they have been assimilated.

Total conformity is expected of immigrants only with respect to those ideas and behavior patterns to which all natives must likewise conform. These are the "universals" of the society in question. In the United States, at least three things have been demanded of all immigrants—that they support themselves, that they learn the language, and pledge political allegiance to their new country. And while the norms of other countries differ to some degree, there, too, conformity to these three universals usually meets the minimum definition of acculturation. In spite of the fact that Dr. Eisenstadt objects to these indices on theoretical grounds, he also uses them in his study of Israel.

In even the most homogeneous culture, not all values are universal; there is always a legitimate diversity of ideas, attitudes, and tastes. In the United States today, those who prefer Bach to Bartok, or hiking to bowling, or bowties to cravats, have chosen certain "alternatives" over others. In the abstract, immigrants are free to make similar choices; and if they retain Old Country ways, they are often commended for "enriching" the culture of their new homeland. In practice, however, exotic tastes in such things as food are sometimes taken as a sign of unreliability in more fundamental respects. In the 1920's, thus, the head of a ladies' Americanization society asked her audience, with poorly restrained impatience, "What kind of American consciousness can grow in the atmosphere of sauerkraut and Limburger cheese, or in that of garlic?" More recently, the Immigration Service in San Francisco supported its charge that a certain alien advocated world Communism, and thus its petition for a deportation order, by eliciting the information that he had once served his guests beef Stroganoff. This same confusion is found in more important matters. The American state is enjoined by its own fundamental

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laws from trying to enforce religious conformity on its population, but nativist opposition to immigration has been shaped to a large degree both by anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic prejudice.

Linton's third type of social role, "specialties," pertains to the kind of work a man does. Specialties divide any population into sub-groups, both at the occupational level (stock brokers, stenographers, automobile workers) and at the more inclusive level of social class (businessmen, employees, wage-workers). That is to say, the division of labor sets people apart not merely according to their economic function but also, to some degree, with respect to their average income, way of life, political attitudes, and so on. Even in democratic America, a lawyer and an automobile mechanic, say, differ in their style of life almost as much as in their occupation.

This fact marks the principal limitation of the old melting-pot view of assimilation, for immigrant groups are typically congregated in only a few places in the receiving country's social structure. The original differentiation by ethnic origin, though reduced by the general acceptance of universal cultural traits, is to some degree maintained by social class and region or neighborhood. It is true that immigrants typically begin at the bottom and that their children, or they themselves, climb to higher positions, but different ethnic groups climb different ladders toward different goals. Despite our high degree of social democracy, ethnic groups have not generally diffused throughout the American social structure. And ethnic differentiations are still more of a factor in most spheres of American life than is commonly thought. As Samuel Lubell has pointed out, even in the oldest immigrant group in the United States, that of the New England Yankee, identification with the home country, even at a distance of a half-dozen generations, is strong enough to be discernible in the voting record whenever American policy toward Britain becomes a crucial issue.

## IV

If we compare Borrie's and Eisenstadt's works *in the light of the improved theory of acculturation* that Linton's typology exemplifies, the result is somewhat paradoxical.

As we have seen, Dr. Borrie still uses the economic market as his principal analytic model: in his view, people migrate mainly for economic motives, and the reaction in the host country is based mainly on the effects of their economic behavior. If natives seem to react most strongly to immigrants' cultural traits (say, to the fact that they speak with a "funny" accent), such reactions can, in his opinion, usually still be interpreted as manifestations of underlying, now half-hidden economic factors. In my view, this theory is quite inadequate, if not in dealing with 19th-century immigration, then certainly in dealing with that of the post-1914 world. The Linton model that Dr. Eisenstadt cites in his introductory chapter is in this respect a definite improvement over this version of economic determinism.

Yet Dr. Borrie's is by far the better book. The reason, I think, is in part personal: Dr. Borrie is an experienced demographer, while Dr. Eisenstadt is a younger man, near the beginning of his professional career. The comparative complexity of the processes the two men analyzed is also relevant: the situation of the non-British minorities in Australia has an almost laboratory-like simplicity, while Palestine-Israel offers a picture which is consistent only in that it breaks with every precedent.

But the main reason for the discrepancy in quality between the two books is, in my opinion, Dr. Borrie's greater objectivity. The trickle of non-British immigrants some decades ago had little effect for either good or ill on Australia, and Dr. Borrie's identification with his country does not distort his view as a social scientist. For an Israeli to maintain the same detachment towards the current, and relatively enormous, immigration to his country, is much more difficult. Dr. Eisenstadt, as we have seen, has not achieved such detachment. His theory is better than Dr. Borrie's, but it is no help to him, and only part of the explanation lies in his making so little use of it.

The main question in Israel is: which subculture will be established as the norm for the country? To treat the present struggle between sub-cultures as a process of *adaptation* to an already existent norm is to distort the picture. It is rather as though one were to study British-French relations in 18th-century North America, before the struggle for the continent was settled, in terms of French acculturation to the culture of the assumed future British victors. Dr. Eisenstadt's study does not fail in spite of its better theoretical structure; it fails in part because it lacks any theory at all suitable to the kind of problem he has analyzed.

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# LETTERS FROM READERS

## Jewish Names: Old & New

To the Editor of Commentary:

It is no more than human that a few errors should have crept into Rabbi Benzion Kaganoff's excellent article on "Jewish Surnames Through the Ages" in the September issue. Allow me to point out two of them:

(1) Dreyfuss is not an Alsatian corruption of Troyes, but of Trèves, the French name for Trier, on the Moselle, in the Rhineland, which belonged to France under Napoleon I.

(2) Historically, Fürth cannot be considered a "suburb of Nürnberg" although in the last few decades the expanse of three and one-half miles separating the two places has been greatly built up. It is true that Fürth, which used to belong to the principality of Ansbach-Bayreuth, was the most convenient place to reside for Jews doing business in Nürnberg, but it wasn't the only one. The Free City, so proud to be "Judenrein," tolerated Jews in a number of villages within its own territory. This neat solution to Nürnberg's Jewish problem in past centuries lives on in surnames like "Schnaittacher" or "Ottensosser" while a "Fürther" is a *rara avis* among Jews. (I myself am a native of Fürth.)

L. Seligsberger

Newton Centre, Mass.

To the Editor of Commentary:

In discussing present-day name changes in Israel, Rabbi Benzion C. Kaganoff states that "no direct legislative pressure is being applied" to promote the adoption of Hebrew surnames. However, there is pressure of another sort. For example, after the visit to South Africa of the Israeli vessel *Misgav,* commanded by an officer named Vishnievsky, Ben Gurion informed the Israeli Chief of Staff that in the future "no officer will be sent abroad in a representative capacity unless he bears a Hebrew family name," adding that "soldiers like civilians are entitled to all the civil rights, including the doubtful 'right' [quotation marks in the original] to preserve their foreign . . . family names" (*Haaretz,* June 15, 1955).

Ben Gurion has also publicly exerted pressure, as when he introduced one of his new ministers, Lubyanker, to the Israeli Knesset and asked him in front of the parliamentarians, "When are you going to change your name?" (Lubyanker is now Lavon.) I have also been told by one prominent Israeli that he is still resisting efforts to make him Hebraize his well-known name, with little hope of holding out....

The people of Israel have every right to change their names. In fact, when done voluntarily, it is a fine gesture of solidarity with the new Israel that enriches the treasure of Jewish patronymics. But it should be left to the individual and not to public opinion to decide whether or not a Diaspora name evokes "painful associations."

The transformation of Jewish family names tells us a great deal about the social climate in which Jews were or are living at a given time, and provides a colorful illustration of Jewish history. Let those who cherish historical associations in their names keep them, and let others change as they see fit. A name is too personal a matter to be tampered with by outsiders, be they Jewish or non-Jewish.

Ernest Maass

Jamaica, New York

## Robert Graves Demurs

To the Editor of Commentary:

Gratified as I am by being considered worthy of a profile in Commentary, I find that Mr. Arnold Sherman has made a number of misstatements which greatly embarrass me. Here are a few:

1) He did not accidentally meet me on a beach. He first came knocking at my door, without an introduction, and asked for a brief interview for a local Palma paper. I gave it to him, telling him just what to say. He printed it, and that was that. I gave him no authority to publish an interview in the U. S.

2) My only comment on American swimmers was that most of them like the water warmer than it ever gets in Britain; hence on cold days one can distinguish Americans from British.

3) I did *not* dive into the Mediterranean on the beach where we afterwards met. The water there is only about a foot deep for some twenty yards out.

4) I do *not* stack my books several feet high



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in my study nor do I litter the floor with magazines. I have bookshelves like everyone else, and keep things as tidy as I can.

5) The subjects of my books "range from the life of Jesus to the reign of Claudius," do they? Not a very extensive range, since the two men were close contemporaries.

6) I have brought up eight children, but only four in Majorca.

7) I do *not* translate obscure Latin treatises. Lucan's *Pharsalia* and Suetonius's *Twelve Caesars,* which will soon be on sale in the U.S.A., are neither treatises nor obscure.

8) I am *not* convinced that my poetry will endure, and never said so; and am not interested in posterity anyhow, as I have specifically recorded.

9) My remarks on Dylan Thomas, Eliot, and Pound have been printed accurately in *The Crowning Privilege.* I repudiate Mr. Sherman's version *in toto.*

10) I do *not* claim to be a scholar in any language.

11) I do *not* believe that I am the best living writer today, and will punch anyone's nose who says either that I am, or that I claim to be.

12) I did *not* say that I had the misfortune of visiting America. I said that while in America in 1938 I lost a lot of weight and a lot of money. It was a most important experience, which I would not have missed for anything.

13) There are no American writers settled in my village "who write under my tutelage" and I never said there were.

14) I never said that my *White Goddess* is "illuminating and suggestive." I never use either adjective.

15) I did *not* say more about Negroes than that I particularly liked two American Negroes who had come to Majorca: Alston Anderson the short-story writer, and Camilla Heron the anthropologist.

16) I did *not* say that there are parts of Majorca where a Jew cannot buy land. I may have said that no foreigner can buy land within five kilometers of the sea, without special permission—even Jews.

17) My children are learning Latin and French, not Greek.

18) I do *not* think that "women are the bane of the world"; but I do think that amateur journalists are.

19) Alec Guinness has *not* been hired for the leading role in a screen version of my *I Claudius.* It is not even sure whether the picture will be made.

20) I did *not* say that Majorca has no tradition of art: it has a long and magnificent one.

21) I have written about thirty books in Deyá, not ninety; ninety is the grand total.

22) I did *not* meet Ezra Pound at a dinner; I met him in Colonel T. E. Lawrence's rooms at All Souls College, Oxford. Lawrence's sensible introduction was: "Graves, Pound; Pound, Graves. You'll dislike each other."

23) I did *not* say that American literary life is "unimaginatively dull and unproductive." It is certainly far from being either.

24) My wife has never said: "Robert, will you do nothing today?" On the contrary, she is always trying to persuade me that I am overworking. On the occasion quoted she may have foreseen, with her usual intuition, that Arnold Sherman's visit was going to do me no good in either the short or the long run. . . .

Finally, I must confess that Mr. Sherman is a nice guy and that I am sure he has not injured me on purpose; but his study of Oriental philosophy and his natural reluctance to face hard facts have combined to produce a caricature of me which, I fear, only my friends will recognize as irresponsible and absurd.

ROBERT GRAVES

Deyá, Majorca, Spain

MR. SHERMAN *writes:*

Admittedly, my article was expanded from an original interview which was intended for a local Spanish newspaper but which was, to my knowledge, never published (at least not during this writer's sojourn on Majorca); if in that enlargement I have either erred or been insulting, I deeply apologize to Mr. Graves. To me it seems that my article was anything but unflattering, and certainly not insulting. . . .

## Jewish Politics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Werner Cohn has written a patronizing . . . review of my book *The Political Behavior of American Jews* (September).

Mr. Cohn's accusation of "intellectual provincialism" derives from my argument that certain Jewish group values have helped shape Jewish political style and behavior in recent decades. . . . In order to suit his allegations he has had to ignore or distort what is in the book.

Thus he omits any mention of what I state several times to be a major factor underlying Jewish "liberalism" and "internationalism" in contemporary American politics—Jewish group insecurity. Mr. Cohn reports only on my discussion of the relevance of the Jewish values of *zedakeh,* Torah, and this-worldliness to the political behavior of American Jews. . . . Cohn writes, "The value called charity, according to Professor Fuchs, makes Jews 'more than any other group . . . (defend) the rights of nonconformists.'"

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In my rather long discussion of *zedakeh* and American politics (I prefer not to use "charity," which is not an adequate translation of *zedakeh*) I never discuss the rights of non-conformists. That issue is discussed in two places. On page 109 I make the simple point that in 1952 public opinion polls showed that Jews defended the rights of non-conformists more than any other group. On page 190 I suggest that the traditional Jewish respect for intellectual achievement has backstopped the Jewish interest in civil liberties.

Mr. Cohn writes, "Again, according to our professor it is the New Deal Democrats who are most distinguished for their defense of nonconformity." I do not say that in the book, and, indeed, do not believe it as stated. I cite evidence to show that in 1952 most American Jews thought Stevenson and the Democrats were more congenial to the rights of non-conformists than Eisenhower and the Republicans.

Mr. Cohn writes that I say: "The pursuit of life's pleasures, finally, makes Jews support people like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, because the New Deal stood for the good things in life more often than did its opponents." Nothing like this is said in the book. In my chapter on Roosevelt and the Jews I stress the economic self-interest of the Jews in the 1932 and 1936 elections and Hitlerism in the 1940 and 1944 elections. What I do say about Jewish this-worldliness is that it shapes Jewish responses to specific issues such as the birth control question, and also helps, in combination with the other two values and Jewish insecurity, to promote what I call a Jewish political style.

Mr. Cohn writes, "The full measure of the author's naivety becomes evident in his frank admission that these three alleged Jewish distinctions can be summarized by saying that Jews are more 'altruistic' than other people." Nowhere do I make any such admission. I do report that all attitude tests which purport to measure political liberalism show Jews to be more liberal than non-Jews regardless of the criteria employed to measure liberalism. The word altruism appears *only* in connection with one of the attitude tests given to a sample of Boston voters after the 1952 election. In the book I explain that this particular test was aimed at discovering the basic attitudes of respondents toward the use of power. Then I say, after outlining indices on which the test was based, "It may well be that these criteria define political altruism and not liberalism as it is commonly understood," but the reader is left free to call it either way. Jewish respondents achieved higher liberalism or altruism scores than non-Jews. . . .

I never say the Jewish people are more altruistic than others, although they may be. I do say that the high premium set by Jews on *zedakeh*, uncorrupted by Social Darwinism and Calvinism, is probably a factor in the relatively higher-power sharing tendencies of Jews as measured by political liberalism tests.

Mr. Cohn writes, "Professor Fuchs makes it amply clear that he considers . . . affinity with the Communist movement, while not desirable in itself, can generally, when it occurs in Jews, be interpreted as a manifestation of underlying humanitarian feelings. He is as much entitled to these views as I am to mine. But he is not entitled, it seems to me, to the claim of writing as a dispassionate scientist when all he does for political motives is to set down as 'altruistic' those who agree with him." What I do show in the book is that the relatively large Jewish response to socialism and Communism in part can be accounted for by what Mr. Cohn roughly calls (I do not use the phrase) "humanitarian feelings." There are many other factors, as I point out. Of course I never account for political motives by setting down as altruistic those who agree with me.

Finally, I never claim in the book or elsewhere to write as a dispassionate scientist. But I do try not to torture evidence either to suit my values or to look smart. There are a number of points in the book open to challenge. But Mr. Cohn did not attack on legitimate grounds.

LAWRENCE H. FUCHS

Waltham, Mass.

[Werner Cohn will soon have an article in our pages discussing the politics of American Jews. The differences between his approach to the subject and that of Mr. Fuchs will then be further elucidated.—ED.]

## Du Maurier: George & Gerald

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In the October issue of your admirably edited magazine, I find an error in Mr. Edmund Wilson's article ("Notes on Gentile Pro-Semitism") which I am sure you and he would want to correct. I am referring to the part where Mr. Wilson discusses du Maurier's famous novels, *Peter Ibbetson, Trilby,* and *The Martian.* In his discussion of these books he confuses their author, George du Maurier, with his son, Gerald. George, of course, was the famous artist of *Punch* and the author of the remarkable novels, which he wrote years later. Gerald was a distinguished actor. The full details can be found in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* . . .

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

New York City

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## Suburban Happiness

CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS: A STUDY OF THE CULTURE OF SUBURBAN LIFE. BY JOHN R. SEELEY, R. ALEXANDER SIMM, AND ELIZABETH W. LOOSELEY. Basic Books. 505 pp. $6.50.

*Reviewed by* NATHAN GLAZER

"CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS" is a well-to-do suburb of Toronto. I am not sure precisely how "well-to-do"—one of the problems of this book, indeed, is that just this kind of specific information is often lacking. Yet one would guess that the houses start at about $30,000 or $35,000, two cars are common, the school system seems to be one of the best in Canada, the children all spend their summers in camp, most of the men are either independent entrepreneurs or well-paid executives and professionals, and the women are well educated and intensely interested in what contemporary psychology has to tell them about making the lives of their children and husbands happy.

There are many such communities in America, and the interest of *Crestwood Heights* mainly derives from what it has to tell us about this suburban way of life which has become the ideal, in ever increasing measure fulfilled, of a very large proportion of the population. But the research project of which this book is one result had a more restricted interest than the study of suburban culture in general. The plan was to study a number of Canadian communities so as to discover what might be done to improve mental health. This is of course no simple matter—essentially it involves nothing less than increasing the level of happiness. To carry out this purpose in Crestwood Heights, psychological clinics were established for the children that worked in close cooperation with the schools, special classes were instituted for teen-agers where they could discuss all their problems, and the adults formed discussion groups. The book's findings are based on information drawn from these sources, and of course from more traditional ones—interviews, census, etc., etc.

The aim of improving mental health inevitably limited the study; the fact that it was conducted in a suburban setting, from which the men are usually absent during the day, further limited it. We find out little about the men's lives at work. We know only that it is a great strain to earn the money that maintains the Crestwood Heights way of life. There is nothing here about politics, while the whole area of amusements or—in view of how unamusing these often are—"leisure time" pursuits, and of specific cultural activities (books, movies, radio-TV, etc., etc.), is left vague. But we get an excellent idea of the emotional tone that surrounds leisure and culture. It is an anxious one: are we doing the right thing? And the right thing is defined largely by what is best for the children, not for oneself.

But even what is best for the children is quite a problem. In the detailed accounts of how children are raised, family life organized, and the schools conducted, we are told again and again that two major sets of values are in conflict: "maturity" values and "success" values. Maturity values are those which emphasize personal happiness and freedom, and which (according to present-day psychology) require love, mothering, and understanding for their proper development. But then there are "success" values. No one wants his child to be a happy bum. The children should make enough money to live at least as well as their parents do. And if the kind of parental behavior that produces psychological maturity also brings forth a child who will not get good marks, not get into the university, not acquire all the advantages a Crestwood Heights parent wants for his child, then what?

The women tend to think that if the child is "mature," if he has been raised with the proper mixture of love, training for freedom and responsibility, and so on, he will want to get good marks, go to college, enter upon a lucrative career. The men are inclined to believe



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that if he doesn't follow the path dictated by the success goal he won't be happy—so he might as well buckle down and get good marks right now. But it is a delicate balance that must be maintained between "maturity" and "success," freedom and responsibility, and it produces great strain in parents and children, and places a heavy burden on the progressive school system.

This story is not an unfamiliar one, but it has never been told in such detail and with such psychological subtlety. It suggests why, with all the advantages enjoyed by Crestwood Heights children, they are not any "happier" than less privileged children—indeed, perhaps they are a bit unhappier.

But *Crestwood Heights* also has a less familiar story to tell. Having described the process of raising children in Crestwood Heights, the book goes on to discuss what is called the "Belief Market"—in effect, where the parents get the ideas that apparently guide them in rearing the young. Here the authors make a unique contribution and quite break through the conventional notions entertained about the subjects of child care, mental health, and psychotherapy. They point out that these disciplines are very far from "scientific," and they see little chance of improvement. The ideas of the experts change so rapidly as to suggest that it is not new knowledge and research that lead to the abandonment of one approach and the adoption of another—as is the case with a scientific hypothesis—but rather a drive for novelty and variety. Not that the experts in these fields are necessarily less skilled or less serious than other scientists; but their audience, in its desperate need for guidance and reassurance, will seize upon their unformulated ideas and immediately make dogmas out of them, setting up the experts themselves as prophets. Now it is very hard for the expert to resist this effort to turn him into a prophet. Every disclaimer of competence (and there cannot be too many) on the part of the professional is seen as becoming modesty by his amateur audience, who probably believe themselves to be even less adequate judges than they really are. And once he has been turned into a prophet, the expert is committed to his ideas, however tentatively he may have put them forth originally. When the new revelation runs its inevitable course to disappointment, the audience begins searching for yet another revelation, and in the nebulous and variegated world of ideas in which these disciplines move someone is sure to provide it.

Even more interesting is the analysis of the three-cornered relationship obtaining between the experts, the men, and the women. "The father," says David Riesman in his excellent introduction, is "in charge of the department of realism (with sentiment his understudy), and the mother in charge of the department of utopianism (with practicality in reserve)." It is the women who believe that people can improve themselves and that general laws governing behavior can be discovered, and who consequently form the clientele of the experts. The men are more skeptical.* But despite their optimism, the women know that it is not easy to change people and improve one's life, while the men, because of their immersion in practical affairs, are extremely naive about what can be done with human beings. At the school meetings, the women invariably listen earnestly to the expert explanations of why Johnny can't read; the men irritably refuse to see why the problem should be so difficult.

The men consequently resent the experts and see them as feminine. These distinctions between the men and women of Crestwood Heights can be described in many ways. One might call the women "other-directed" and the men "inner-directed," but that would be a serious error. In the opinion of the authors, the women are struggling seriously with their problems in a realistic modern way, while the men are stuck in backward and not very useful modes of thought. Certainly the women come off better—in part because their understanding of themselves and their problems makes them feel worse.

And as for mental health? Not only are there

*The authors also found an interesting difference between the Jews (who make up more than one-third of the population of Crestwood Heights) and the Gentiles: "The tendency . . . was for Jewish intellectual analysis and feeling to run from whole to part; for Gentile, to run from part to whole: for Jew to try to settle first the general and then to derive the particular; for Gentile to try to settle, first, particulars and then scan for pattern or generalization. . . ." But they make little of this difference, which is indeed the only one referred to between the two groups. One can only speculate as to what more might have been discovered if the authors had turned their attention to other Jewish-Gentile differences. In any case, it is perfectly clear that the culture of Crestwood Heights is the culture of Jewish suburbia in general.

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no easy answers for Crestwood Heights: the authors, in character with all they have said about the new disciplines, close with no answers at all. They propose new research and new studies. And one is left with the empty feeling that Crestwood Heights, with all its wealth, its psychological understanding, its sensitivity and tenderness, its humanity, must suffer, that it can find no way out—as yet—of the conflicts that make life difficult.

## Duke & Duchess of Hearts

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS—THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR. David McKay. 372 pp. $5.00.

*Reviewed by* LILLIAN B. MCCALL

THE Duchess has never been one of my favorite public figures. Still, I found myself annoyed that the New York *Times's* British reviewer chose to sneer at the *chutzpah* of our most celebrated parvenu. It does get across that the most spectacularly successful social climber of the 20th century—and history demanded an American—was deadly serious about becoming Queen of England. So? It was a supreme and magnificently romantic example of Yankee enterprise and it is something of a puzzler that we haven't taken the Duchess to our hearts.

Ordinarily we show a voracious interest in those of our heiresses or actresses who crash the *haute monde,* though we are not unmindful, indeed we are saddened, by the commercialism that often taints our international alliances. More reason to take pride in the Duchess, who made it in the fashionable world without any of the usual advantages of money, fame, or beauty. She came from an "old" family, but that was of no particular advantage. It is a truism of American society that old families on the way down are just as nervous as new ones on the way up. What appalling lack of instinct could have led the Duchess to deny that her mother once ran a boarding house in Baltimore?

HENRY JAMES was pained because the British aristocracy made no social distinctions among Americans, accepting all our rich as exotic barbarians like the Red Indians. The yearning of American millionaires to buy their way into hereditary exclusiveness is simply another manifestation of the status jitters that is perhaps the most toxic psychological by-product of the democratic process.

Caste in America tends to be local and parochial—and, therefore, ambiguous. An interesting example of the specialization of prestige occurs in the caption of a photograph of the Duchess and three friends taken when she was married to her first husband. It reads: ". . . Mrs. Neustadt, myself, Mrs. Sands (Admiral Fullam's daughter), and Mrs. Chase." To think that after all these years the Duchess, once a navy wife, should have taken the trouble to identify the Admiral's daughter!

Because social climbing is easy it is frustrating. The thing a parvenu can least stand is the sight of another parvenu; it makes him feel as if he were treading on quicksand. The thing about the aristocracy is that they are supposed to be *born* not caring a fig for what anyone thinks of them. But there is more than one sign today that status anxiety has spread beyond our shores and up to the top.

As THE Duchess tells it, the members of the *haute monde* are as depressingly gauche as any of our *nouveaux* here at home. Take the case of Sir Philip Sassoon, who once brought the Prince of Wales some prize delphiniums he had admired in Sir Philip's garden. Sir Philip made the mistake of telling the Prince's gardener where to plant them. "I arrived just in time to see a chastened Sir Philip directing a surly gardener who was in the process of relocating the prize delphiniums at a place a yard or so away that had been designated by an indignant Prince. While Sir Philip was thus occupied, David whispered, 'As a matter of fact he picked out about the best place, but I couldn't resist being a little difficult all the same.'" After a taken-down-a-peg Sir Philip had departed to make some additional offerings to the King and Queen at Windsor Castle and to the Prince's brother at Royal Lodge, "David murmured thoughtfully, 'Philip certainly isn't missing any tricks this morning. He's just about filled a royal flush.'"

The Duchess had a big time in her days of glory but she was under no illusions about why she was taken up by *la crême:* "The word had clearly gone abroad that the Prince was interested in me." She was much impressed by the wit and brilliance that shot off like roman candles in Mayfair drawing rooms: "I remember one evening, after Sir Thomas [Beecham]

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had been playing Handel in his finest vein for a considerable time [Emerald Cunard, the hostess], going up to him with an expression of perfect innocence and saying 'So lovely, Thomas. Now, if you aren't too tired, won't you give us a little Handel?'

"Sir Thomas blanched and almost despairingly blurted out, 'But my good woman, I've been playing Handel all evening.'

" 'Have you?' was the airy response, accompanied by a look of contrived contrition. 'And to think I didn't recognize it. We must have the piano tuned tomorrow.' "

I'd like to think that Sir Thomas airily, without a look of contrived contrition, picked up the piano, threw it at Emerald, and departed to return nevermore. Emerald, an American so thoroughly Anglicized you couldn't tell her from the real thing, didn't think her given name of Maud suited her personality and changed it on the advice of a numerologist. The Duchess herself leans to astrology.

And then there's culture. Once, when time hung heavily on her hands, the Duchess went so far as to tackle Will Durant's *History of Philosophy*.

THE irritating thing about *The Heart Has Its Reasons* is that it makes High Society, still one of our symbols of carefree elegance, seem as interesting as Scarsdale on a wet Monday afternoon. The Duchess lets us into her domestic secrets—she always gets game birds of the same size for her dinner parties, she checks the chef to be sure he's varied the color of the menu, she never seats more than ten at a table, she limits the number of brilliant guests, she prefers short evening dresses, and so on, and on and on. Fascinating.

It drove Proust to despair. In the end Mme. Verdurin married a Guermantes and Rachel and Bloch were received in the same drawing rooms he had himself worked so hard to enter! But for all his disenchantment Proust could still take pride in one accomplishment. He never tires of telling us, nor does he seem to realize how often he repeats it, that Swann had lunched with the Prince of Wales.

The Duchess's husband was *the* Prince and his family our last remaining symbol of Supreme Status, a monument to our own morbid vanity. We feel sorry for that fallen angel and blame the Duchess for his fate. But the abdication was the result of the Duke's obtuseness in believing his own legend and not understanding it. The royal family must remain inviolate because the public will not tolerate a symbol that can be contaminated by itself.

## Blinkered Observer

VIOLENT TRUCE. By COMMANDER E. H. HUTCHISON. Devin-Adair. 199 pp. $3.50.

*Reviewed by* HAL LEHRMAN

ON THE evening of June 30, 1954, firing broke out across the frontier dividing Jordanian from Israeli Jerusalem. By dawn one Jordanian and eleven Israelis had been wounded and one Israeli killed. Did this mean that the Jordanians had done most of the shooting? Or that they were the better marksmen? Not at all, we are advised by Commander Elmo H. Hutchison, U.S.N.R., in this account of his 1951-54 tour of duty as Military Observer with the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization and Chairman of the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission. "The heaviest firing," Commander Hutchison affirms, "had come from Israel." Then why the outsize Israeli losses? "What had held Arab casualties down," the Commander reveals, "was the narrowness of the streets, the thickness of the walls, and the Arab social custom of staying closer to home after dark in contrast to the higher living Israelis across no-man's land." Curiously, neither the New City's sinful promenading on modern avenues nor the Old City's virtuous torpor in medieval alleyways occurs to the author as an explanation for the results of another instance of Jerusalem crossfire. This time there were ten Jordanian dead and fifteen wounded, against only six Israeli wounded. "On that occasion," Hutchison tells us, "Jordan suffered the brunt of the attack."

An unbiased eyewitness report of the fighting along the Israeli-Arab borders would have been fascinating as well as instructive. Commander Hutchison was in an excellent position to write it, having been on the spot at Mt. Scopus, Kibya, Scorpion Pass, and Nahalin. He tracked assorted raiders and smugglers, knew fellaheen and sabras, sipped cocktails with Israeli spokesmen and tea with Arab sheikhs. Conclusions soberly drawn after such a highly responsible mission might have il-

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luminated a dark and dangerous area of the Palestine conflict. Instead, the Commander has produced an angry polemic, a book which lends retrospective support to the Israeli complaint that his pro-Arab bias prevented him from seeing straight when he was on the job.

COMMANDER Hutchison's gods, he says, are truth, neutrality, objectivity. "Light rather than heat," declares the dust jacket. Forewords by no less than three of his former colleagues—among them Danish Major General Vagn Bennike, onetime UNTSO Chief of Staff—insist on the "unemotional," "dispassionate," and "accurate" character of his story. In view of these protestations of objectivity, a reader has the right to expect some measure of awareness from him that neither the Israeli nor the Arab case could possibly be all black or all white, and that, specifically, Israel could not *always* be the transgressor.

This expectation is not fulfilled. Hutchison finds the Israelis guilty on every count—not merely while he himself was on the scene, but all the way back to the beginning of the trouble in Palestine, and all the way up to the moment he delivered his typescript to his publisher a year after leaving the area. The historical survey he gives us, from the Balfour Declaration down to the Arab-Israeli war, parrots the views of the British Colonial Office and the Arab League. Thus he cites with obvious approval, at this late date, recommendations by British investigators made as long ago as 1930 that "excessive immigration" should be prevented because "the cultivable area of Palestine was far less than originally estimated." And five Arab armies invaded Israel in 1948, it appears, solely because they doubted the UN's ability to keep the imperialist Jews from swarming across the Jordan.

If the world nevertheless believes that the Israelis are not to be blamed for all the post-Armistice strife along the borders, it is only because of the Zionists' skill in the "battle of the pen" and the corresponding helplessness of the Arabs. For a fleeting moment Commander Hutchison concedes that Arab infiltrations at one time "amounted to a serious drain on Israel's economy." But he insists that peace could have been achieved easily by the so-called "local commanders' agreements" which the Israelis rejected—and in which he has a visionary's faith, despite the record of their frailty. It is the Arabs, he doggedly maintains, who want a settlement. But he shows some uncertainty about Israel's motives. On one page she wants to "bait the Arab states into some overt act of aggression," on another page "to force the Arabs to the peace table." Either way, he is quite sure the Israelis are deliberately keeping the borders enflamed. His solution calls for ironclad Western guarantees of borders revised in the Arab favor, and an imposed peace based on UN Resolutions—in the listing of which he omits such inconvenient items as the UN's condemnation of Egypt for barring the Suez to Israeli cargoes. Further, he admonishes Israel to desist from promoting immigration; the Ingathering of the Exiles means "only one thing to the Arabs—eventual aggression by Israel for the acquisition of more territory," and an influx of Jews from Eastern Europe would flood Zion with agents and disciples of Moscow.

THIS mixture of charges and proposals is indistinguishable from that advanced by any Arab publicist today. Mr. Hutchison embellishes it with photographs of Arab corpses and damaged Arab property (there are no pictures of the death and destruction suffered by Israel), and by attributing to the Israeli government views held by its bitterest adversaries. One Yaacov Liberman, identified as a member of the opposition Herut party, is quoted as telling a New York press conference that Israel should grab the Gaza Strip and Jordan. "Through such statements," Hutchison notes, "Israel is emerging in a true light as the 'Aggressor in the Middle East.'" Nor is he above flying squarely in the face of the truth. In Damascus last December, when the Israelis made their retaliatory raid on Syrian entrenchments at Lake Tiberias, top UN officials in the Syrian capital themselves volunteered the information to me that the attack had been touched off by Syrian harassment of Israeli fishing, including open fire on Israeli boats. But, says Hutchison, "actually there had been no hindrance."

Mr. Hutchison rhapsodizes over the beauty of the Arab East, and also over the gathering "momentum" of the Arab drive for economic and social progress. He still credits the Nasser regime in Egypt with domestic reforms that less credulous observers have long since debunked. His portrait of President Nasser as a reasonable man being persecuted by a villainous Ben Gurion acquires a burlesque air against the background of the present Suez crisis. Nasser's arms deal with Russia was an innocent "trade

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agreement . . . to receive much needed arms [and] unload surplus cotton."

The one blemish Commander Hutchison finds on the Arab horizon is the Palestinian Arab refugee camps—for which the Israelis get all the blame. But in a chapter on Israel limited to three pages, he finds space to express dismay at the way children are reared in kibbutz nurseries. He resurrects the long exploded myth of a Red Israel. To his horror, he "discovers" that Mapam and Ahdut Avoda—"two of the Communist parties" [*sic*]—hold seats in the government.

There are men with better credentials than Commander Hutchison's wearing UN badges in the Middle East. After naval service in the Pacific during World War II, he managed a retail store, worked for a chemical company, and recommissioned ships by way of preparation for duty as a military observer in the Levant. His education among the Arabs has since fitted him somewhat better for his present occupation: Director of Middle East Activities for the American Friends of the Middle East. This present engagement is only the latest proof of the Commander's neutrality.

## Sense & Salvation

THE OUTSIDER. By COLIN WILSON. Houghton Mifflin. 288 pp. $4.00.

*Reviewed by* SIDNEY HOOK

THERE was a time when to convict a thinker of absurdity was to place him under an intellectual obligation to rise to the argument or change his position. At the very least, it put him in the shadow of impropriety. Today he can escape the obligation and get out from under the shadow by calmly making a philosophy of his predicament. Existentialism as a philosophy of the absurd is the 20th century's gift to literary men and critics who are terribly excited by ideas but resent the discipline necessary to analyze them. Mr. Colin Wilson is caught up in this excitement about existentialist profundity. One can plead for him the extenuations of youth and a desultory philosophical education. What is truly astonishing is that he has infected with his enthusiasm for the dramatic and the murky some English critics from whom one had expected more intellectual sophistication.

Who is the "outsider"? He is a composite character drawn from the plays, novels, essays, and letters of a varied assortment of literary men ranging from very minor talents like Henri Barbusse and Harley Granville-Barker to giants like Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Between the extremes of this spectrum we find H. G. Wells, T. E. Lawrence, Hemingway, Sartre, Camus, Hermann Hesse, Nietzsche, Van Gogh, Kierkegaard, Nijinsky, James, and Blake. The features of the "outsider" are not clearly drawn: they vary somewhat with the moods of his creator. It is safe to say, however, that the "outsider" is the man who feels he does not belong, who refuses to accept human life and society on any basis which makes it possible for him to find fulfilment in love, work, and friendship. He is the man for whom life or existence or the cosmos "has no meaning," or if it has, a trivial, absurd, or grotesque meaning. He is the man for whom nothing matters but death.

This description of the "outsider" is incomplete, for nowhere does Mr. Wilson describe his beliefs and attitudes systematically. He does not even contrast him carefully with the "insider." He illustrates rather than explicates these beliefs and attitudes by snippets of quotation from the men mentioned. The "outsider" has a great hunger to know himself deeply and to express himself truly, and at the same time to escape from himself. Above all he seeks to save himself by some extreme action or, like Meursault in Camus's *The Stranger,* by an extreme failure of action. In all his variations, according to Mr. Wilson, the "outsider" is the very model of the metaphysical man who has seen through the appearances of everyday life and who scorns the humanist and rationalist because of their desire to make the world, if not a kinder place, a less evil one in which to live. The "outsider" does not have to be conventionally religious, but in one fashion or another he has grasped with St. Augustine and T. E. Hulme the central truth and importance of "dogmas like that of Original Sin."

AT NO point in the book does Mr. Wilson ever clarify the problems over which his existentialist heroes agonize; nor does he ever face the challenge, which arises just as soon as we try to come to grips with their assertions, that the problems are not really genuine. They can't be answered not because they are difficult but because the terms in which they are put permit of no answer. Existence is not some-

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thing of which we can significantly say, as we do of a human being, that it lacks or possesses meaning. If life is absurd because one can find no meaning in experience, what are the conditions, actual or imaginable, in which one could find meaning? What would life have to be like in order for us to declare that it is not absurd? If the world we lived in were still declared "absurd" or "meaningless" no matter what kind of world it was (or even if we didn't live in one at all!) these terms would themselves be meaningless because they had no intelligible opposite. The whole problem would dissolve like early morning vapors in the sun.

Or consider the view that man is a stranger or alien in the world. On the conventional religious view one can understand roughly what is meant by this. Man's soul, which is separable from his body, is either a fragmented part of the world-soul and must return to the One from which it descended, or, cast into the natural world, its supernatural end is reunion with God, its creator. But if an individual surrenders this view, and, like most of Mr. Wilson's characters, repudiates the dogmas of immortality and resurrection, what home can he possibly conceive man to have other than the natural world of which he is a part, to be sure a distinctive part, but as dependent upon other existing things as the animals and stones in the field?

For purposes of philosophical analysis, it is sufficient to show that Mr. Wilson's "outsiders" and he himself talk nonsense or make inconsistent or self-refuting assumptions. But to stop at that is not very satisfying. We should inquire what makes them talk that way, why they feel that their talk is important, what the actual problems are, if any, that beset them, what they are trying to say about them, and above all what they really want. Nonsense may be important as a diagnostic aid in discovering obscure needs and aspirations.

Unfortunately the last thing in the world Mr. Wilson's "outsiders" can tell us is what they really want. They feel aggrieved at the very notion that they are expected to be able to tell us. They are very eloquent about what they detest and don't want. Some of the things they detest—philistinism, mediocrity, hypocrisy, injustice—we, who do not consider ourselves "outsiders," detest too. Normally we can get a fair idea of what a person wants by noting what he doesn't want. Not so for our "outsider." He doesn't want an unjust world or one of ignorance or poverty. But a world of justice, relatively speaking, of enlightenment, welfare, and peace is just as much an abomination to him. It stinks of healthiness, or worse, of normalcy, adjustment, conformity—as if these words had any meaning independently of the kind of world we live in. They are especially meaningless when we use them in value judgments without specifying what sort of world we regard as desirable to live in—something which the "outsider" cannot tell us because he doesn't know.

It is not that the "outsider" wants the merely impossible. That would be understandable. One can't get the moon but if he cries for it long enough he may some day fly there. Strictly speaking, every ideal worthy of man is impossible of complete realization but it can still serve as a guide to choice and action. There is a difference between an ideal that cannot be attained and one that is senseless. An analogous situation holds for the logic of the emotions. One can be sad about the world but one cannot sensibly be indignant with it or shake one's fist at it unless he believes nature is animate or that it is responsible for its own state. The "outsider" does not believe anyone is responsible for the nature of nature but he is nonetheless in revolt against it. He is a man who, having given up his belief in the existence of God, is still lacerating himself over *the* problem of evil, unaware that there is no problem of evil to a naturalist but only problems of evil, some remediable, some not; it is not usually possible to determine which is which until human beings pit their courage and intelligence against the obstacles in the struggle to solve them.

What, then, ails the "outsider," the synthetic ideal type, constructed from the writings and lives of 20th- and 19th-century literary men, who does not talk sense and cannot tell us what he wants? And here Mr. Wilson shows the only genuine insight I have found in his book—although he expresses it in a dim and halting fashion. He recognizes that the "outsider" is still looking for salvation in a world in which, in intellectual terms, God is dead. The "outsider" needs God; he has an emotional hunger for him although he does not believe in him. Lacking the courage of his intellectual negations and the knowledge of his emotional needs and dependence, he projects upon the universe a despair in many colors

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and idioms. Sometimes he feels that he is himself God; sometimes that he is a devil or the Antichrist; sometimes that all things are permissible; sometimes that nothing is. Whatever he thinks or feels, he rightly considers himself more the foe of the humanist and rationalist than of the supernaturalist, for his primary concern is not with truth but with salvation; in the words of one of Dostoevsky's characters, "If the truth excludes Christ, I will choose Christ and not the truth." For him the most fearful of all evils is death, although if he were consistent this is what he should really believe about birth. And since he is unable to accept the evidence that death is a natural event which like other events has its grandeur and misery and uses in life, he can see in death only a cosmic conspiracy against his ego. In the end he finds a haven either in a mystical religion or a political *mystique* which bleeds him of his frenzy at the price of his responsibility, or he goes to a lonely grave without understanding either the world or himself.

## The Republican Story

THE REPUBLICANS: A HISTORY OF THEIR PARTY. By MALCOLM MOOS. Random House. 564 pp. $5.95.

*Reviewed by* SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

CONSERVATIVE political parties have always been unattractive subjects for modern scholars and intellectuals. There are many more books dealing with leftist parties and labor movements than with parties of the center or the right or with business organizations. In the United States, minor political manifestations like the Populists and Socialists have been the subject of numerous studies at the same time that the two major party organizations have gone virtually ignored by historians. This present work by Malcolm Moos is the first serious effort by an American historian or political scientist to chronicle the story of the Republican party on a national scale, and no one has yet attempted a comparable treatment of the Democrats.

In part, the lack of academic interest in the major parties is due to the fact that those scholars who have taken a serious interest in the political process have largely been concerned with reform, with changing the system, and hence they have felt no great inclination to study the activities of organizations which back the political status quo. Professor Moos, however—a representative of that new tendency in American life, the conservative intellectual—has no such reluctance. In addition to being a distinguished political scientist, he is an active Republican, currently chairman of the Republican State Committee in Baltimore.

Although Professor Moos is clearly sympathetic to Eisenhower Republicanism, he has not written a partisan tract. His book is hardly reticent about the errors and failings of the party throughout its history, such as the attempt made by Republican Congressmen to kill the defense program by voting against the draft in 1941; the corruption of the Grant and Harding administrations; the weakening of the power of the Presidency under Coolidge; and the antagonism to a strong Executive which has characterized the GOP for the past thirty-six years. And Moos cites with approval the conclusion of William Allen White that the Republican party has "served business through the leadership of the politicians."

But if a large part of the Republican record is one of subservience to business interests, of isolationism, of growing indifference to the Negroes in the South, of support of Prohibition, and of McCarthyism, there is another side to the party that Professor Moos can feel proud of: Lincoln's leadership; Mark Hanna's far-sighted "progressive conservatism," which recognized in the late 19th century that a stable society would require strong trade unions and that reformist groups did not constitute a challenge to private capitalism; the Progressive Republicans in the early part of this century who fought the excesses of big business power; William Howard Taft, who prosecuted trusts and whose administration sponsored Constitutional amendments for the income tax and the direct election of Senators; and Taft's son Robert, who backed public housing for the poor, and who in 1953 was willing to defend the right of Communists to teach.

Yet for all its virtues, Professor Moos's book leaves one dissatisfied. He provides rich detail and keen interpretations of specific incidents, but one looks in vain for a theory of American politics or of party behavior of the kind advanced in recent years by Samuel Lubell, Maurice Duverger, and Sigmund Neumann.

POPULAR mythology to the contrary, the Republicans never constituted a genuine third

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party. When they first appeared on the scene in the mid-1850's, their organization basically represented a realignment of those forces in the North which had always been hostile to the Democrats, forces which had once backed the Federalists and then divided their allegiance between the Whig and American (Know-Nothing) parties in the early 1850's. The Whigs had always represented the "have" elements of the country—the well-to-do native-born Anglo-Saxon Protestants of both city and country. The Know-Nothings expressed antagonism to the growing influence of the Irish and Catholic immigrants who had streamed into the country during the late 40's. These immigrants were rapidly swelling the Democratic ranks and making it more and more likely that the Democratic coalition of lower-class groups, Catholics, and Southern pro-slavery elements would dominate the country.

To ward off this threat, middle-class conservatives (the old Whigs) joined with opponents of Catholicism and immigration (the Know-Nothings) and ideological opponents of slavery to form the new Republican party. Though slavery was not a dominant issue for the Know-Nothings, they apparently were willing to unite with the "conscience Whigs" (who opposed the extension of slavery) and the small group of anti-slavery Free Soilers in a party which would emphasize resistance to Southern power. (The leadership of the new party, however, remained from the start in the hands of the Northern business conservatives; the radical anti-slavery group was probably the least powerful element in the coalition.) The addition of Know-Nothing and Free Soiler votes to the traditional Whig strength gave the Republicans a majority in the North in 1860, although they still remained a minority in the country as a whole. But when the Homestead Act was passed in 1862, winning the loyalty of the farmers of the West to the new party, the Republicans were assured of remaining a major party, for they now possessed the mass rural base that their Whig predecessors had always lacked.

The subsequent history of the Republican party can largely be explained in terms of the two groups of business conservatives and Midwestern farmers making up its strength. The important business interests of the North (the heirs of the "conscience Whigs" and Know-Nothings) financed the party, controlled its policies in the commercial and industrial states,

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and mainly determined the economic policies of Republican administrations. But the presence within the party of the Midwest rural group created a basic strain. In reaction against depression and the growth of monopoly capitalism, the farmers and to some extent the small businessmen began to advocate economic reform: thus was Progressive Republicanism born around the turn of the century.

THE struggle between the middle-class Republicanism of the Middle West and the big-business Republicanism of the East has continued down to the present. But in the course of that struggle the two antagonists switched roles: today, as Professor Moos points out, the East is the home of Progressive Republicanism, while the party's leading reactionaries are bred in the Midwest. This shift was the result of three factors. First of all, the social character of the Midwest changed. With the decline of the rural population in the Midwest and throughout America, the middle classes of the towns and small cities became the largest single source of Republican strength in that area. Hence agrarian protest could no longer play a decisive role in the party. The voice of the Midwest Republican is now the voice of the small and middle-sized conservative businessman who is opposed to trade unions, high taxes, and government regulation.

Secondly, the fact that the Democrats were in the White House both times the U.S. went to war against Germany gave the Republicans the Midwest German vote, which had previously been Democratic, and the party remains somewhat receptive to their aspirations—which are now anything but progressive.

And finally, the increasing supremacy of American business on the world scene led to an internationalist foreign policy orientation on the part of the major business corporations, which are mostly centered in the East. Along with this change went a new acceptance of the need for trade unions and social welfare legislation: Eastern Republicanism became "enlightened conservative" in domestic policy.

THE dual face which the Republican party has frequently presented can also be related to the elective offices it holds at any given moment. As Professor Moos indicates, when the party is weak most of its representatives in Congress and the state legislatures come from areas composed of the most conservative groups in the population, where candidates do not need liberal or center votes and usually make no effort to offer a moderate program. But a Republican running for governor in an industrial state that has a strong Democratic party, or running for the Presidency, must appeal to independent and Democratic voters who will not vote for a reactionary. And so one always finds Republican governors pitted against Republican Congressmen at national conventions, and since 1936 the former have almost invariably succeeded in pushing through a Presidential candidate of their own persuasion.

The Democrats, on the other hand, are generally centrist or moderate while in opposition, and reformist or liberal while in power. As with the Republicans, the safest Democratic seats are held by the most conservative wing of the party (the Southerners), and it is they who set the tone of the party when a Republican is in the White House. The combination of a Republican President and a Democratic Congress usually means that there will be a minimum of disagreement between the President and his Congressional opposition, as was the case with Eisenhower and the Eighty-fourth Congress. But the combination of a Democratic President (who must always be to the left of the main Democratic spokesmen in Congress, since he can only be elected by carrying the liberal Northern industrial states) and a Republican Congress invariably results in the widening of the breach between the parties (e.g. Truman and the Eighty-first Congress). Thus for both parties, defeat in a Presidential election strengthens their conservatives.

BUT in spite of liberal Republicans and conservative Democrats, the essential character of the two parties is clear: the Republicans represent middle-class conservatism, and Democratic power is largely based on the working class and the underprivileged ethnic groups, who are invariably liberal. There is no reason to believe that this situation will change soon.

The nature of American political life strongly suggests that both major parties will continue to follow their present patterns. The Republicans in Congress will go on opposing all reforms proposed by Democratic Presidents, but whenever they capture the Executive themselves they will endorse and further the reforms enacted by the Democrats. The latter, on the other hand, will go along with the program of a Republican President, making little

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clamor for more "liberal" policies, but they will be the party of reform when their own man gets back into the White House. One may safely hazard the guess that not even the succession of Nixon to the Presidency would affect this pattern, for Nixon and the party leaders know that a Republican President must be spokesman of the most liberal element in the party. Goodwin Knight, for example, as Lieutenant Governor of California, was the leader of the most reactionary forces in the state while Earl Warren was governor. In 1953, much to the chagrin of California liberals, Knight inherited the governorship upon Warren's appointment to the Supreme Court. But once in office, Knight confounded the expectations of both his allies and his opponents, shifting almost overnight to the liberal camp and in 1956 opposing Nixon's renomination.

The Republican party is not likely to become the vehicle of a forthright moderate progressivism such as Professor Moos would clearly like it to be. But neither is it likely to become the tool of deep-dyed reactionaries. The present system of American politics does not seem to tolerate parties deviating too far from the center.

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## Strictly Intellectual

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHURCH FATHERS. VOLUME I, FAITH, TRINITY, INCARNATION. By HARRY A. WOLFSON. Harvard University Press. 635 pp. $10.00.

*Reviewed by* MOSES HADAS

THE most remarkable quality of this magisterial work is its purity. Here is a book which analyzes the philosophic structure which the pioneer fashioners of Christian theology severally erected as a scaffolding for their sometimes discrepant beliefs, and it deals, in the course of its analysis, with such prickly themes as the Trinity and the Incarnation, and such prickly thinkers as St. Paul and Tertullian, to mention only a sample. Men have been so passionately attached to some of the propositions discussed in this work that they have been willing to die for them; and there were others ready enough to kill those who disagreed with these propositions. Our author maintains a neutral objectivity, and it is clear that the objectivity is effortless, for it never occurred to him to write otherwise.

The academic title blazoned in Professor Wolfson's by-line ("Nathan Littauer Professor of Hebrew Literature and Philosophy in Harvard University") might suggest as his expected response a hearty curse or a heartier guffaw on both orthodox and heretic, or at least a wistful regret that so much intellectual and spiritual energy had been frittered away on casuistry as irrelevant to progress as year before last's chess game. If such anticipations cross the reader's mind, the author does nothing to fulfill them, unless it be that his miraculous lucidity in dealing with incredibly knotty subtleties deprives the reader of the comforting belief that these are ineffable profundities beyond his comprehension.

But what of Professor Wolfson's own intellectual talent over the seven years of close application the writing of this book required? Has that not been frittered away? Far less than if he had espoused in his book one side, or condemned both. Here is the purest piety to scholarship—a pursuit of truth for the sake of understanding and for no other motive. The Church Fathers represent the main, indeed the only,

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vigorous stream of intellectual activity during the early centuries of our era. The scope and the processes of their thought need to be understood and expounded, and Professor Wolfson has taken the pains to understand them and make his understanding accessible to others.

THE one objection that might be brought forward is that Philo may be credited with too large an influence on sundry Fathers. For the influence Professor Wolfson claims, he gives cogent philological arguments; I myself believe, and I think Wolfson does too, that the influence goes even further than he is willing to state. He has said elsewhere that between Philo and Spinoza there is no philosophy, and this pronouncement has been received with dismay by admirers of both Maimonides and Aquinas. But if philosophy is an unconstrained pursuit of truth, it must be so: between Philo and Spinoza there were thinkers of great subtlety and strength (as the Fathers whom this book treats were), in Judaism and Islam as well as in Christianity, but all were already in possession of paramount truth to which they could only make what they called philosophy a handmaiden. It is the handmaiden to which Wolfson has been devoting himself. He has already dealt with the two termini of his span in palmary works, here we have the Church Fathers, and his next work, on the Kalam, is now well under way. (Still other works will follow to complete his projected "Structure and Growth of Philosophic Systems from Plato to Spinoza.")

There are other senses in which Mr. Wolfson's book is pure. His subject is thought, and he never falls into the error of substituting for it, or even trimming it with, biography or history. The personalities involved might, indeed, not only enliven the story but suggest why certain positions came to be taken, and reference to social and political history would go far to explain why one position prevailed over another and what the practical consequences were. But then we should have a psychological or sociological or political but not an intellectual study. Such single-minded stripping away of everything other than the intellectual core is virtually unexampled in the field. That is why, and not because of arrogance or malfeasance, the documentation is almost wholly limited to the ancient sources, and refers to modern works only to indicate where a general and generally accepted Catholic or Protestant treatment is to be found. For anyone concerned with larger historical movements or with human personalities, the interest of the book is peripheral—unless he agrees that the essence of men's humanity and of their history is their intellect.

Only with concentration on the intellectual is such a book as this possible, as Wolfson's extraordinary working procedure shows. In the case of each author he strives to achieve a sense of the habit and cant of his mind; he then writes his account of the author, inserting at appropriate junctures, to make transitions in the argument, dummy quotations, some of which he dredges from memory in rough form but most of which he surmises *must* be found in a mind of such habit and direction; finally he proceeds to find actual passages to substitute for his dummies. The fact that he invariably does find them is demonstration that his understanding of the author has been correct. Alas, that the correctness of reconstructed lives, as opposed to minds, cannot be so convincingly demonstrated! The procedure is admirable—for a Wolfson dealing with his avatars.

## Intervention & Non-Intervention

CHINA AND SOVIET RUSSIA. By HENRY WEI. Van Nostrand. 379 pp. $7.75.

*Reviewed by* G. F. HUDSON

DR. WEI'S book covers the history of Sino-Soviet relations from 1917 to the present day, that is to say a period of thirty-nine years, during the last seven of which the government of mainland China has been identical with the Chinese Communist party. Previous to the creation of the Chinese People's Republic, the Soviet party-state maintained for most of the time diplomatic relations with the internationally recognized government of China, but from the founding of the Chinese Communist party in 1921 also maintained comradely relations with that party in its activities directed toward the revolutionary capture of the Chinese state. This was not in itself remarkable, for the policy of Soviet Russia toward every non-Communist state showed the same dualism between the official relations conducted by the Foreign Ministry (or Commissariat, as it used to be) and the intrigues carried on under the same leadership through the Comintern or other

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# This *I Believe*

## By Bertrand Russell*

"I am persuaded that there is absolutely no limit to the absurdities that can, by government action, come to be generally believed. Give me an adequate army, with power to provide it with more pay and better food than falls to the lot of the average man, and I will undertake, within 30 years, to make the majority of the population believe that two and two are three, that water freezes when it gets hot and boils when it gets cold, or any other nonsense that might seem to serve the interest of the state. Of course, even when these beliefs had been generated, people would not put the kettle in the refrigerator when they wanted it to boil. That cold makes water boil would be a Sunday truth, sacred and mystical, to be professed in awed tones, but not be acted on in daily life. What would happen would be that any verbal denial of the mystic doctrine would be made illegal, and obstinate heretics would be "frozen" at the stake. No person who did not enthusiastically accept the official doctrine would be allowed to teach or to have any position of power. Only the very highest officials, in their cups, would whisper to each other what rubbish it all is; then they would laugh and drink again. This is hardly a caricature of what happens under some modern governments.

"The discovery that man can be scientifically manipulated, and that governments can turn large masses this way or that as they choose, is one of the causes of our misfortunes. There is as much difference between a collection of mentally free citizens and a community molded by modern methods of propaganda as there is between a heap of raw materials and a battleship. Education, which was at first made universal in order that all might be able to read and write, has been found capable of serving quite other purposes. By instilling nonsense it unifies populations and generates collective enthusiasm."

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agencies of the international Communist movement. But whereas in other countries the state power was too consolidated for the Communists to be able to capture power, even regionally, in the period between the two world wars, in China the state had so far disintegrated that they could establish their regime in one area of the national territory, even though they did not control the internationally recognized central government. The peculiarity of China was that for many years it was the only country outside the Soviet Union where a Communist party was in possession of a piece of territory with its own administration, army, and police.

Dr. Wei shows how Soviet influence became an important factor in Chinese affairs already in 1920, before the Chinese Communist party was yet in existence, with Karakhan's declaration addressed, in the absence of any diplomatic relations, "to the Chinese people and the governments of North and South China." The new Soviet government's grand gesture of renouncing all rights and privileges acquired in China by Czarist Russia made a deep impression on the Chinese intelligentsia, at that time stirred by nationalist agitation against the "unequal treaties" and particularly against the transfer to Japan by the Treaty of Versailles of the former leasehold in Shantung. Many Chinese for whom the newly imported political thought of the West was nothing but a medley of confused and unintelligible ideas were strongly attracted by the claim that "if the Chinese people, following the example of the Russian people, wish to become free . . . they should understand that they have no other ally or brother in their struggle for liberty except the Russian peasants and workers and their Red Army." Acceptance of this aid was not supposed to depend on the leadership of the Communist party within China, and when the Kuomintang-Communist coalition was formed in Canton, there was more conflict among the Communists about joining the Kuomintang than in the Kuomintang about letting them in. But the Kuomintang soon found that a political price had to be paid for Soviet aid, and the climax of Comintern interference came, as Dr. Wei points out, when the Indian M. H. Roy, Comintern representative, showed Wang Ching-wei, leader of the left Kuomintang, the text of a Comintern directive in the mistaken belief that he would have to accept it.

At this stage of the revolution, indeed, the Russians overplayed their hand, and there was a strong reaction against them; all relations with Russia were broken off by the Kuomintang, the Russian advisers expelled, and the Chinese Communists outlawed. Recriminations followed between Stalin and Trotsky over responsibility for the failure to bring about a Communist revolution in China, and in this controversy, which received wide publicity, no reference was made to the fact that during the whole period the Soviet government had had an ambassador in Peking accredited to the government against which both the Kuomintang and the Communists had been jointly waging civil war.

A DECADE after this initial reverse, the Soviet Union was again commending itself to Chinese nationalism as a friend and supporter —this time against the expansion of Japan. The Chinese Communists on prompting from Moscow formally submitted themselves to the supreme leadership of Chiang Kai-shek in the national struggle against Japan and supplies of Soviet arms sent to China were delivered to the National government, not to the Communists. As long as Russia feared an attack by Japan it was expedient for Moscow to maintain Chinese national unity in resistance to Japan and to keep the Chinese Communists within bounds. But after Japan went to war with America and Britain, and especially after the victory of Stalingrad, the Russian attitude toward the Chinese National government became less and less friendly, while the Chinese Communists began to act more and more in defiance of Chungking.

In the summer of 1943, shortly after the rupture of diplomatic relations with the exiled government of Poland, Moscow began the propaganda campaign against the Chinese National government which was to have such far-reaching effects on American opinion. As Dr. Wei mildly expresses it, "nobody is more popular than a triumphant ally in the midst of an all out war," and with the Red Army marching on Berlin, "Soviet prestige in Allied countries was soaring heavenward." In contrast, China's war effort, after seven years of unequal struggle, was by 1944 at a low ebb, and to many impatient Western observers the Communist guerrilla fighting, little as it actually achieved against the Japanese forces, seemed the only creditable feature in a depressing military situation. This was the context of Vice President Wallace's adverse report

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to the President on the postwar prospects of the Chungking government and later of Roosevelt's agreement with Stalin at Yalta secretly disposing of Chinese sovereign rights in return for the Russian undertaking to enter the war against Japan. It was not, however, the Yalta agreement itself which was so disastrous to China as Russia's subsequent violation of its terms (and of those of the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance of August 1945, which was based on the Yalta pact) and American connivance at the violation.

The Russian behavior in occupation of Manchuria was no different from what it was in the countries of Eastern Europe which Russian forces overran in the course of driving out the Germans; in the Far East, as in Europe, military occupation was used as a means to transfer political power to local Communist parties and to suppress, or prevent the return of, non-Communist governments. But with regard to China, Russia had given very definite undertakings not to do what she in fact did; the Yalta agreement pledged Russia to restore Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria (which precluded support for armed rebellion there against the government which Russia herself recognized), and in the treaty which Moscow subsequently negotiated with Chungking in order to legalize the concessions granted at Yalta it was specifically laid down that all "support and aid" to be rendered to China was to be "entirely given to the National government as the Central government of China." These agreements were flagrantly broken by the Russians, who admitted Chinese Communist forces to Manchuria and allowed them to equip themselves there from Japanese arms dumps while they obstructed in every way the entry of National government troops conveyed to Manchurian ports by American shipping. This Russian intervention on the side of the Communists would fully have justified an American counter-intervention to enable the Chinese National government to establish its authority at any rate south of the Great Wall, but instead the American policy was to ignore the Russian intervention, to withhold arms from the National government, and to send Marshall to China to press Chiang Kai-shek to take the Communists into his government. In all these proceedings the pretense was maintained that the conflict between Kuomintang and Communists was a purely internal matter in which Russia was not involved.

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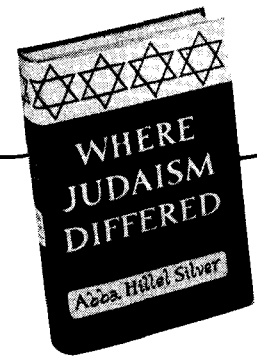


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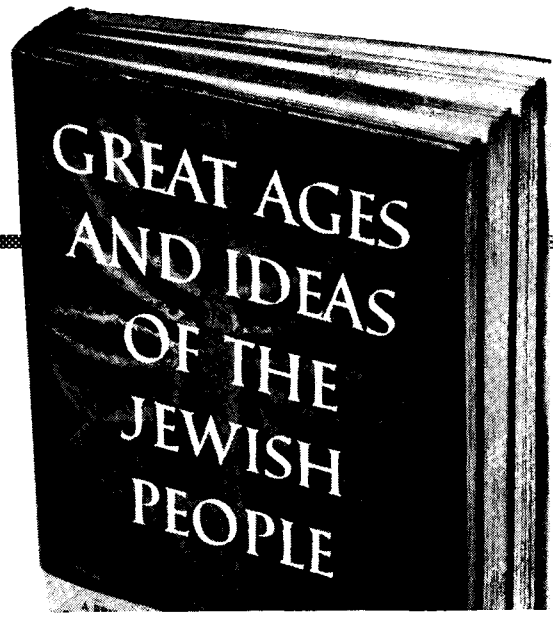


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Dr. Wei is concerned with the history of these events from a Chinese point of view; for the American angle on them it is instructive to compare the account of the same events in Herbert Feis's book *The China Tangle*. As a Chinese living in the United States, Dr. Wei is tactful in what he has to say about American policy toward China in the crucial postwar period; he writes that the "highly controversial and complicated" questions involved must be "left to future historians." However, there is not much doubt about what he thinks, and his whole book is indeed a refutation of the view that the Communist revolution in China was a purely internal development. Moreover, there has already been a provisional *post mortem* on Nationalist China at a high level in the United Nations debates on China's appeal against Russia for violation of the 1945 treaty —an appeal which unfortunately was not made until after the Communists had won decisive victory in the civil war. Dr. Wei devotes a whole chapter to the now forgotten episode of this appeal. The Western powers found it extremely embarrassing and feared that any decision in favor of Nationalist China would restrict their freedom of action in dealing with the new regime; the Communist states were at their most truculent and evasive in replying to the charges and Secretary General Trygve Lie departed from the supposedly non-partisan character of his office in order to support the Communist claim to China's United Nations seat. In spite of all these adverse factors, however, the Nationalist delegation was able to present such irrefutable evidence in support of its charges that it obtained on February 1, 1952, the passing of a resolution that the Soviet Union had "failed to carry out" the Sino-Soviet treaty of 1945. Not that the United Nations ever did anything about it; the Chinese appeal, in Dr. Wei's words, "was tossed from Committee to Committee like a dead cat or a hot potato which nobody cared to touch

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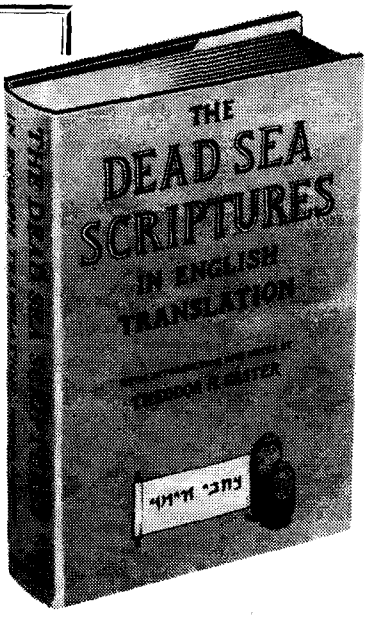


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or carry." But this was hardly surprising, for the time to oppose aggression is when it occurs and not after it has succeeded.

Dr. Wei has written a good book in a lively style, though his occasional facetious touches, as when he speaks of "Stalin and Company," may give the impression that it is a much less serious work than it really is. His last chapters, on Sino-Soviet relations since 1949, are less informative than the earlier ones, as the author does not appear to have any unusual sources of knowledge about the present regime, whereas he is well acquainted with the background of Kuomintang policies. He makes sensible comments, however, on the present situation, and emphasizes the point that the popularity of the Soviet Union in China cannot be established merely by propaganda but must depend on how much aid is actually forthcoming for China's economic development. The aid so far given has certainly not been lavish, except for armaments, and Khrushchev's recent bounty toward uncommitted non-Communist nations must make somewhat painful news for members of that universal organization of the new China, the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association.

## Book Reviewers in This Issue

Nathan Glazer, a regular contributor, was formerly an editor of Commentary.

Lillian Blumberg McCall, now living in Denver, reviewed *A Wife Is Many Women* in our April issue.

Hal Lehrman, author and lecturer, reports regularly on Israel in these pages.

Sidney Hook is chairman of the philosophy department of New York University.

Seymour Martin Lipset is with the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, California.

Moses Hadas, Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia University, has put out a number of scholarly works, including the recent Anchor (Doubleday) volume of selections, *A History of Rome*.

G. F. Hudson is director of the Center for Far Eastern Studies of St. Antony's College in Oxford, England.

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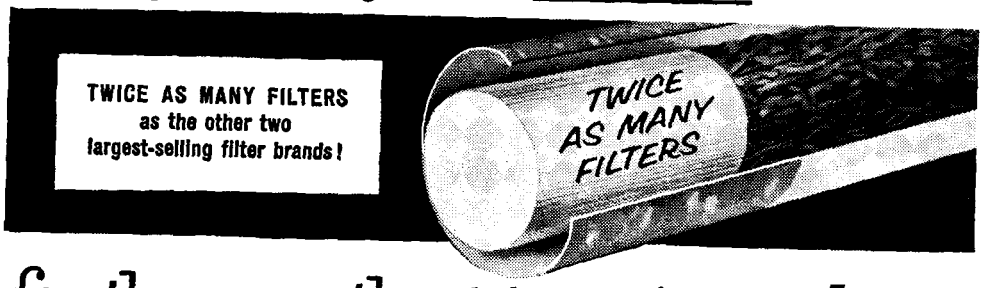


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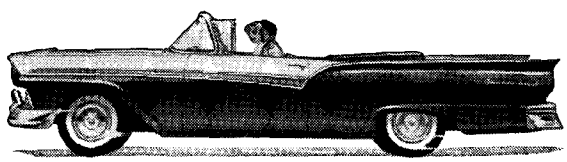

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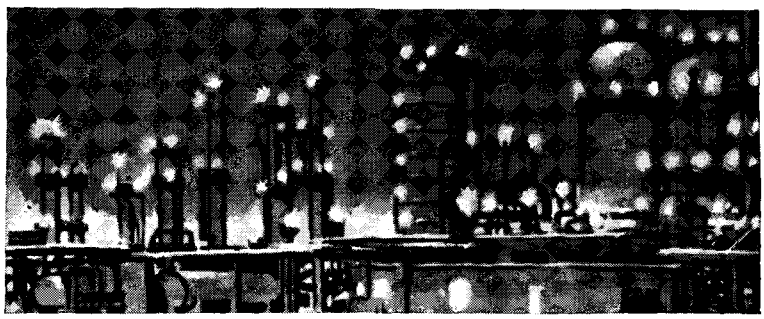

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